

A COLLECTION OF *H. Pa*  
P S A L M S  
A N D  
H Y M N S

FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP,

UNMIXED WITH THE *Walker (G.)*  
DISPUTED DOCTRINES OF ANY SECT. *K.*

*Sing ye praises with understanding, Pl. xlvii. 7.*

*---- but not with doubtful disputations, Rom. xiv. 3.*

The contentions and distinguishing words of sects and parties ought  
to be secluded, that whole assemblies may assist at the harmony, and  
different churches join in the same worship without offence.

WATTS.

*----- si quid novisti rectius istis*

*Candidæ imperti; si non, his utere mecum. HOR.*

---

WARRINGTON,

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MDCCLXXXVIII.

*7*





TO THE SOCIETY OF  
*PROTESTANT DISSENTERS*  
IN THE  
HIGH PAVEMENT, NOTTINGHAM,  
THIS COLLECTION OF  
PSALMS AND HYMNS

IS

RESPECTFULLY AND GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

BY THEIR

VERY AFFECTIONATE MINISTER

AND SERVANT,

GEORGE WALKER.





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## P R E F A C E.

**T**HE great change in religious faith which has taken place in this island, since the period in which the different collections of Psalms or Hymns of most general acceptation were first introduced, has rendered it highly improper, if not absolutely criminal, to continue any longer in the use of what the mind at present revolts from. Whatever be the faith of any society, no worship ought to be presented to God; which contradicts that faith. It had indeed been well, if the peculiarities of religious faith had never intruded into a part of worship, whose characteristic features are gratitude, and a virtuous conformity to the will of God. As our predecessors however unhappily thought otherwise, it is the principal object of this collection to remove the offence, which their doctrinal zeal has occasioned to their successors.

It was also in the view of the editor to improve the stile, to reject all mean and low

compositions, and, if possible, all mean and low lines. But neither of these views could be accomplished, without taking great liberty with the compositions of various authors. He hopes that none will be offended therewith, as no injury is done to any one. The existence of the originals is not affected by the alterations which are introduced into a single copy, and whoever prefer the originals, still may use them. It has been objected indeed, that Watt's sacred poetry has obtained so high a repute, that it will be deemed almost a sacrilege to attempt to correct it. Few respect the memory of Dr. Watts more than the editor; but he has reason to believe, that Dr. Watts meditated the correction of himself both as a divine and a poet. To adapt the sacred poems of Dr. Watts to the principal object of the editor, it was absolutely necessary that every objection in respect of doctrine should be removed. And it will be allowed by the warmest friends of this respected author, that whatever poetic spirit he may discover in many instances, yet his best compositions are blemished by very low and groveling lines. Poetry is rather a novel attempt of the editor, and whether he has or has not by nature the smallest talent therein, must be left to the judgment of others. Fame was not in his view,  
and

and therefore a very temperate approbation will fully satisfy him.

The alterations are very considerable, bearing no small proportion to the whole work, and in many of the psalms and hymns the retaining the name of the original author must be considered as a mere acknowledgment of the source from which the composition was derived. But in authors of a very high reputation, if he has varied in the least from the original, it has almost always been from other motives than the idea of bettering the expression. Thus two lines are inserted in the beautiful pastoral hymn of Addison in order to reduce the original stanza of six lines to one of four. Again in his hymn on recovery from a bed of sickness, the three last stanzas are substituted instead of the author's, because the sentiments of the original could not be reconciled with the design of the editor.

Some of the devotional poems may be thought to be of too private and individual a character for public worship. These are not many, and there is no impropriety in having paid some regard to domestic and even individual worship. There will be found a choice of psalms or hymns on many of the principal topics, as it was the design of the editor to furnish as large a scope for variety



as possible. Too frequent repetition renders the best composition insipid, and almost disgusting; and independent of this consideration, variety provides a field for the indulgence of various tastes.

As far as was in the editor's power, he has annexed the names of the original authors, and where no intelligence of the author could be procured, he has signified his acknowledgment by the word UNKNOWN. For all those psalms or hymns, which have no mark annexed of known or unknown author, the editor himself must answer. Vanity did not tempt him to insert them, nor has a false modesty induced him to withhold them.

The editor takes this opportunity of making his acknowledgment to Mr. CAPPE, from whose collection he has taken the liberty to borrow some few lines and expressions, particularly in No. 353, the 9th, 10th, 13th, and 14th lines with a little variation.

NOTTINGHAM,  
MARCH 8, 1788.

GEORGE WALKER.

If any congregation wish to adopt this collection, they may be supplied by writing to the Rev. GEORGE WALKER, *Nottingham*.

# T A B L E

## OF INITIAL LINES.

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# COLLECTION

## PSALMS AND HYMNS.

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### 1. PSALM I. Middle Metre. MERRICK.

*The different Character and Fate of the Righteous and  
the Wicked.*

- 1 **O** HOW blest the man, whose ear  
Impious counsel shuns to hear;  
Who nor dares to tread the way  
Where the sons of folly stray;
- 2 Nor their frantic mirth to share,  
Seated in derision's chair:  
Frantic mirth, which spares not God,  
And affects to brave his rod.
- 3 But, possessed with sacred awe,  
• Meditates, great God, thy law;  
This, by day, his best employ,  
This, by night, his truest joy.

B

4 Like

- 4 Like the tree that fruitful grows  
Where the winding rivulet flows,  
He his verdant branch shall spread,  
Nor one sickening leaf shall shed.
- 5 But a sadly different fate  
Does the foes of God await ;  
They shall, in their proudest hour,  
Perish like the blasted flower.
- 6 When thy Judge, O earth, shall come,  
And to each assign his doom,  
Will ye then, ye impious band,  
Unabashed before him stand ?
- 7 No ! my God, the just alone  
Thou with all thy love wilt own ;  
While thy face the wicked fly,  
And o'erwhelmed in ruin lie.

II. PSALM I. Com. Met. WATTS.

*The same.*

- 1 **B**LEST is the man, who shuns the place  
Where sinners spread their snare ;  
Who fears alluring pleasure's ways,  
And dreads the scoffer's chair.
- 2 Who in the statutes of the Lord  
Has placed his chief delight ;  
Daily he reads or hears the word,  
And meditates by night.
- 3 He like a plant of generous kind,  
In some well-watered plain,  
With all the richest fruits of mind  
In health and peace shall reign.

- 4 Not so the impious and unjust ;  
 Vain the designs they form !  
 Their hopes are scattered like the dust,  
 Or chaff before the storm.
- 5 God with delight the good surveys,  
 And with his blessing crowns ;  
 But on the sinner's desperate ways  
 All his displeasure frowns.

## III. PSALM I. Short Met. WATTS.

*The same.*

- 1 **T**HE man is ever blest,  
 Who shuns the sinner's ways ;  
 Who in their councils never stands,  
 Nor takes the scoffer's place.
- 2 But makes the law of God  
 His study and delight,  
 Amid the labours of the day,  
 And watches of the night.
- 3 He like a tree shall thrive,  
 With waters near the root ;  
 Fresh as the leaf his name shall live,  
 And fair be all his fruit.
- 4 Not so th' ungodly race,  
 They no such blessings find :  
 Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff  
 Before the driving wind.
- 5 Th' Almighty God approves  
 The way the righteous go ;  
 But sinners and their works shall meet  
 A dreadful overthrow.



## IV. PSALM I. Long Met.

*The same.*

- 1 **H**APPY the man, who never treads  
The sinner's wide and beaten road;  
Follows not where the scoffer leads,  
Nor thinks it wit to brave his God.
- 2 The power that made him he reveres;  
The grace that blesses him he loves;  
And thus secured, he nobly bears  
His part in all that God approves.
- 3 As the rich grain in cultured fields  
Spreads a wide blessing thro' the land;  
So virtue's richer fruits he yields,  
And God accepts them at his hand.
- 4 But from the waste no blessings spring;  
The fire consumes whate'er it grows.  
And so shall heaven's offended King  
Give to destruction all his foes.

## V. PSALM II. Com. Met. TATE.

**CHRIST'S** *universal Kingdom, and Triumph over all  
Opposition.*

- 1 **W**H Y do the heathen nations rage?  
What means their rude alarm?  
With heaven in impious war engage!  
And raise the rebel arm.
- 2 The great in council and in might  
Their various forces bring,  
Against the Lord they all unite,  
And his anointed King.

3 And

- 3 And shall we bow to their commands?  
 Their joyless law obey?  
 No! let us break their slavish bands,  
 And spurn their rule away.
- 4 But God, who sits enthron'd on high,  
 Amidst the powers divine,  
 Does their conspiring hosts defy,  
 And mock their vain design.
- 5 Though madly you dispute my will,  
 The King, whom I ordain,  
 Whose throne is fixed on Sion's hill,  
 Shall thence diffuse his reign.
- 6 Guided by my unerring views,  
 The earth shall him obey;  
 Nor Jew nor Gentile shall refuse  
 The blessings of his sway.

## VI. PSALM II. Short Met. WATTS.

*The same.*

- 1 **M**AKER and sovereign Lord  
 Of heaven, and earth, and seas,  
 Thy providence confirms thy word,  
 And answers thy decrees.
- 2 Rulers and kings agree  
 To form a vain design;  
 Against the Lord their powers unite,  
 Against his Christ they join.
- 3 The Lord derides their rage,  
 And will support his throne;  
 He hailed him his beloved Son,  
 And God his Son will own.

4 He

- 4 He asks, and God bestows  
A rich inheritance ;  
Far as the rational world extends  
His kingdom shall advance.
- 5 While on each rebel mind  
Heavily falls his rod :  
The Son will vindicate the cause  
Which he receiv'd from God.

VII. PSALM III. Long Met. MERRICK.

*A Morning Psalm.*

- 1 **H**AIL to the morn, and morning's Lord!  
Whose recent mercy I record.  
My prayer ascended to his throne,  
My prayer return'd with blessing down.
- 2 Opprest with toil, I sought repose,  
I laid me down, I slept, I rose ;  
For thou, my God, wert waking still,  
To guard my life from every ill.
- 3 Though terrors threaten all around,  
No terror e'er my peace shall wound ;  
While thou art pleased thy aid to yield,  
And o'er me stretch thy guardian shield.
- 4 And thine it is alike to save  
Thy servants from th' expecting grave ;  
To bless them in the world above,  
And crown them with eternal love,



## VIII. PSALM III. Com. Met. WATTS.

*Penitence acceptable to Mercy.*

- 1 **M**Y God, how awful are my fears !  
How my worst foes increase !  
Arrayed against my future hope  
They break my present peace.
- 2 And is my best repentance vain ?  
And vain my new-born will ?  
And shall no mercy, blessed God,  
Descend my fears to still ?
- 3 It did descend, the grace that loves  
To save and not destroy,  
That welcomes the relenting heart,  
And spreads thro' heaven a joy.
4. Then let the hosts of death and hell  
Arrayed against me be ;  
Nor death nor hell shall shake my soul,  
If mercy smile on me.
- 5 But, O my God, thy aid impart  
My purpose to fulfil ;  
To raise my thoughts, to heal my heart,  
And fix my better will.
- 6 Nor let me e'er by crime renew  
The fears that crime await ;  
Lest mercy turn away her eye,  
And leave me to my fate.

## IX. PSALM IV. Long Met. WATTS.

*Evening Psalm.*

- 1 **T**HUS far my God has led me on,  
 Thus far prolonged and blest my days;  
 And every evening shall make known  
 My thankful memory of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
 And I am nearer to my home;  
 But God remits the follies past,  
 And gives me hope of days to come.
- 3 I'll lay my body down to sleep;  
 Peace is the pillow for my head,  
 While sympathizing angels keep  
 Their guardian stations round my bed.
- 4 Faith in my God drives fear away;  
 Oh! may thy presence ne'er depart!  
 And still may each returning day  
 To thee and duty wake my heart.
- 5 And when the hour of death shall come,  
 Still may I trust Almighty love;  
 The love, that triumphs o'er the tomb,  
 And leads to better bliss above.

## X. PSALM IV. Com. Met. Mrs. STEELE.

*In God and his Favour is the only Happiness.*

- 1 **W**HEN fancy spreads the boldest wings,  
 And wanders unconfined,  
 Amid th' unbounded scene of things,  
 Which entertain the mind;

2 In

- 2 In vain I trace creation o'er,  
In search of sacred rest;  
The whole creation is too poor,  
Too mean, to make me blest.
- 3 In vain would this low world employ  
Each flattering specious wile;  
For nought can yield a real joy,  
But my Creator's smile.
- 4 Let earth, and all her charms depart,  
Unworthy of the mind;  
In God alone, this restless heart  
An equal bliss can find.
- 5 Great spring of all felicity,  
To whom my wishes tend,  
These wishes have their rise from thee,  
And in thy favour end?

XI. PSALM IV. Com. Met. Mrs. STEELE.

*The same; or the Supreme Good.*

- 1 **I**N vain the erring world inquires  
For some substantial good;  
While earth confines their low desires,  
They live on airy food.
- 2 Illusive dreams of happiness  
Their eager thoughts employ;  
They wake, convinced their boasted bliss  
Was visionary joy.
- 3 Begone ye gilded vanities;  
I seek some solid good;  
To real bliss my wishes rise,  
The favour of my God.

4 Immortal



- 4 Immortal joy thy smiles impart,  
 Heaven dawns in every ray;  
 One glimpse of thee will cheer my heart,  
 And turn my night to day.
- 5 Not all the good, which earth bestows,  
 Can fill the craving mind;  
 Its highest joys have mingled woes,  
 And leave a sting behind.
- 6 Should boundless wealth increase my store,  
 Can wealth my cares beguile?  
 I should be wretched still, and poor,  
 Without thy blissful smile.
- 7 Grant, O my God, this one request;  
 O be thy love alone;  
 My ample portion—here I rest,  
 For heaven is in the boon.

XII. PSALM IV. Com. Met. STEELE.

*An Evening Song.*

- 1 **T**HE man of humble upright heart,  
 As his peculiar care,  
 The Lord himself has set apart,  
 And when he calls will hear.
- 2 With pious awe your hearts survey,  
 And every sin repent;  
 Let true contrition close the day,  
 And future guilt prevent.
- 3 Your sacrifice the Lord will own,  
 If thus you seek his face;  
 Thus humbly bow before his throne,  
 And trust his pardoning grace.
- 4 Vain.

- 4 Vain is the toilsome search of good  
 In all things here below ;  
 Thy smile alone, my gracious God,  
 Can real bliss bestow.
- 5 Thy smile, whence all my comfort springs,  
 With comfort fills my heart ;  
 No joy, increasing affluence brings,  
 Such pleasure can impart.
- 6 Thus with my thoughts composed to praise,  
 I lay me down to rest ;  
 Nor fear, while God protects my ways,  
 And day and night is blest.

## XIII. PSALM V. Long Met. MERRICK.

*Pious Address to GOD for his Guidance and Blessing.*

- 1 **E**'ER the young dawn has streaked the  
 sky,  
 To thee, my God, I turn my eye ;  
 And ask of thee, whate'er, O Lord,  
 May with thy wisdom best accord.
- 2 In peace do thou my path prepare,  
 And guard me from each artful snare ;  
 Grant me thro' life thy guiding ray,  
 And level to my steps thy way.
- 3 Let me not now, nor e'er begin  
 To tread the downward path of sin :  
 May thou and heaven my heart inspire,  
 And warm it with their holy fire.
- 4 From lust and passion's baser rule,  
 From guile and avarice, turn my soul ;  
 Let me in all support the man,  
 In all do all the good I can.

5 Those

- 5 Those only who have tried do know  
From innocence what blessings flow.  
Sweet innocence and goodness given,  
We taste the peace and joy of heaven.

XIV. PSALM VIII. Long Met. MERRICK.

*Hymn of Praise to God, as eminently due from Man.*

- 1 **W**Hene'er, O God, with raptur'd eye,  
I view thy wonders in the sky;  
That glorious dome, which o'er our head  
In such magnificence is spread ;
- 2 The sun, the parent orb of day,  
Walking in majesty his way ; [ed,  
The moon and stars, with splendour crown-  
That nightly move their destined round.
- 3 I wonder, God, that in thy care  
Man, lowly man, should find a share !  
And what is man ? amazed I cry,  
That God on him should turn his eye ?
- 4 Formed by his wise Creator's hand,  
Angels alone above him stand ;  
But time brings on a ripening plan,  
When angels shall consort with man.
- 5 Subjected to his will by thee  
This earth's creation bows the knee ;  
All do in him their Lord behold :  
The grazing herd, the bleating fold,
- 6 The savage race, that shun the day,  
And nightly prowl in search of prey,  
The birds, that mock the human eye,  
As thro' the pathless air they fly.

7 The



7. The finny tribes, the reptile kind,  
 In rivers, seas, or earth confined.  
 Subject to God alone is man;  
 Grand, wise, and good is all thy plan.

xv. PSALM VIII. Com. Met. WATTS.

*The same.*

- 1 **O** LORD our God, how wond'rous great  
 Is thine exalted name!  
 The glories, which surround thy state,  
 Angels and men proclaim,
- 2 When I behold thy works on high:  
 The moon that rules the night,  
 The clustered stars that stud the sky,  
 Those moving worlds of light.
- 3 Lord, what is man, that thou shouldst deign  
 On him to turn thy eye?  
 The child of weakness and of pain,  
 As in thy bosom lie?
- 4 That thy beloved Son should bear  
 Our low and humbled form;  
 Subject to scorn and death appear,  
 To save this earthly worm.
- 5 He is thy work, by thee designed  
 For nobler worth above.  
 Oh may he, with a virtuous mind,  
 Answer to all thy love.

## xvi. PSALM IX. Long Met. MERRICK.

*God the Friend of Piety and Virtue.*

- 1 **T**HEE, Lord, I boast my bliss supreme,  
Thy praise, my song's exhaustless theme.  
Thee, great and wise and good we hail ;  
Thro' thee the wise and good prevail.
- 2 Justice and truth support thy throne,  
All their decrees and thine are one ;  
Time and the world to ruin tend,  
But God and truth shall never end.
- 3 Ye sons of God, who virtue love,  
Never from God and goodness move :  
For you is blessedness designed,  
While every ill with crime is twined.
- 4 Fear not, though pressed with suffering's woe,  
Virtue's hard trial you may know ;  
Your hope in God will God sustain,  
Who seeks his God, seeks not in vain.

## xvii. PSALM IX. Com. Met. WATTS.

*Providence finally justified, and Righteousness rewarded.*

- 1 **W**HEN the great God, the wise and just,  
Shall judgment take of crime ;  
The humble souls, that mourn in dust,  
Shall raise their head sublime.
- 2 He from the dark ill-looking vale  
Shall suffering virtue raise ;  
Its better hopes at length prevail,  
And God its faith repays.

- 3 The bad ten thousand ills beset,  
 Present and future dread :  
 They die entangled in the net,  
 Which their own hands had spread.
- 4 Thus by thy judgments, mighty God,  
 Thy righteous plan is known ;  
 O'er mischief hangs th' avenging rod,  
 And ruin's all its own.
- 5 Then let me ne'er from God divide,  
 But bow to all his will :  
 While God and goodness are allied,  
 I fear no earthly ill.

XVIII. PSALM X. Long Met. MERRICK.

*The Wisdom and Righteousness of Providence asserted.*

- 1 **T**HINE is the throne, beneath thy reign,  
 Great King of kings, the tribes profane  
 Behold their dream of conquest o'er,  
 And vanish to be seen no more.
- 2 What eyes, like thine, eternal Sire,  
 Through sin's dark mazes can inquire ?  
 What hand, like thine, to virtue's foes  
 Such awful judgments can oppose ?
- 3 The meek observer of thy laws  
 To thee commits his injured cause ;  
 In thee, each anxious fear resigned,  
 The fatherless a father find.
- 4 Thou, Lord, thy servants' wish canst read,  
 E'er from their lips the prayer proceed :  
 'Tis thine the drooping heart to rear,  
 To wipe away the starting tear,

5 To



- 5 To vindicate the sufferer's cause,  
 To rescue from oppression's jaws,  
 To curb the hell-born tyrant's will,  
 And bid the sons of pride be still.

XIX. PSALM XI. Com. Met. TATE.

*A virtuous Trust in GOD superior to Fear.*

- 1 **S**INCE I have fixed my trust on God,  
 A refuge always nigh;  
 Bid me not, like the frightened bird,  
 To sheltering mountains fly.
- 2 But let the wicked bend the bow,  
 And aim the barbed dart;  
 Lurking in ambush to destroy  
 The man of upright heart.
- 3 And let the firm assurance fail,  
 Which public faith imparts.  
 There is, who innocence protects  
 From all destructive arts.
- 4 Short is the triumph, poor the joy!  
 For God abhors their cause.  
 Though he defer, he will destroy  
 All who insult his laws.
- 5 If innocence, which much he loves,  
 With suffering he correct;  
 What may the wicked, whom he hates,  
 In their dread hour expect?
- 6 Ruin o'er their devoted head  
 The Judge of crime suspends;  
 While blessedness, in all its forms,  
 On innocence attends.

P S A L M

## xx. PSALM XI. Long Met. WATTS.

*God the Refuge in Trial.*

- 1 **M**Y refuge is the God of love,  
Nor will I other refuge try ;  
Nor like the hunted trembling dove  
To sheltering woods and mountains fly.
- 2 Though equal law should be destroyed,  
That firm foundation of our peace ;  
Though violence make justice void,  
Still shall the righteous find redress.
- 3 The Lord in heaven has fixed his throne,  
And thence surveys the world below ;  
To him all mortal things are known ;  
His eye explores our spirits through.
- 4 If he afflict his servants here,  
To prove the truth they bear their Lord :  
What may the bold transgressor fear,  
By God and all good men abhorred.
- 5 Then ne'er let one good man despair,  
But calmly tread his onward way :  
Wrapped round by God's almighty care,  
Nor earth nor hell should him dismay.

## xxi. PSALM XII. Com. Met. WATTS.

*Anticipation of God's Judgment reprov'd.*

- 1 **L**ORD, while iniquities abound,  
And blasphemy grows bold,  
While faith is hardly to be found,  
And love is waxing cold.

C

2 Is

- 2 Is now thy chariot hastening on?  
Is this the promised sign?  
Is earth's poor triumph nearly gone?  
And wilt thou challenge thine?
- 3 Oh check, my soul, this prying eye  
Of bold presumptuous man!  
Nor let me my weak mind apply  
To search thy secret plan!
- 4 Whether or soon or late, I know  
That judgment's hour will come:  
Then let me all my care bestow  
To fit me for its doom.

## XXII. PSALM XIV. Com. Met.

*Reason and Virtue welcome God; Folly and Vice  
reject him.*

- 1 **R**EASON, the best and noblest gift  
Of God, to man is given;  
And reason's noblest use is, when  
It lifts the soul to heaven.
- 2 When its creator it explores  
In all his glorious ways,  
In all the kinder forms of love  
That claim his creature's praise.
- 3 To live would be no good to man,  
Beset with hope and fear;  
If to conviction's clearest eye  
His God did not appear.
- 4 The man that can renounce his God,  
Renounces reason's voice,  
Renounces all the props of life,  
And makes despair his choice.

5 But



- 5 But ne'er did this delusion spring  
 From honest erring mind :  
 'Tis sin that gives to truth the lie,  
 And dreads a God to find.

Mid.

XXIII. PSALM XV. ~~15th~~ Met. MERRICK.

*Character of an accepted Worshipper.*

- 1 **W**HO may to thy chosen seat  
 Turn with glad approach his feet ?  
 Who, great God, a welcome guest,  
 In thy hallowed temple rest ?
- 2 He whose heart thy love has warmed,  
 He whose will, to thine conformed,  
 Bids his life un sullied run ;  
 He whose word and thought are one.
- 3 He who ne'er with cruel aim,  
 Seeks to wound an honest fame ;  
 Nor with gloomy joy possessed  
 Can a brother's peace molest.
- 4 Nor to slander's tongue severe  
 Stoops with easy faith his ear :  
 Who from servile terror free  
 Spurns at those who spurn at thee.
- 5 And to each who thee obeys  
 Love and virtuous reverence pays ;  
 Sacredly his word observes,  
 And from honour never swerves.
- 6 Nor by avaricious loan  
 Makes the poor man's bread his own ;  
 Nor can bribes his sentence guide  
 'Gainst the guiltless to decide.

C 2

7 He

- 7 He who thus, with heart unstained,  
Treads the path by thee ordained,  
He, great God, shall own thy care,  
And thy constant blessing share.

XXIV. PSALM XV. Com. M. TATE.

*The same.*

- 1 **W**HO amongst Men, O Holy God,  
May converse hold with thee?  
Who at thy throne, with modest hope,  
Prefer his humble plea?
- 2 He, who in every thought and deed  
By rules of virtue moves;  
Whose tongue is fellow to his heart,  
And speaks as it approves.
- 3 Who by foul slanderous lies abhors  
A neighbour's fame to wound,  
Nor listens to unkind report,  
By malice whispered round.
- 4 Who vice, though drest in pomp and power,  
Can treat with just neglect;  
And piety in meanest garb  
Religiously respect.
- 5 Who to his plighted faith and trust  
Hath ever firmly stood,  
And though he promise to his hurt,  
Still makes his promise good.
- 6 Who scorns by base oppressive means  
To reap a sordid gain;  
Nor for a bribe will plead the cause  
Of guilt, and justice stain.

7 He,

- 7 He, who hath thus in virtue's course  
Secured his Maker's love,  
Though earth's foundation shake, shall smile,  
And pass to worlds above.

xxv. PSALM XV. Com. M. WATTS.

*The same.*

- 1 **W**HO shall approach thy sacred throne,  
O God of holiness?  
From whom wilt thou accept the prayer  
That supplicates thy grace?
- 2 The man who walks in pious ways,  
And works with righteous hands;  
Who trusts his Maker's promises,  
And follows his commands.
- 3 Who speaks the meaning of his heart,  
Nor slanders with his tongue;  
Who scarce believes an ill report,  
Nor does his neighbour wrong.
- 4 The wealthy sinner who contemns,  
Loves all who love their Lord;  
And though to his own hurt he swear,  
Still he performs his word.
- 5 Whose hand disdains the sordid bribe,  
Nor ever gripes the poor:  
This man shall dwell with God on earth,  
And find his heaven secure.



## xxvi. PSALM XV. Long. M. WATTS.

*The Qualifications proper for Heaven.*

1. **W**HO shall ascend thy heavenly place,  
Great God, and dwell before thy  
face ?

The man who owns religion now,  
And humbly walks with God below.

2. Whose hands are pure, whose heart is  
clean ;

Whose lips speak what his heart does mean :  
No slander dwells upon his tongue,  
Nor dares he do his neighbour wrong.

3. With honest fame who cannot sport,  
Who can be deaf to ill report,  
With noble mind proud sin despise,  
And virtue love in humblest guise.

4. Firm to his word he ever stands,  
Nor with foul guile his honour brands :  
Who swerves not from the thing he swears,  
Whatever pain or loss he bears.

5. Who traffics not in bribing gold,  
But grieves that justice should be sold ;  
Let others gripe and grind the poor,  
Sweet charity attends his door.

6. Who practises to all the same,  
That he would wish or hope from them :  
This is the man thy face shall see,  
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

## xxvii. PSALM XV. Long Met.

*The same.*

- 1 **W**HO shall ascend to God above,  
In the blest world of peace and love?  
He that regards his nobler mind,  
Nor sinks below what God designed.
- 2 Who scorns to join the sensual herd,  
To seek the bliss on brutes conferred:  
Who tempts not from its hallowed road  
Sweet innocence, the face of God.
- 3 Who ne'er did maiden faith beguile,  
Stealing in love's sweet form and smile  
Into the dear and sacred fold  
Which all the Father's hopes does hold.
- 4 Whom open honesty adorns;  
Who lies and mean evasion scorns:  
Infamy, more than death, he fears;  
And as his God his faith reveres.
- 5 Who knows not to betray a friend,  
Nor to one sordid act descend;  
Whose lips traduce no honest name,  
Whose ear devours no idle fame.
- 6 Who ne'er 'gainst sacred justice sins,  
Whom not the great one's flattery wins,  
Nor bribes seduce, nor terror awes  
To prostitute his country's laws.
- 7 Fellow to all, flies not the great;  
Nor shuns poor misery's dark retreat,  
Where modest and ingenuous pride  
From the world's scorn its griefs would hide.

- 8 Who barter's not his soul's esteem,  
 Whate'er proud sin its worth may deem;  
 But, frank to all, those only loves  
 In whom a kindred spirit moves.
- 9 A friend to all, the dearest joy  
 Which wealth affords, is to employ  
 His wealth in tempering suffering's woe;  
 To give, is to be God below.
- 10 In hatred's trade he bears no part,  
 Subdues with love th' unfriendly heart;  
 And crimes, which challenge mercy's frown,  
 He leaves to God on judgment's throne.
- 11 This is the man of heavenly kind,  
 Who bears thro' life a godlike mind;  
 And he shall rise to God above,  
 In the blest world of peace and love.

## XXVIII. PSALM XVI. Com. M. WATTS.

*Blessing from GOD, and perfect Satisfaction in him.*

- 1 **S**AVE me, O Lord, from every foe;  
 In thee my trust I place;  
 Though all the good that I can do,  
 Is far beneath thy grace.
- 2 Yet if my God prolong my breath,  
 My lengthened life I'll spend  
 In better ways, prepare for death,  
 And make e'en death my friend.
- 3 Let heathens to their idols haste,  
 To things of wood or stone;  
 I thank thee, God, my lot is cast  
 Where all thy truth is known.

4 Thy



- 4 Thy hand provides my constant food,  
And fills my daily cup;  
Much am I pleased with present good,  
But more rejoice in hope.
- 5 Thou art my portion, and my stay;  
Thou art my best delight;  
Thou art the sun that lights my day,  
The calm that stills my night.
- 6 My soul would all her thoughts approve  
To thine all-seeing eye;  
Nor death nor hell my faith shall move,  
While such a friend is nigh.

## XXIX. PSALM XVI. Com. M. PATRICK.

*The same, with Submission to Providence.*

- 1 **G**OD is my portion, all my good  
From his rich mercy flows;  
And his kind providence secures  
The blessings he bestows.
- 2 I envy not the great man's state,  
I envy not his store;  
Much am I pleased with what I have,  
With what I hope for, more.
- 3 Yet, Lord, with wisdom I would bow  
To thy chastising rod;  
Chastisement guards me from the world,  
And turns my thoughts on God.
- 4 While thou art present to my mind,  
My mind to nobler views  
Than all of earth or sense, aspires;  
And earth and sense subdues.

5 And

- 5 And whether prosperous or adverse  
 My lot of life shall be;  
 Still may I guard my soul from ill,  
 And still make sure of thee.

xxx. PSALM XVI. Long Met.

*Fortitude and Hope in Death.*

- 1 **B**E strong, my heart; and still adore  
 Thy God, and still thy faith approve;  
 This is thy last conflicting hour,  
 The last dear proof of virtuous love.
- 2 Be strong my heart; thy comfort this,  
 Though death be awful, death's the road  
 That leads to better life and bliss,  
 That must conduct thee to thy God.
- 3 Then calmly to his will I bow;  
 That I have lived, my thanks demands;  
 That I must die; is not my woe,  
 While life and death are in his hands.

xxxi. PSALM XVII. Long M. WATTS.

*The Prospects of a good Man contrasted with the hopeless  
 State of the Sinner.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I am thine; and thou wilt prove  
 My faith, my patience, and my love;  
 Though worldly men to wound me join,  
 They are the sword, the hand is thine.
- 2 Their hope and portion lies below;  
 'Tis all the happiness they know,  
 'Tis all they seek; they take their shares,  
 And leave the rest among their heirs.

3 What

- 3 What sinners value, I resign ;  
 Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine ;  
 I shall behold thee face to face,  
 And stand complete in righteousness.
- 4 This life's a dream, an empty show ;  
 But the bright world, to which I go,  
 Hath joys substantial and sincere ;  
 When shall I wake, and find me there ?
- 5 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !  
 I shall be near and like my God !  
 And flesh and sin no more control  
 The sacred pleasures of my soul.

## xxxii. PSALM XVII. Com. M. STEELE.

*The Blessedness of the Divine Presence with us.*

- 1 **M**Y God, the visits of thy love  
 Afford a purer joy,  
 Than all the flattering world can give,  
 Without the world's alloy.
- 2 But clouds and darknesss intervene ;  
 My brightest joys decline,  
 And earth's gay trifles oft ensnare  
 This wandering heart of mine.
- 3 Oh guide this wandering heart to thee ;  
 Unsatisfied I stray :  
 Break through the shades of sense and sin  
 With thy enlivening ray.
- 4 May all thy glory round me shine,  
 And every cloud remove ;  
 Renew my heart, and fit my soul  
 For happier scenes above.

P S A L M



## XXXIII. PSALM XVII. Com. Met.

*The same.*

- 1 **Y**E wretched slaves of this world's bliss,  
To brutal natures lowered,  
How mean your best enjoyment is !  
How poor is your reward !
- 2 And thou, ambition's bloated son,  
Thou thing of pride and power !  
The joys, which thou hast dearly won,  
Fears and remorse devour.
- 3 But many a bitter curse ye spread  
Amongst your fellow men ;  
And virtue scarce can lift her head  
Beneath your cruel reign.
- 4 Yet though this life were all of man,  
And hope were but a dream ;  
Virtue would still reject your plan,  
And still her own esteem.
- 5 The wisdom, which this world designed,  
Designed no bliss for you ;  
While pleasures, proper to the mind,  
The path of virtue strew.
- 6 But this is not the whole of man,  
Nor is his hope a dream ;  
He trusts in a well-ordered plan,  
Which tends to bliss supreme.

## xxxiv. PSALM XIX. Long M. WATTS.

*The Book of Nature and of Revelation compared.*

- 1 **T**HE heavens proclaim thy glory, Lord,  
     In every star thy wisdom shines:  
 But when our eyes behold thy word,  
 We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 In all the glorious scenes of light  
 Thy wise designing mind we trace:  
 But this blest volume to our sight  
 Reveals a father's mildest grace.
- 3 Sun, moon and stars convey thy praise  
 Round the whole earth, and never stand:  
 So when thy truth began its race,  
 Its morning rose on every land.
- 4 Nor shall thy truth its progress rest,  
 'Till a full day in splendour shine;  
 'Till Christ has all the nations blest,  
 And shed on all his light divine.
- 5 Oh to thy noon-day glory rise,  
 And bless our world with heavenly light!  
 Through thee the simple shame the wise,  
 For all is pure, and all is right.

## xxxv. PSALM XIX. Com. Met. TATE.

*The same.*

- 1 **T**HE glorious worlds of light above  
     Which heaven's vast concave fill,  
 Do all to wondering man proclaim  
 Their great Creator's skill.

2 The

- 2 The dawn of each awakened day  
Extended knowledge brings ;  
And from the calm and solemn night  
A new instruction springs.
- 3 Their powerful language to no clime  
Or nation is confined ;  
'Tis nature's voice, and strongly speaks  
Alike to all mankind.
- 4 But not so clear and full it speaks,  
As thy revealed word ;  
The lessons of thy Son to all  
An ampler light afford.
- 5 His teachings all are wise and pure,  
They yield sincere delight ;  
And, in the search of truth and good,  
Afford divinest light.

xxxvi. PSALM XIX. Long M. ADDISON.

*Nature the Voice of God.*

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Doth his Creator's power display ;  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an Almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale ;  
And nightly to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of her birth.
- 4 While



- 4 While all the stars, that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all  
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;  
What though nor real voice nor sound  
Amidst their radiant orbs be found.
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice;  
For ever singing, as they shine,  
"The hand that made us is divine."

xxxvii. PSALM XIX. Short M. WATTS.

*The same.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the lofty sky  
Proclaims its Maker God,  
And all his starry works on high  
Diffuse his truth abroad.
- 2 The darkness and the light  
Still keep their course the same;  
While night to day, and day to night  
Divinely teach the same.
- 3 In every different land  
Their general voice is known;  
They shew the wonders of his hand,  
And orders of his throne.
- 4 Ye christian lands rejoice!  
To you his truth is given;  
You are not left to nature's voice  
To teach the path to heaven.
- 5 But

- 5 But such as is his grace,  
 Let such be your return ;  
 Never his holy truth debase,  
 Nor from his precepts turn.

xxxviii. PSALM XIX. Proper M. WATTS.

*The same.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, the heaven's well-ordered  
 frame  
 Declares the glories of thy name ;  
 There thy rich works of wonder shine :  
 A thousand starry beauties there,  
 A thousand radiant marks appear  
 Of boundless power and skill divine.
- 2 From night to day, from day to night,  
 The dawning and the dying light  
 Lectures of heavenly wisdom read ;  
 With silent eloquence they raise  
 Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,  
 And neither sound nor language need.
- 3 Yet their divine instructions run  
 Far as the journey of the sun,  
 And every nation knows their voice :  
 The sun, like some young bridegroom drest,  
 Breaks from the chambers of the east,  
 Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.
- 4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,  
 He smiles, and speaks his Maker God ;  
 All nature joins to shew thy praise.  
 Thus God in every creature shines ;  
 Fair is the book of nature's lines,  
 And all may God in nature trace.

P S A L M

## xxxix. PSALM XX. Long Met. WATTS.

*Praise and Prayer to God in Time of War.*

- 1 **N**OW may the God of power and grace  
 Attend his people's humble cry!  
 Jehovah hears when Israel prays,  
 And brings deliverance from on high.
- 2 Thy mercy passes our deserts:  
 Our foes are mercies, they chastise  
 Our sins, recall our wandering hearts;  
 And God accepts the sacrifice.
- 3 With thee, our first our best ally,  
 With thee, our reconciled God,  
 Our troops shall lift their banners high,  
 Our navies spread their flags abroad.
- 4 Yet not in the proud trim of war,  
 In armed fleets, which gird our coasts,  
 Our surest expectations are;  
 But thee, the Lord and God of hosts.
- 5 And as thy arm alone can save,  
 May we not dare our vows postpone;  
 But 'gainst the foe within be brave,  
 And by repentance sin atone.

## xl. PSALM XXII. Com. Met. TATE.

*God the universal King, and Expectation of a Restoration to Righteousness and Happiness.*

- 1 **M**AY all the various tribes of men  
 To God their homage pay;  
 And scattered nations of the earth  
 One sovereign Lord obey.

D

2 'Tis



- 2 'Tis his supreme prerogative  
O'er subject kings to reign;  
'Tis just that he the world should rule,  
Who does the world sustain.
- 3 And God the glorious time brings on,  
When all of reason's race  
Shall welcome God in all his truth,  
And welcome all his grace.
- 4 When sin and suffering shall end,  
And free from strife and gall,  
Brother of brother, friend of friend,  
And friend of God be all.

XLI. PSALM XXII. Com. Met. WATTS.

*Example of CHRIST, particularly in Suffering.*

- 1 **M**Y God, if wise and fit it be,  
This bitter cup avert;  
But I resign my will to thee,  
To thee subdue my heart.
- 2 Thus did our suffering Saviour pray,  
With many a groan and tear;  
Nor did his God his hope betray,  
But chased away his fear.
- 3 Tempted in all like mortal man,  
Through life to his last breath;  
A painful virtuous race he ran,  
And finished it in death.
- 4 His life and death our lesson is,  
We have our race to run:  
Be our obedience such as his,  
And God's high will be done.

## XLII. PSALM XXIII. Mid. Met. MERRICK. -

*God our Shepherd.*

1 **L**O! my shepherd is divine,  
 Want shall never more be mine;  
 In a pasture fair and large  
 He shall feed his happy charge.

2 When I faint with summer's heat,  
 He shall lead my weary feet  
 To the streams, that still and slow  
 Through the verdant meadows flow.

3 When through devious paths I stray,  
 He shall teach the better way,  
 Kindle virtue's dying flame,  
 And my erring soul reclaim.

4 Though the dreary vale I tread  
 By the shades of death o'erspread,  
 Still I walk from terror free  
 While protected, Lord, by thee.

5 Thou dost round my favoured head  
 All thy richest bounty shed,  
 All my life with good o'erflows,  
 For thy love no limit knows.

6 Thus unto my latest end  
 Thou shalt be my guide, my friend;  
 Nor shall death my ruin be,  
 Death shall only lead to thee.

## XLIII. PSALM XXIII. Com. Met. TATE.

*God our Shepherd.*

1 **T**HE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,  
 Vouchsafes to be my guide;

D 2

The

- The shepherd, by whose constant care  
My wants are all supplied.
- 2 He doth my wandering soul reclaim,  
And, lost in folly's maze,  
Instruct anew with zeal to walk  
In his all perfect ways.
- 3 I pass the gloomy vale of death,  
From fear and danger free;  
For there his aiding rod and staff  
Defend and comfort me.
- 4 With liberal hand, unceasing care,  
He does my table spread;  
He crowns my cup with cheerful wine,  
With oil anoints my head.
- 5 Since God doth thus his wondrous love  
Through all my life extend;  
That life to him will I devote,  
And in his service spend.

XLIV. PSALM XXIII. Long Met. WATTS.

- 1 **M**Y shepherd is the living Lord;  
My wants shall all be well supplied;  
His providence and holy word  
Shall be my safety and my guide.
- 2 In pastures, where salvation grows,  
He makes me feed, he makes me rest;  
There living water gently flows,  
And all the food's divinely blest.
- 3 My wandering feet his ways mistake,  
But he restores my soul to peace,  
And leads me for his mercy's sake  
In the fair paths of righteousness.
- 4 Though



- 4 Though I walk through the gloomy vale  
Where death and all its terrors are,  
My heart and hope shall never fail,  
For God my shepherd's with me there.
- 5 Amid the darkness and the deeps  
Thou art my comfort, thou my stay ;  
Thy staff supports my feeble steps,  
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

XLV. PSALM XXIII. Com. Met. WATTS.

*The same.*

- 1 **M**Y Shepherd's care supplies my needs ;  
His praises be my theme !  
To pastures fresh my steps he leads,  
Beside the cooling stream.
- 2 My wandering heart his love reclaims,  
When strayed in folly's road :  
Such love my best affection claims,  
I yield my heart to God.
- 3 Wrapped in the gloomy shades of death,  
His presence is my stay ;  
A word of his almighty breath  
Re-animates my clay.
- 4 His hand still guards me from my foes,  
And still my table spreads ;  
My cup with blessing overflows,  
And peace its sweetness sheds.
- 5 But with a richer hand my God  
Will crown my future days ;  
And heaven at length be my abode,  
And all my worship praise.

## XLVI. PSALM XXIII. Short Met. WATTS.

*The same.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord my shepherd is,  
I shall be well supplied;  
If he be mine, and I be his,  
What can I want beside?
- 2 He leads me to the place  
Where heavenly pasture grows,  
Where living waters gently pass,  
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If from his fold I stray,  
My Shepherd's friendly voice  
Recalls my steps from error's way;  
And I again rejoice.
- 4 While he affords his aid,  
I cannot yield to fear;  
Though I should walk through death's dark  
shade,  
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 No bound thy kindness knows,  
Thou dost my table spread;  
My cup with blessing overflows,  
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love  
Shall crown my following days;  
Never from thee will I remove,  
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

## XLVII. PSALM XXIII. Long M. ADDISON.

1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
 And feed me with a shepherd's care:  
 His presence shall my wants supply,  
 And guard me with a watchful eye.

2 My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
 And all my midnight hours defend.  
 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant;

3 To fertile vales and dewy meads  
 My weary wandering steps he leads,  
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

4 Though, in a bare and rugged way,  
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray,  
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,  
 The barren wilderness shall smile.

5 And though the paths of death I tread,  
 With gloomy horrors overspread,  
 Which nature's dearest feelings move,  
 And all the strength of virtue prove:

6 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still;  
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
 And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.

## XLVIII. PSALM XXIII. Com. Met. STEELE.

1 **T**HE Lord, my shepherd and my guide,  
 Will all my wants supply;  
 In safety I shall still abide  
 Beneath his guardian eye.

D 4

2 Amid



- 2 Amid the fresh and verdant meads  
 My pasture he provides ;  
 And pained with thirst, my steps he leads  
 Where the cool rivulet glides.
- 3 If from his fold I thoughtless stray,  
 He leads the wanderer home ;  
 And shews my erring feet the way,  
 Where dangers cannot come.
- 4 And, hastening to the silent tomb,  
 Though death's stern face appear ;  
 His presence cheers the solemn gloom,  
 And chides weak nature's fear.

XLIX. PSALM XXIII. Long Met. UNKNOWN.

- 1 **A**S the good shepherd gently leads  
 His wandering flocks to verdant  
 meads,  
 Where cooling streams, in sportive play,  
 Thro' the rich landscape wind their way.
- 2 So God, the guardian of my soul,  
 Does all my erring steps controul ;  
 When, lost in sin's perplexing maze,  
 He leads me back to virtue's ways.
- 3 Though I should journey thro' the plains  
 Where death in all its horror reigns,  
 My steadfast heart no ill shall fear,  
 For thou, my God, art with me there.
- 4 Thy kind paternal providence  
 Is my supply, and my defence ;  
 With thee I am of all possess,  
 To be with thee is to be blest.

5 And

- 5 And thus shall every future day  
Thy goodness more and more display;  
And when to future worlds I go,  
The bliss of angels I shall know.

L. PSALM XXIII. Short Met. DODDRIDGE.

*Support in Death.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the gloomy vale,  
Which thou, my soul, must tread,  
Beset with terrors, fierce and pale,  
That leads thee to the dead.
- 2 Ye pleasing scenes, adieu!  
Which I so long have known:  
My friends, a long farewell to you!  
For I must pass alone.
- 3 And thou, beloved clay,  
Long partner of my cares,  
Thou canst not tread this rugged way,  
Thy frame it rudely tears.
- 4 But see a ray of light,  
With splendour all divine,  
Break thro' these direful realms of night,  
And make its horrors shine.
- 5 Where death and darkness reign,  
My God awakens day;  
His rod my trembling feet sustains,  
His staff defends my way.
- 6 Blest Shepherd, lead me on;  
My soul disdains to fear;  
Death's gloomy phantoms all are flown,  
Now life's great Lord is near.

## LI. PSALM XXIV. Long Met. WATTS.

*The Pure in Heart shall see God.*

- 1 **T**HE earth is thine, Almighty Lord,  
It sprang from thy creating word;  
Its beauteous furniture is thine,  
In all we own the hand divine.
- 2 Raised on the floods at thy command  
Firm does the wondrous fabric stand;  
And stored with good of various kind  
To man the dwelling thou assigned.
- 3 But there's a brighter world on high,  
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky;  
Who shall ascend that blest abode,  
And dwell so near his Maker God?
- 4 He that abhors the thought of sin,  
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean;  
In whom to form the soul divine,  
Fair piety and virtue join.
- 5 This is the man of heavenly kind,  
By God for heavenly bliss designed:  
He shall enjoy thy blissful sight,  
And dwell in everlasting light.

## LII. PSALM XXIV. Short Met.

*Heaven reserved for the Pure and Good.*

- 1 **T**HE earth proclaims its Lord,  
How beauteous is its plan!  
With every rich provision stored,  
The fair abode of man.
- 2 But earth, with all its store,  
However fair and good,



Is but a dwelling mean and poor,  
Compared with God's abode.

- 3 And may our hopes aspire  
To visit this abode?  
And what must be the soul's attire  
To fit it for its God?

- 4 With truth it must be graced,  
With love it must be warmed,  
With holiness sublimely raised,  
With fortitude be armed.

- 5 Then may our hopes aspire  
To visit this abode;  
And this must be the soul's attire  
To fit it for its God.

LIII. PSALM XXV. Short Met. PATRICK.

*A Psalm of Penitence and virtuous Desires.*

- 1 **L**ET no event cast down  
Those who from evil flee,  
Nor disappointment shame the hope  
Which waits, O Lord, on thee.
- 2 Within this soul of mine  
Thy better light renew;  
And aid me always to perform  
What thou art pleased to view.
- 3 Thy judgment enter not  
Against my errors past;  
And as my errors I renounce,  
May I thy mercy taste.
- 4 From the straight paths of truth  
Again I would not stray;

On

- On thee, my gracious God, I wait  
To learn, and keep thy way.
- 5 God, who is just and good,  
Will those who err instruct;  
And to the paths of righteousness  
Their wandering steps conduct.
- 6 The humble soul he guides,  
Teaches the meek his way;  
Kindness and truth he shews to all  
Who him in truth obey.
- 7 Give me the tender heart,  
That mixes fear with love;  
And lead me thro' whatever path  
Thy wisdom shall approve.
- 8 Oh ever keep my soul  
From error, shame, and guilt;  
Nor suffer the fair hope to fail,  
Which on thy truth is built.

## LIV. PSALM XXV. Short Met. WATTS.

*Supplication of Pardon and Direction.*

- 1 **F**ROM the first dawning light,  
'Till the calm evening rise,  
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait  
With ever longing eyes.
- 2 Oh grant me all thy grace,  
And lead me in thy truth;  
Forgive the sins of earlier days,  
Of my unlessoned youth.
- 3 The Lord is good and kind,  
The meek shall learn his ways,

And

And every humble sinner find  
The blessings of his grace.

- 4 For his own goodness' sake  
He wins my soul from shame :  
His love does all my love awake,  
And all my service claim.

Lv. PSALM XXV. Short Met. WATTS.

*Divine Instruction.*

- 1 **W**HERE shall the man be found,  
That fears t' offend his God ;  
That loves the gospel's joyful sound,  
And trembles at the rod ?
- 2 The Lord shall make him know  
The secrets of his heart,  
The wonders of his covenant show,  
And all his love impart.
- 3 The dealings of his hand  
Are grace and mercy still,  
With such as to his covenant stand,  
And love to do his will.
- 4 Their souls shall dwell at ease  
Before their Maker's face ;  
And theirs be all the promises  
In their extensive grace.

Lvi. PSALM XXVII. Com. Met. WATTS.

*Religious Converse our Delight and Safety.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord of glory is my light,  
And my salvation too ;

God



God is my strength ; nor will I fear  
What mortal Men can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires ;  
Oh grant me an abode  
Within the churches of thy saints,  
The temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my requests,  
To guard my life from ill,  
Shall hear thy messages of love,  
And there inquire thy will.

4 The best sweet requiem of my soul,  
It yields a noble peace ;  
My rude desires it does controul,  
And all my fears appease.

LVII. PSALM XXVIII. Mid. Met. MERRICK.

*The humble Suppliant.*

1 **G**OD, my strength, to thee I pray,  
Turn not thou thine ear away ;  
Gracious to my prayer attend,  
While the suppliant knee I bend.

2 Let me not thy judgments know,  
From my soul avert the woe,  
By thy just decrees assigned  
To the men of impious mind.

3 On thy long experienced aid  
See my hope for ever stayed ;  
While my heart, with awe posselt,  
Leaps within my throbbing breast.

4 Give me, Lord, thy love to share,  
Feed me with a shepherd's care ;

Save

Save me from foul sin and shame,  
And in me thy grace proclaim.

LVIII. PSALM XXX. Long Met. WATTS.

*In Sicknefs, and impending Death.*

- 1 **F**IRM was my health, my day was bright,  
And I presumed 'twould ne'er be night;  
Fondly I said within my heart,  
"Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."
- 2 Presumptuous thought of foolish man,  
Which takes not God into its plan!  
His face my God was pleased to hide,  
My health was gone, my comforts died.
- 3 Humbled, corrected by his rod,  
I raised my suppliant prayer to God.  
Again his smiling face I view,  
And health and comforts bloom anew.
- 4 But ne'er shall life's vain hopes again  
My heart of levity arraign;  
Whate'er of life shall hence be trod,  
I dedicate it all to God.

LIX. PSALM XXX. Com. Met. STEELE.

*The same.*

- 1 **T**HEE, Lord, my thankful soul would  
    bless,  
    Thee all my powers adore;  
    Thy hand has raised me in distress,  
    In suffering's trying hour.
- 2 Opprest with fear, opprest with grief,  
    To thee I breathed my cry;

Thy

Thy mercy brought divine relief,  
And wiped my tearful eye.

- 3 Thy mercy chased the shades of death,  
And snatched me from the grave :  
O may thy praise employ the breath,  
Which mercy deigned to save.

LX. PSALM XXX. Long Met.

*The same.*

- 1 **R**Escued from the rude grasp of death,  
And almost in the grave entombed ;  
I shudder at the awful fate  
Which o'er my soul in horror gloomed.
- 2 Offended justice might have said,  
Why cumberest thou thy Maker's ground ?  
And cut the idle trifler off,  
As lost to hope, by God disowned.
- 3 If mercy did the fate suspend  
That hung o'er my devoted head ;  
May grateful love win all my heart,  
And all its virtuous sweetness shed.
- 4 Regained to hope, ne'er may I meet  
Death in this horrid form again ;  
But cheerfully to God devote  
Whate'er of life may yet remain.

LXI. PSALM XXXI. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*The exceeding Goodness of God to his Servants invites to  
all Goodness in return.*

- 1 **O**UR souls with pleasing wonder view  
The bounties of thy grace ;  
How



How much bestowed, how much reserved  
For those who seek thy face !

- 2 Thy liberal hand with worldly good  
—Oft makes their cup run o'er ;  
While in the covenant of thy love  
They find a richer store.
- 3 But O ! what treasures yet unknown  
Wait them in worlds to come !  
Such are th' enjoyments of the way,  
And such their final home.
- 4 And how shall we our joy express,  
Or how thy goodness own ?  
But 'tis our comfort, that to thee  
Our inmost hearts are known.
- 5 And may the love that warms our hearts,  
In love's best form appear ;  
Endear to us what God approves,  
And us to God endear.

LXII. PSALM XXXII. Long Met. MERRICK.

*The Obedience that springs from Love.*

- 1 **C**OME, from yourself instruction learn,  
And self-advised from error turn ;  
Let reason's use proclaim thee man,  
Nor sink beneath thy Maker's plan.
- 2 Imitate not the steed and mule,  
Whose stubborn mouth, averse to rule,  
To bend them to thy will, must feel  
The powerful rein, and curbing steel.
- 3 Though God by fear may sin controul,  
Fear speaks no generous, virtuous soul.

E

The

The God of love that heart approves  
Which love to God and goodness moves.

4 Ye saints, who make your God your  
choice,

Ye pure in mind, in him rejoice;  
His likeness on the soul impressed  
With virtuous transport fills the breast.

LXIII. PSALM XXXII. Long Met. WATTS.

*The happy Fruits of true Repentance.*

1 **B**LEST is the man by mercy owned,  
Who meets a reconciled God,  
Whose sin repentance has atoned,  
Who treads anew the heavenly road.

2 From guile his heart and lips are free;  
His holy joy, his chastened fear  
With true repentance well agree,  
And prove his new-born faith sincere.

LXIV. PSALM XXXII. Short Met.

*The joyful Welcome of Repentance.*

1 **O** BLEST indeed are they,  
Whom peace at length has owned!  
Divinely blest, who mercy seek  
While mercy may be found!

2 O God, how could my heart  
So long be turned from thee!  
So long resist the tender love,  
That ne'er was turned from me!

3 Recovered now to God,  
I grieve that e'er I strayed;

My

My wasted talents, squandered hours  
Sorely my heart upbraid.

4 Cherish this flame, my soul,  
With generous ardour burn;  
And all thy love and zeal bestow,  
God's mercy to return.

5 Wound not the virtuous peace  
So happily posscest;  
This is thy God's propitious hour,  
Secure it, and be blest.

LXV. PSALM XXXIII. Com. Met. WATTS.

*A Hymn of Joy to the Creator and Governor of the World.*

1 **R**EJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,  
This work belongs to you:  
Be all his ways by you adored,  
In all their glorious view.

2 His mercy and his righteousness  
Let heaven and earth proclaim;  
His works of nature and of grace  
Reveal his sacred name.

3 His wisdom and almighty word  
The heavenly arches spread;  
And by the spirit of the Lord  
Their shining hosts were made.

4 He bade the raging waters flow  
To their appointed deep;  
Th' obedient seas their limits know,  
And their own station keep.

5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth  
With awe before him stand,



Who spake; and nature issued forth,  
And rests on his command.

- 6 He scorns the sinner's idle rage,  
And breaks his vain designs;  
His counsel stands thro' every age,  
And in full glory shines.

LXVI. PSALM XXXIII. Prop. Met. WATTS.

*No Dependence but on GOD.*

- 1 **O**H happy nation, where the Lord  
Reveals the treasure of his word,  
And builds his church, his earthly throne!  
No eye to thee the heathens raise;  
Thou formed their hearts, thou knowest  
their ways,  
But thou their Maker art unknown.
- 2 Let kings rely upon their host,  
His skill or strength the champion boast;  
In vain their swelling boast and pride:  
A worm may prove their deadliest foe,  
These earthly deities lay low,  
And all their flattering hopes deride.
- 3 Repose on thy paternal care  
Exalts the soul, appeases fear,  
When danger shakes her threatening hand.  
Thy guardian eye pursues the just,  
They trust in thee, nor vainly trust,  
Though war or sickness waste the land.
- 4 In sickness, in the bloody field,  
Be thou my health, be thou my shield,  
Thy providence around me throw.

But

But more, O God, protect my soul  
 From impious thoughts, from passions foul,  
 From sin, my most destructive foe.

## LXVII. PSALM XXXIV. Com. Met. TATE.

*Invitation to trust and love God.*

- 1 **T**HRO' all the changing scenes of life,  
 In trouble and in joy,  
 The praises of my God shall still  
 My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliverance I will boast,  
 That all who are distressed,  
 From me may consolation take,  
 And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around  
 The dwellings of the just;  
 Protection he affords to all  
 Who fix on him their trust.
- 4 Oh make but trial of his love;  
 Experience will decide  
 How blest are they, and only they,  
 Who in his truth confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye faints, and you will then  
 Have nothing else to fear;  
 To him your best affections give,  
 Nor shed one plaintive tear.

## LXVIII. PSALM XXXIV. C. M. WATTS.

*Exhortation to Peace and Holiness.*

- 1 **C**OME, children, learn to fear the Lord,  
 Join not the wicked throng;

- May no profane or lying word  
Be found upon your tongue.
- 2 Fly far from mischief, cherish love,  
Pursue the things that please;  
So shall your God your ways approve,  
And bless your life with peace.
- 3 His eye awakes to guard the just,  
His ear attends their cry;  
Who place on God their virtuous trust,  
Shall find that God is nigh.
- 4 And though of sorrow they may taste,  
Of lengthened sorrow too;  
Their God, who blesses them at last,  
Bears them their trial through.

LXIX. PSALM XXXIV. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Divine Goodness celebrated.*

- 1 **T**Riumpant, Lord, thy goodness reigns  
Through all the wide etherial plains,  
And its full streams redundant flow  
Down to th' abodes of men below.
- 2 O'er all the earth thy glories shine,  
The cares of Providence are thine;  
And thou hast raised within our frame  
The fairest temple to thy name.
- 3 Oh give to every human heart  
To know and feel how good thou art;  
With grateful love thy love repay,  
And all thy will through life obey.
- 4 See nature bursts into a song!  
The echoing hills the notes prolong;  
Earth,



Earth, seas and stars their anthems raise,  
All vocal with their Maker's praise.

- 5 And join, my soul, this general song,  
To thee its sweetest notes belong :  
Blest above all by love divine,  
To praise is eminently thine.

LXX. PSALM XXXV. Com. Met.

*The Affection of God to Holiness.*

- 1 **O**UR mercies and our sorrows spring  
From God's paternal love ;  
Whate'er may work our soul's best good,  
His wisdom does approve.
- 2 And when through earthly good and ill  
An equal course we steer ;  
No curse so deadly hold as sin,  
No joy like virtue dear.
- 3 And thus to all the will of God  
With pure affection given,  
Cherish his likeness, and aspire  
To find our bliss in heaven.
- 4 The eye of God, which comprehends  
All nature in its view,  
No object more complacent owns,  
Ye wise and good, than you.

LXXI. PSALM XXXVI. Long Met. TATE.

*Providence general to all, singular to good Men.*

- 1 **O**N God all nature does rely ;  
Beyond the heavens his care extends ;  
Nor with a less benignant eye  
To earth, to man, to all descends.

E 4

2 If

- 2 If thus thy goodness all partake,  
 With what assurance may the just  
 Thy sheltering wings their refuge make,  
 And in thy love securely trust.
- 3 Thy providence the world sustains,  
 The whole creation is thy care:  
 To mind alone thy love pertains,  
 And where is goodness, God is there.
- 4 As all my hope is fixed on thee,  
 Thy favour be my constant aim;  
 But only as from sin I flee,  
 Thy favour may I dare to claim.

LXXII. PSALM XXXVI. Com. Met. WATTS.

*The same.*

- 1 **T**HOU art, and thou art God alone;  
 All nature leans on thee.  
 Thy goodness is a world unknown,  
 A deep unfathomed sea.
- 2 Beyond the heaven's outstretched round  
 Thy providence extends,  
 And, knowing no restricted bound,  
 To earth and man descends.
- 3 But not alike on all it shines;  
 The mind by wisdom drest,  
 Which purity with goodness twines,  
 Is singularly blest.
- 4 Though fair and good be all thy world;  
 More fair and good is he,  
 Who bears thy sacred image, Lord,  
 Who most resembles thee.

P S A L M

## LXXIII. PSALM XXXVI. L. M. WATTS.

*The natural and moral Providence of God.*

- 1 **H**IGH in the heavens, eternal God,  
 Thy goodness in full glory shines;  
 Thy truth shall break thro' every cloud  
 That veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 For ever firm thy justice stands,  
 As mountains their foundations keep;  
 Wise are the wonders of thy hands,  
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large,  
 Both man and beast thy bounty share;  
 The whole creation is thy charge,  
 But saints are thy peculiar care.
- 4 My God! how excellent thy grace,  
 Whence all our hope and comfort springs!  
 In all the trials of our race  
 We seek the shadow of thy wings.
- 5 Nor seek in vain, thy sacred law,  
 With wisdom and with mercy fraught;  
 Such views unfolds as eye ne'er saw,  
 Such truths as reason never taught.

## LXXIV. PSALM XXXVII. C. M. WATTS.

*The Cure of Envy, Fretfulness, and Distrust.*

- 1 **W**HY should I vex my soul, and fret  
 To see the wicked rise?  
 Or envy sinners waxing great  
 By violence and lies.

2 At



- 2 At noon the laughing flowers rejoice,  
At night they droop and die:  
So perish the proud sinner's joys,  
And all his hopes belie.
- 3 Then let my soul on God repose,  
All that is good pursue;  
His love will guard me from my foes,  
My path with blessings strew.
- 4 Thou knowest best what's wise and meet;  
Cheerful I wait thy will.  
The hand, that guides my doubtful feet,  
Shall all my hope fulfil.
- 5 My innocence wilt thou display,  
My upright heart make known,  
Fair as the light of opening day,  
And glorious as the noon.
- 6 The meek shall still thy love possess,  
Such are the heirs of heaven:  
True riches, with abundant peace,  
To humble souls are given.

## LXXV. PSALM XXXVII. C. M. WATTS.

*The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked.*

- 1 **M**Y God, the steps of pious men  
Are ordered by thy will;  
Though they should fall, they rise again,  
Thy hand supports them still.
- 2 The Lord delights to see their ways,  
Their virtue he approves;  
Still he attends them with his grace,  
Nor leaves the men he loves.

3 The

- 3 The heavenly heritage is theirs,  
 Their portion and their home;  
 Their guardian now, he makes them heirs  
 Of better blifs to come.
- 4 Ne'er will I trust the world again,  
 Whether it smile or frown;  
 Deceitful smiles, and terrors vain,  
 In folly both are sown.
- 5 The haughty sinner have I seen,  
 Nor fearing man nor God,  
 Like a tall bay tree, fair and green,  
 Spreading his arms abroad.
- 6 I looked, he vanished from the ground,  
 Destroyed by hand unseen;  
 Nor leaf, nor branch, nor root was found  
 Where all that pride had been.
- 7 But mark the man of righteousness,  
 His several steps attend;  
 True pleasure runs through all his ways,  
 And peaceful is his end.

LXXVI. PSALM XXXIX. C. M. WATTS.

*The Vanity of Man as mortal.*

- 1 **T**EACH me the measure of my days,  
 Thou Maker of my frame;  
 I would survey life's narrow space,  
 And learn how frail I am.
- 2 Our life, how idle is the boast!  
 A point in moving time:  
 Man is but vanity and dust,  
 In all his flower and prime.

3 See

- 3 See the vain race of mortals move,  
Like shadows o'er the plain,  
They rage and strive, desire and love,  
But all the noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,  
Some dig for golden ore,  
They toil for heirs they know not who,  
And straight are seen no more.
- 5 What should I wish or wait for then  
From creatures, earth or dust ?  
Their promises at best are vain,  
They cheat our dearest trust.
- 6 Return, my soul, to better things,  
Thy fond desires recall ;  
Rise above earth on hope's strong wings,  
And be thy God thy all.

LXXVII. PSALM XXXIX. L. M. STEELE.

*The same.*

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Maker of my frame,  
Teach me the measure of my days,  
Teach me to know how frail I am,  
And spend the remnant to thy praise.
- 2 My days are shorter than a span,  
A very point my life appears ;  
How frail at best is dying man !  
How vain are all his hopes and fears !
- 3 Vain his ambition, noise and show !  
Vain are the cares which rack his mind !  
He heaps up treasures mixed with woe ;  
He dies, and leaves them all behind.

4 O be



- 4 O be a nobler portion mine :  
My God, I bow before thy throne,  
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,  
And fix my hope on thee alone.
- 5 Beneath the chastening of thy hand  
Let not my heart or tongue repine;  
But silent and submissive bend,  
And bear, because the stroke is thine.
- 6 Save me by thy protecting arm  
From all my sins, my heart renew ;  
May sin no more my fears alarm,  
Nor hide thy mercy from my view.

LXXVIII. PSALM XL. Com. Met.

*The Mission of CHRIST the Light of the World.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD ! I come, the Saviour cries,  
To visit man's abode !  
I come, with healing on my wings,  
With truth and peace from God !
- 2 Oh welcome, welcome to our world,  
Thou friend of God and man !  
With humble joyful hearts we hail  
Thy wise redeeming plan.
- 3 Thy truth illuminates our minds,  
Darkness before thee flies ;  
Another face of things we view,  
A new creation rise.
- 4 Let there be light ; and light sprang forth,  
Obedient to its Lord.  
Let there be light to reason's eye,  
God spake, and sent his word.

PSALM

## LXXIX. PSALM XLI. Long Met. MERRICK.

*Blessing on the charitable Man.*

- 1 **B**LEST, who with generous pity glows,  
 Who learns to feel another's woes,  
 Bows to the poor man's wants his ear,  
 And wipes the helpless orphan's tear.
- 2 In every want, in every woe,  
 Himself thy pity, Lord, shall know ;  
 Or blessing shall his steps attend,  
 Or sorrow work to be his friend.
- 3 Assaulted by disease and pain,  
 Thy aid his spirit shall sustain,  
 Raise on thy arm his sinking head,  
 And smoothe with gentlest hand his bed.
- 4 So God to me his blessing deal,  
 As I have helped others' weal ;  
 And in my hour of greatest need,  
 May mercy shewn for mercy plead.

## LXXX. PSALM XLI. Long Met. WATTS.

*The same.*

- 1 **B**LEST is the man, whose bowels move,  
 And melt with pity to the poor ;  
 Whose soul in sympathising love  
 Feels what his fellow-men endure.
- 2 His heart contrives for their relief  
 More than his single hand effects ;  
 Administering to every grief,  
 He counsels, soothes, condole, protects.
- 3 That

3 That pity shall his God afford  
To him with blessings on his head;  
Though famine, pestilence or sword  
Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or if with human suffering tried,  
Suffering shall all his soul refine;  
Sweet hope his refuge shall provide,  
And minister a bliss divine.

LXXXI. PSALM XLII. Long Met. PATRICK.

*Communion with God, the Source of Consolation and  
virtuous Joy.*

1 OH God, my best, my dearest hope,  
To thee ascends my ardent prayer;  
No chafed hart e'er panted more  
For the cool stream's refreshing air.

2 Thy mercy and thy peace display;  
Guide me by thy unerring light;  
Without thy presence, O my God,  
All is a dark and cheerless night.

3 When I have sought thee, I have found  
My soul above its sorrows rise;  
And still I seek, and still shall find  
Thy presence all my fears chastise.

4 Inspired by thee to higher views,  
I tread upon each low desire:  
Thou fittedst me for nobler good;  
To nobler good I will aspire.

5 Away then all my gloomy thoughts!  
Who feeds them, cherishes his foes;  
They further not one good I wish,  
Nor shall they trouble my repose.

6 Though



- 6 Though hard the lesson, wise it is  
To keep our passions calm and still ;  
The first wise step to peace and God,  
Is resignation to his will.

## LXXXII. PSALM XLIII. L. M. MERRICK.

*Delight in public Worship, and Reliance on God.*

- 1 **G**OD of my strength, to thee I cry,  
To thee, my surest refuge fly :  
O may thy light attend my way,  
Thy truth afford its steadfast ray.
- 2 Conduct me to thy hallowed seat,  
Where wisdom, truth and mercy meet ;  
And there, in all its best array,  
My heart its richest gifts shall pay.
- 3 Thy mercies, to my heart revealed,  
A theme of endless transport yield ;  
Thy love does all my bosom fire,  
Thy praise does all my song inspire.
- 4 In all our cares, in all our woes,  
On God our steadfast hopes repose ;  
To God our thanks shall still be paid,  
Our sure defence, our constant aid.

## LXXXIII. PSALM XLV. L. M. WATTS.

*The REDEEMER praised.*

- 1 **N**OW be my heart inspired to sing  
The glories of my Saviour King :  
In him the well-tempered grace  
Of majesty and love we trace.

2 In

- 2 In all the dignity of mind  
He rises above human kind;  
Truth from his lips divinely flows,  
And blessings all his state compose.
- 3 Mercy with her resistless plea  
Softens the rebel heart to thee;  
Or if sweet mercy fail to move,  
Thy very terrors mercy prove.
- 4 Thy kingdom shall for ever stand,  
By God committed to thy hand.  
Though truth and right in all be seen,  
Thy mercy looks with lovelier mien.

LXXXIV. PSALM XLVI. L. M. MERRICK.

*In Time of general Desolation.*

- 1 **O**N thee, great ruler of the skies,  
On thee our only hope relies;  
When horror all around we see,  
Where can we find a friend but thee?
- 2 No overwhelming fears we own,  
Though earth convulsed beneath us groan,  
Though tempests o'er her surface sweep,  
And whirl her hills into the deep.
- 3 Tho' armed with rage, before our eyes  
That deep in all its horrors rise,  
While as the tumult spreads around,  
The mountains tremble at the sound.
- 4 This dreadful conflict who can quell?  
This war of elements repel?  
The God, whose providence retains  
These warring elements in chains.

- 5 He lets them loose, that man may know  
 What his almighty arm can do;  
 Uproar and order, good and ill,  
 Are but the servants of his will.
- 6 Earthquakes and thunders, winds and seas  
 At thy command are hushed in peace.  
 We bowed to thy chastising rod;  
 We bless the mercy of our God.

LXXXV. PSALM XLVI. Long Met. STEELE.

*On the Return of Peace.*

- 1 GREAT ruler of the earth and skies,  
 A word of thy almighty breath  
 Can sink the world, or bid it rise:  
 Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.
- 2 When angry nations rush to arms,  
 And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,  
 And war resounds her dire alarms,  
 And slaughter dyes the hostile plain.
- 3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,  
 And marks their course, and bounds their  
                   power;  
 Thy law the angry nations own,  
 And war her murders acts no more.
- 4 Then peace returns with balmy wing,  
 Sweet peace! with her what blessings fled!  
 Glad plenty laughs, the vallies sing,  
 Reviving commerce lifts her head.
- 5 Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord,  
 All move subservient to thy will;  
 And peace and war await thy word,  
 And thy sublime decrees fulfil.

6 To



- 6 To thee we pay our grateful songs;  
Thy kind protection still implore.  
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues  
Confess thy goodness, and adore.

LXXXVI. PSALM XLVII. M. M. UNKNOWN.

*A Psalm of Praise.*

- 1 **C**LAP your hands, rejoice and sing,  
All shall bless the heavenly king;  
With your hearts proclaim his praise,  
Bless your God in all his ways.
- 2 He his sovereign sway maintains;  
King o'er all the world he reigns:  
All to him lift up their eye,  
He does every want supply.
- 3 Sons of earth the triumph join,  
Praise him with the host divine,  
Emulate the heavenly powers;  
Their all gracious God is ours.
- 4 Happy who his laws obey,  
Them he rules with milder sway,  
Pure and holy hearts alone  
He hath chosen for his own.
- 5 Him, whose joy is to restore,  
Him let all our hearts adore;  
Earth and Heaven repeat the cry,  
Glory be to God on high.

LXXXVII. PSALM XLVIII. C. M. MERRICK.

*Praise to God, for his Truth and Mercy.*

- 1 **T**O God we consecrate our zeal,  
His name be ever blest!

With lowly gratitude we kneel  
To God, in mercy drest.

2 When prostrate at thy hallowed shrine  
Thy goodness man surveys,  
Transported with the view, we join  
In wonder, love and praise.

3 Thy truth, thro' earth's wide confines spread,  
Eternal honours crown;  
The blessing to our world decreed  
Sweet mercy stamps her own.

4 To thee our thankful hearts shall bow,  
Nor own a God beside;  
To life's last period thee avow,  
Our ever faithful guide.

LXXXVIII. PSALM XLVIII. S. M. WATTS.

*The Excellence of public Worship.*

1 **F**AR as thy name is known  
The world proclaims thy praise;  
But saints, O Lord, before thy throne  
A nobler tribute raise.

2 With joy we take our stand  
In wisdom's sacred seat;  
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,  
And all thy love repeat.

3 Let strangers walk around  
The building where we dwell,  
Compass and view the hallowed ground,  
And all its blessings tell.

4 The orders of thy house,  
The worship of thy court,

The

The cheerful praise, the holy vows,  
And make a fair report.

- 5 How decent and how wise!  
How glorious to behold!  
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,  
And rites adorned with gold.
- 6 The God we worship now  
Will guide us 'till we die;  
Will be our God while here below,  
And ours above the sky.

LXXXIX. PSALM XLIX. L. M. MERRICK.

*The Pride of Man, and the foolish Reverence of triumphant Vice chastised.*

- 1 **L**ET not the sight thy heart dismay,  
If man's proud offspring thou survey  
With growing wealth encircled round,  
His house with blushing honours crowned.
- 2 Nor think his treasures, at his end,  
Shall with him to the grave descend,  
Or the vain pomp that strikes thy view,  
Thro' death's dark shade its Lord pursue.
- 3 While laughing pleasure crowns his days,  
With idiot reverence crowds may gaze;  
And thou, untaught in wisdom's school,  
May envy this high pampered fool.
- 4 But change and sorrow round him lour,  
Satiety and age devour  
His high fed sense, and he shall know  
That happiness is not below.
- 5 And he at last the way shall tread,  
Which one by one his fires have led;



And, shuddering at the awful gloom,  
Shall sink into the silent tomb.

6 Teach me, O God, the modest use  
Of this life's good, but ne'er t' amuse  
My soul with dreams of idle joy,  
Which all its nobler powers destroy.

7 Born in thy likeness, I aspire  
To clothe myself in thy attire;  
Then e'en in death I shall be brave,  
And mock the terrors of the grave.

xc. PSALM XLIX. Com. Met. WATTS.

*Pride humbled by the Consideration of Death.*

1 **W**HY doth the man of riches grow  
To insolence and pride,  
Viewing his wealth and honours flow  
With every rising tide.

2 Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,  
Formed of an equal clay;  
And boast as though himself were born  
Of better dust than they.

3 He sees the brutish and the wise,  
The timorous and the brave  
Quit their possessions, close their eyes,  
And sink into the grave.

4 Nor all his treasures can procure  
His soul one short reprieve,  
Redeem from dread one guilty hour,  
Or bid one comfort live.

5 Life is a blessing can't be sold,  
The ransom is too high;

That

That wisdom is not bribed with gold,  
Which destined man to die.

xcI. PSALM L. Long Met. MERRICK.

*Obedience the best Sacrifice.*

1 **Y**E nations of the earth draw near,  
Your righteous judge with reverence  
hear!

"This is my will, my high record,  
"Receive the sentence of your Lord."

2 Still may thy goat his hills retain,  
Still may thy steer unhurt remain  
Amidst his mates, thy Lord demands  
No goat nor bullock at thy hands.

3 Mine are the beasts that range the wood,  
Mine are the tame and savage brood,  
Mine are the tribes of air and sea,  
Subjected by my will to thee.

4 Admit I hunger, shall thy God  
Submit to ask of thee his food?  
Lord of the world, to thee descend?  
On thy capricious boon depend?

5 Go! other lessons learn of me,  
And other gifts thy tribute be.  
Present a pure and virtuous mind,  
And God propitious thou shalt find.

xcII. PSALM L. Com. Met. WATTS.

*Sincerity and Hypocrisy.*

1 **G**OD is a spirit, just and wise,  
He sees our inmost mind;

- In vain to heaven we raise our cries,  
And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne  
With honour can appear ;  
The painted hypocrites are known  
Thro' the disguise they wear.
- 3 The lifted eye salutes the skies,  
The bended knee the ground ;  
- But God abhors the sacrifice,  
Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Pure be my thoughts, holy my ways,  
And all my soul sincere ;  
Then may I stand before thy face,  
And find acceptance there.

XCH. PSALM L. Com. Met. WATTS.

*The last Judgment.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the judge before his throne  
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,  
The nations from the rising sun,  
And from the western sky.
- 2 No more shall bold blasphemers say  
" Judgment will ne'er begin ;"  
No more abuse his long delay  
To impudence and sin.
- 3 Throned on a cloud the Judge shall come ;  
Bright flames prepare his way,  
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm  
Lead on the dreadful day.
- 4 Heaven from above his call shall hear,  
Attending angels come,

And



And earth and hell shall know, and fear  
His justice, and their doom.

- 5 But come, ye friends of righteousness,  
Friends of your God and Lord,  
Approach with triumph to possess  
The kingdom love prepared.
- 6 Your faith and works brought forth to light  
Shall make the world confess,  
The sentence of reward is right,  
And heaven extol the grace.

xciv. PSALM L. Long Met. UNKNOWN.

*The Form of Godliness without real Piety and Virtue.*

- 1 **T**H' uplifted eye and bended knee  
Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee;  
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,  
The heart a stranger to the song.
- 2 Can rites and forms and flaming zeal  
The breaches of thy precept heal?  
Or fast and penance reconcile  
Thy justice, and invite thy smile?
- 3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,  
Honest, and to thy will resigned,  
To thee a nobler offering yields  
Than Sheba's groves, or Sharon's fields;
- 4 Than floods of oil, or floods of wine,  
A vain oblation on thy shrine;  
Or if, unto thine altar led,  
A first-born son the victim bled.
- 5 Love God and man, this great command  
Doth on eternal pillars stand:

This

This did thine ancient prophets teach,  
And this thy well-beloved preach.

xcv. PSALM LI. Long Met. WATTS.

*A penitential Supplication.*

- 1 **F**ORGIVE me, God, my God forgive;  
Let a relenting sinner live;  
Are not thy mercies large and free?  
May not repentance fly to thee?
- 2 My sins are great, but not exceed  
The mercy which I lowly plead;  
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,  
So may thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 Fain would I rise on hope sublime,  
But conscience flings me back my crime,  
Here at my heart the burden lies,  
With terror past offences rise.
- 4 With shame my erring life I trace,  
With shame thy much indulgent grace;  
And should thy judgment prove severe,  
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 5 But where a heart renewed is found,  
Delighted mercy smiles around.  
So be my heart renewed to thee,  
And so may mercy smile on me.

xcvi. PSALM LI. Short Met. UNKNOWN.

*The same.*

- 1 **H**AVE mercy, Lord, on me,  
Accept my better mind,

And

And let me, touched with sense of guilt,  
Thy wonted mercy find.

2 Remit th' offence I've given,  
And rescue me from sin;  
For painfully, at length, I wish  
Thy forfeit grace to win.

3 My spirit dreads to meet  
A God in angry view:  
Oh work in me a heart that's clean,  
An upright mind renew.

4 The joy thy favour yields  
May I anew obtain;  
And may I ne'er in thought or deed  
Offend my God again.

xcvii. PSALM LIII. Long Met. MERRICK.

*Danger the Summons to Reformation.*

1 **T**H' eternal monarch from on high  
On Britain's children cast his eye,  
If haply some he yet might see  
From sin's contagious influence free.

2 Who midst infectious times have stood  
Unstained, and obstinately good.  
He looked, but ah! too few could find  
To virtue's heaven-taught rules inclined.

3 Each, led from wisdom's path astray,  
Pursues the tenor of his way.  
What frenzy thus their soul could blind?  
From God and goodness turn their mind?

4 But see, their thoughts in tumult roll,  
Surrounding terrors shake their soul.

Such



This did thine ancient prophets teach,  
And this thy well-beloved preach.

xcv. PSALM LI. Long Met. WATTS.

*A penitential Supplication.*

- 1 **F**ORGIVE me, God, my God forgive;  
Let a relenting sinner live;  
Are not thy mercies large and free?  
May not repentance fly to thee?
- 2 My sins are great, but not exceed  
The mercy which I lowly plead;  
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,  
So may thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 Fain would I rise on hope sublime,  
But conscience flings me back my crime,  
Here at my heart the burden lies,  
With terror past offences rise.
- 4 With shame my erring life I trace,  
With shame thy much indulgent grace;  
And should thy judgment prove severe,  
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 5 But where a heart renewed is found,  
Delighted mercy smiles around.  
So be my heart renewed to thee,  
And so may mercy smile on me.

xcvi. PSALM LI. Short Met. UNKNOWN.

*The same.*

- 1 **H**AVE mercy, Lord, on me,  
Accept my better mind,

And

And let me, touched with sense of guilt,  
Thy wonted mercy find.

- 2 Remit th' offence I've given,  
And rescue me from sin;  
For painfully, at length, I wish  
Thy forfeit grace to win.

- 3 My spirit dreads to meet  
A God in angry view:  
Oh work in me a heart that's clean,  
An upright mind renew.

- 4 The joy thy favour yields  
May I anew obtain;  
And may I ne'er in thought or deed  
Offend my God again.

xcvii. PSALM LIII. Long Met. MERRICK.

*Danger the Summons to Reformation.*

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On Britain's children cast his eye,  
If haply some he yet might see  
From sin's contagious influence free.
- 2 Who midst infectious times have stood  
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He looked, but ah! too few could find  
To virtue's heaven-taught rules inclined.
- 3 Each, led from wisdom's path astray,  
Pursues the tenor of his way.  
What frenzy thus their soul could blind?  
From God and goodness turn their mind?
- 4 But see, their thoughts in tumult roll,  
Surrounding terrors shake their soul.

Such

Such is the doom that all must prove,  
Whom God abandons from his love.

5 Thou, Lord, alone to Britain's eyes  
Canst bid sweet reformation rise ;  
Religion's mild and healing ray  
Extend, and round us pour the day.

6 The blest event to Britain's shore  
Her songs of triumph shall restore,  
And all her sons, thro' heaven's wide frame,  
Loud echoing, shall her joy proclaim.

xcviii. PSALM LV. Long Met. MERRICK.

*Peevish Discontent at God's Forbearance reproved.*

1 **O**H who shall give me, thus my breast  
Its poor inquietude expressed,  
The dove's light wing, that thro' the air  
A wretched fugitive may bear ?

2 Remove me far from ill to dwell  
Within the rock's sequestered cell ?  
Or in the desert's lone retreat  
Disgusted fix my lasting seat ?

3 To crime each heart, and hand, and tongue  
Is given ; and tumult, strife and wrong  
Where'er I turn, before my eyes  
In giant forms terrific rise.

4 Within their walls' unhallowed bound,  
By day, by night, they take their round,  
And their polluted streets still hear  
The din of riot, guilt and fear.

5 Thus, fired with seeming zeal for God,  
The path of discontent I trod.

Alas !



Alas! if mercy bear with sin,  
Shall peevish righteousness repine?

- 6 The ways of Providence impeach?  
And wisdom to my Maker teach?  
'Tis mine to tread in duty's road,  
And leave the fate of sin to God.

xcix. PSALM LV. Short Met.

*Acquiescence in God's Forbearance towards Sinners.*

- 1 **L**ET sinners take their course,  
And chuse the path of ill;  
Mine be the part to please my God,  
And answer all his will.
- 2 I leave events to God,  
The world with temper view,  
Bear with the ills I cannot mend,  
And all the good pursue.
- 3 This is the sinners' hour,  
The future one is mine;  
They have their choice, and so have I,  
Then let me not repine.

c. PSALM LVII. Long Met. WATTS.

*Praise to God.*

- 1 **B**E thou exalted, O my God,  
Above the heavens where angels dwell!  
Thy power on earth be known abroad,  
And land to land thy wonders tell!
- 2 My heart is fixt; my song shall raise  
Deserved honours to thy name;

Awake

Awake my tongue to sound his praise,  
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

3 In thee, my God, are all the springs  
Of boundless love, and grace unknown;  
All the rich gifts that nature brings,  
Are gifts descending from thy throne.

4 Wide o'er the earth thy goodness reigns,  
And reaches to the utmost sky;  
Thy truth to endless years remains  
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

5 Be thou exalted, O my God,  
Above the heavens where angels dwell;  
Thy power on earth be known abroad,  
And land to land thy wonders tell.

CI. PSALM LVII. Long Met.

*No Friendship but with God and good Men.*

1 **O** GOD, my best, my truest friend,  
Thy guardian presence still extend;  
Protect me from the world, and shed  
Thy holy peace around my head.

2 What snares have in my way been strewed,  
To tempt me from the path of good;  
To lay my stubborn virtue low,  
And all my hopes in thee o'erthrow.

3 In guise of friendship they designed  
The ruin of my nobler mind.  
Friendship in sin! abused name!  
'Tis only partnership of shame.

4 Give me the man to God allied,  
With him I will my heart divide.

Cemented

Cemented by the God of love,  
With kindred spirit we shall move.

cii. PSALM LXI. Short Met. WATTS.

*Safety in God.*

- 1 **W**HEN overwhelmed with grief  
My heart within me dies,  
Helpless and far from all relief,  
To heaven I lift my eyes.
- 2 O lead me to the rock,  
That's raised above my head;  
And make the covert of thy wings  
My shelter and my shade.
- 3 May thy good presence, Lord,  
Ever with me abide;  
Thou art my refuge in distress,  
My guardian, and my guide.
- 4 My guardian, to protect  
From sin, my deadliest foe;  
My guide, to lead me to the bliss,  
Which cancels every woe.

ciii. PSALM LXII. Long Met.

*Vanity, its Worth and Reward.*

- 1 **O**H vanity! thou bane of man,  
How foolish, childish all thy plan!  
Away! thy trifles move my smile,  
They only trifling minds beguile.
- 2 Muster thy light, fantastic train,  
The pomp of life, the thirst of gain,

The



The pride of power, the bended knee,  
Such empty phantoms suit not me.

3 But see ! what furies press the rear !  
Passion and lust, and rage and fear,  
Disgust, remorse, and death and hell,  
Such terrors all my soul repel.

4 O God ! that man by thee designed  
To cultivate his nobler mind,  
Thy happiness itself partake,  
Should mind and God for these forsake.

CIV. PSALM LXIII. Com. Met. WATTS.

*A Welcome to the LORD's Day.*

1 **W**elcome, my God, thy sacred day !  
To thee my spirit flies;  
Thy presence cheers me on my way,  
And virtuous strength supplies.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,  
Beneath a burning sky,  
Long for a cooling stream at hand,  
And they must drink or die.

3 How oft with love divine inspired,  
Thy threshold have I trod !  
How often from the world retired,  
Held converse with my God !

4 The dear delights by sense embraced  
Please not my soul so well,  
As when thy richer grace I taste,  
And in thy presence dwell.

5 Nor so, the world, with all its joys,  
Can my best passions move,

Or

Or raise so high my cheerful voice,  
As thy forgiving love.

- 6 Thus, till my last expiring day,  
I'll bless my God and King;  
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,  
And tune my lips to sing.

cv. PSALM LXIII. Short Met. WATTS.

*Delight in Worship.*

- 1 **M**Y God, permit my tongue  
This joy, to call thee mine;  
And let my suppliant prayer prevail  
To taste thy love divine.
- 2 For life without thy love  
No relish can afford;  
No joy can be compared to this,  
To serve and please the Lord.
- 3 To thee I'll lift my hands,  
And praise thee while I live;  
Not all the luxuries of life  
So true a pleasure give.
- 4 Since this has been my faith,  
To thee my spirit flies,  
And on thy guardian providence  
My cheerful hope relies.
- 5 The shadow of thy wings  
My soul in safety keeps;  
I follow where my Father leads,  
And he supports my steps.

## CVI. PSALM LXIII. Long Met.

*Without Communion with God, all is vain.*

- 1 **E**NOUGH of life's vain scene I've trod,  
 Sweet is this interval of rest.  
 With cheerful heart I meet my God,  
 His presence makes me truly blest.
- 2 Father and friend, relations dear!  
 Rejoicing to the human soul!  
 They lift us above every fear,  
 And ills, if ills there be, controul.
- 3 Pleasant is life, and sweet the light  
 That pours from the bright orb of day,  
 Revealing to our raptured sight  
 The world in all its rich display.
- 4 Pleasant is life, and sweet its ties,  
 The touching charities of man;  
 Friend, fellow, child and parent rise,  
 Endearing life's progressive plan.
- 5 But light and life would soon be vile,  
 And all their dearest pleasures pall,  
 Nor sun would shine, nor life would smile,  
 Without thy presence gladdening all.

## CVII. PSALM LXV. Long Met. MERRICK.

*The Blessings of the Year the Gift of Providence.*

- 1 **T**HE morn and eve thy praise resound,  
 Lord, as they walk th' ethereal round;  
 Thy visits teach the grateful soil  
 To recompense the labourer's toil.

2 By



- 2 By unexhausted springs supplied  
The river pours its copious tide ;  
A thousand streams in sportive play  
Thro' the rich meadows wind their way.
- 3 The clouds, in frequent showers distilled,  
Drop fatness on the pregnant field,  
Break the rough glebe, the furrows cheer,  
And crown with good the smiling year.
- 4 The pastures of th' extended waste  
Thy gifts in rich profusion taste ;  
The hills around exulting stand,  
And shew the bounty of thy hand.
- 5 Nursed by thy care, the fleecy train,  
Emblem of mildness, browse the plain ;  
The neighing horse, and lowing steer,  
In statelier majesty appear.
- 6 Cherished at length by lenient skies,  
Herbage and corn luxuriant rise :  
The laughing vale assumes a tongue,  
And bursts triumphant into song.

CVIII. PSALM LXV. Long Met. WATTS.

*The same.*

- 1 **T**HE evening and the morn rejoice ;  
Seasons obey their Maker's voice ;  
The earth is pregnant with his showers,  
Laden with fruits, and drest with flowers.
- 2 The desert grows a fruitful field,  
Abundant food the vallies yield ;  
The vallies shout with cheerful voice,  
And neighbouring hills repeat their joys.

G 2

3 The

- 3 The pastures smile in green array ;  
Where flocks and herds delighted stray,  
And as the verdant mead they graze,  
Each in their language speak their praise.
- 4 In all we view thy hand divine,  
In every scene thy glories shine,  
Through every month thy gifts appear,  
Great God, thy goodness crowns the year.

CIX. PSALM LXV. Long Met. STEELE.

*The same.*

- 1 **T**HE rising morn, the closing day,  
Thee, God, proclaim with grateful  
voice ;  
Each in their turn thy power display,  
And laden with thy gifts rejoice.
- 2 Earth's wide extended varying scenes,  
All smiling round, thy bounty show ;  
From clouds or seas, full magazines,  
Thy rich diffusive blessings flow.
- 3 Now earth receives the precious seed,  
Which thy indulgent hand prepares ;  
And nourishes the future bread,  
And answers all the sower's cares.
- 4 Thy goodness crowns the circling year,  
Thy paths drop fatness all around,  
E'en barren wilds thy praise declare,  
And echoing hills return the sound.

## cx. PSALM LXVI. Prop. Met. DODDRIDGE.

*Man the only Rebel against God.*

1 **T**HE Lord of glory reigns supremely great,  
And o'er heaven's arches builds his royal  
feat.

Thro' worlds unknown his sovereign sway extends,  
Nor space nor time his boundless empire ends.

His eye beholds th' affairs of every nation,  
And reads each thought thro' his immense creation.

2 Light'nings and storms his mighty word obey,  
And planets roll, where he has marked their way :  
Unnumbered cherubs veiled before him stand,  
And at his signal all their wings expand.

His praise gives harmony to all their voices,  
And every heart thro' the full choir rejoices.

3 Rebellious mortals, cease your tumults vain,  
Nor longer such unequal war maintain :  
Let clay with fellow clay in combat strive,  
But dread to brave the power, by which you live.  
With contrite hearts fall prostrate and adore him,  
For if he frown, ye perish all before him.

## CXI. PSALM LXVII. Com. Met. WATTS.

*The Happiness of Britain.*

1 **S**HINE, mighty God, on Britain shine,  
With beams of heavenly grace ;  
Reveal thy power through all our coasts,  
And shew thy smiling face.

2 Amidst our isle exalted high  
Do thou our glory stand,  
And like a wall of guardian fire  
Surround the favoured land.

G 3

3 Sometime



- 3 Sometime thy name from shore to shore  
 Shall spread the earth abroad,  
 And every nation know and love  
 Their Saviour and their God.
- 4 Already has thy richest truth  
 This happy island blest :  
 Let holy gratitude to thee  
 Fill every British breast.
- 5 Much of thy favours have we shared ;  
 Ne'er may thy favours cease :  
 But still protect this happy isle  
 With science, truth and peace.

CXII. PSALM LXVIII. Long Met. MERRICK.

*Song of Praise.*

- 1 **Y**E righteous of the earth rejoice  
 In God, whose favour crowns your  
 choice ;  
 From day to day your joy express  
 In humble modest thankfulness.
- 2 Great, wise and good ; a theme of praise  
 Exhaustless ! In his presence raise  
 The pious strain, and cheerful sing  
 The mercies of your heavenly king.
- 3 Their parent him the orphans hail ;  
 He bids the widow's cause prevail ;  
 And, though above the highest, high,  
 Extends to all a friendly eye.
- 4 A mansion to the out-cast gives,  
 The captive from his chain relieves,

Nor

Nor e'er with fruitless vows implore  
His aid the humble and the poor.

- 5 But to the virtuous, pious heart  
His richest gifts he does impart.  
Ye righteous of the earth rejoice  
In God, whose favour crowns your choice.

CXIII. PSALM LXVIII. Long Met. WATTS.

*Present Blessings common ; future special.*

- 1 **W**E bless the Lord, the wise, the good,  
Who fills our hearts with joy and food ;  
Who pours his blessings from the skies,  
And loads our days with rich supplies.
- 2 He sends the sun his circuit round,  
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground ;  
He bids the clouds, with plenteous rain,  
Refresh the thirsty earth again.
- 3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,  
And all our near escapes from death :  
Safety and health to God belong,  
He guards the weak, and aids the strong.
- 4 Here all without distinction prove  
Some common blessings of his love ;  
The world hereafter God reserves  
For treating each as each deserves.
- 5 Then life's vast issues shall be known,  
And man shall reap as man has sown.  
This hope the virtuous mind enjoys ;  
This fear the sinner's peace destroys.

## CXIV. PSALM LXIX. Com. Met. WATTS.

*The Example of CHRIST's Obedience, Sufferings  
and Reward.*

- 1 **F**ATHER, we sing thy wonderous grace,  
The Saviour we proclaim;  
Beloved of God, endeared to man,  
He bore reproach and shame.
- 2 Thro' sorrow and thro' death he passed,  
Thy pleasure to fulfil:  
He published to our world thy law,  
And finished all thy will.
- 3 His faultless life, obedient death,  
Were pleasing to his God,  
And all his Father's richest love  
Rewards the path he trod.
- 4 How wise the lesson to us all,  
Who faith in him do own!  
Whoe'er his Saviour's steps pursues,  
Shall share his Saviour's crown.

## CXV. PSALM LXXI. Com. Met. ADDISON.

*Gratitude to GOD for his various Mercies.*

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys;  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 O how shall words with equal warmth  
The gratitude declare,  
Which glows in my delighted heart?  
But thou canst read it there.

3 Thy



- 3 Thy providence my life sustained,  
And all my wants redressed,  
When in the silent womb I lay,  
Or hung upon the breast.
- 4 To all my weak complaints and cries  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
E'er yet my feeble thoughts had learned  
To form themselves in prayer.
- 5 Unnumbered comforts on my soul  
Thy tender care bestowed,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From whence those comforts flowed.
- 6 When in the slippery paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,  
And led me up to man.
- 7 Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and deaths  
It gently cleared my way,  
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,  
More to be feared than they.
- 8 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou  
Bid health resume its place;  
And, when in sin and sorrow sunk,  
Revived my soul with grace.
- 9 When thus thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys;  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.

## P A U S E.

- 10 When all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys;  
Transported

- Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 11 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss  
Hath made my cup run o'er,  
And in a kind and faithful friend  
Has doubled all my store.
- 12 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart  
Which tastes those gifts with joy.
- 13 Thro' every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
And after death, in distant worlds  
The glorious theme renew.
- 14 When nature fails, and day and night  
Divide thy works no more,  
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,  
Thy mercy shall adore.
- 15 Thro' all eternity to thee  
A joyful song I'll raise;  
Eternity alone, my God,  
Can answer to thy praise.

CXVI. PSALM LXXI. Com. Met. WATTS.

*Grateful Review of Life.*

- 1 **M**Y God, my everlasting hope,  
I live upon thy truth;  
Thy hands have held my childhood up,  
And strengthened all my youth.
- 2 My frame was fashioned by thy hand,  
Thro' thee these hands I raise;

In

In all my powers and gifts I stand  
A monument of praise.

- 3 New blessings, Lord, my life has seen,  
With each returning year ;  
My sufferings few and light have been,  
Nor often asked a tear.
- 4 O blefs me still, though strength decline,  
And life draw to its close ;  
May hope of better life be mine,  
And all my fears compose.

CXVII. PSALM LXXI. Com. Met. WATTS.

*Praise of the Divine Mercy.*

- 1 **M**Y God, my Saviour, and my Friend,  
When I begin thy praise,  
Where will the growing numbers end,  
The numbers of thy grace ?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,  
Thy goodness I adore.  
I praise thee, God, that thou art just,  
I praise thy mercy more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length  
Of the celestial road ;  
Move onward with increasing strength  
To meet my Father God.

CXVIII. PSALM LXXII. L. M. WATTS.

*The Kingdom of CHRIST.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, whose universal sway  
The known and unknown worlds obey,  
Now



Now give the kingdom to thy Son,  
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,  
Let all submit to his commands;  
His justice shall redress the poor,  
And pride and force prevail no more.

3 His government protects the just,  
Humbles th' oppressor to the dust;  
O may it come with all its grace,  
With all its blessings to our race!

4 The heathen lands, that lie beneath  
The shades of darkness and of death,  
Revive at his first dawning light,  
And day succeeds to thickest night.

5 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,  
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,  
The weary find a welcome rest,  
And every grievance is redressed.

6 Depressed virtue rears her head,  
Her fears, her plaints, her doubts are fled,  
And finds in an approving God  
That not in vain her course she trod.

CXIX. PSALM LXXIII. Com. Met. WATTS.

*GOD our Portion here and hereafter.*

1 **M**Y God, my best, my dearest hope,  
My help for ever near,  
Thine arm of mercy bears me up,  
And guards me from despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet  
Through this dark wilderness,

Shall

Shall render every good complete,  
And every evil less.

- 3 The stream of life may cease to flow,  
This frame to ruin tend;  
My soul shall still no terror know,  
While thou art still my friend.
- 4 No cheering hopes the wicked prove,  
Their hearts within them die,  
Nor all the idol gods they love  
Can save them when they cry.
- 5 To fix my heart on thee, my God,  
Shall all my life employ;  
While I proclaim thy praise abroad,  
And tell the world my joy.

cxx. PSALM LXXIII. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Love to God, and unshaken Trust in him.*

- 1 **M**Y God, whose all pervading eye  
Views earth beneath, and heaven  
above,  
Thou knowest, if here or there I own  
An object of mine equal love.
- 2 Not the gay scenes, where thoughtless men  
Pursue their bliss, but find their woe,  
Detain my heart, which soars sublime  
The nobler joys of heaven to view.
- 3 Fixed on the hopes of better day,  
With modest firmness it surveys  
Each form of terror and dismay,  
That earth combined with hell can raise.

4 This

- 4 This feeble flesh shall faint and die ;  
 This heart renew its pulse no more ;  
 Even now it views the moment nigh,  
 When life's last movements all are o'er.
- 5 But come thou vanquished King of dread,  
 With thy own hand thy power destroy ;  
 'Tis thine to bring me to my God,  
 My portion, and eternal joy.

cxxi. PSALM LXXIII. Short Met.

*Providence vindicated, Discontent corrected.*

- 1 **T**HERE is a righteous God,  
 Nor is religion vain ;  
 Though virtue feel affliction's rod,  
 And vice triumphant reign.
- 2 Yet did my heart repine,  
 While this proud world I viewed ;  
 Saw wealth and power, like things divine,  
 Grasping all earthly good.
- 3 To earth and sense resigned,  
 Is there a God, I cried ?  
 Can an all-wise and righteous mind  
 O'er human lots preside ?
- 4 I looked, their pride was fled,  
 I saw remorse and fear  
 Within their breasts their poison shed,  
 And no sweet hope was near.
- 5 Forgive me, God, no more  
 Thy ways I reprehend ;  
 Thy well laid plan I now adore,  
 Thou art the good man's friend.

6 Lord,



- 6 Lord, to thy will I bow,  
 No more at life repine;  
 Let finners chuse their portion now,  
 The future one be mine.

## CXXII. PSALM LXXIV. L. M. MERRICK.

*Divine Providence asserted.*

- 1 **T**H' Almighty spake, and night and day  
 Alternate walk th' ethereal way;  
 His art the light's thin texture spun,  
 And with it clothed the jocund sun.
- 2 His hand the earth's vast fabric rounds,  
 Its balance fixes, marks its bounds,  
 With summer's showers its glebe unbinds,  
 Or warps it with the wintry winds.
- 3 Parent of nature! God supreme!  
 Shall folly's sons thy acts blaspheme?  
 Let loose their rude reproachful tongue,  
 And their Creator tax with wrong?
- 4 Shall reason reason's God arraign?  
 How daring, impotent and vain!  
 I bow, my God, I own thy power,  
 Thy wisdom, goodness, and adore.

## CXXIII. PSALM LXXVIII. C. M. WATTS.

*Religious Education of Children.*

- 1 **L**ET children hear the mighty deeds  
 Which God performed of old,  
 Which in our younger years we saw,  
 Or which our fathers told.

2 He

- 2 He bids us make his glories known,  
His works of power and grace;  
And we'll convey his wonders down  
Thro' every rising race.
- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,  
And they again to theirs,  
That generations yet unborn  
May teach them to their heirs.
- 4 Thus learn, that in their God alone  
Their hope securely stands,  
That they may ne'er forget his works,  
Nor violate his commands.

## CXXIV. PSALM LXXXIV. L. M. WATTS.

*The Pleasure of public Worship.*

- 1 **H**OW sweet to every virtuous heart  
The joy thy presence does impart!  
My God, my Father and my Friend,  
May this communion never end!
- 2 Blest above all, who sit on high  
Around thy throne of majesty;  
Thy brightest glories shine above,  
And wake the noblest sense of love.
- 3 Yet blest are they, who find a place  
Within the temple of thy grace;  
Where mercy, youngest born of heaven,  
The Comforter of man is given.
- 4 Yes! blest are they who here pursue  
The road of duty trod by few:  
God is their strength; and thro' the road  
They lean upon their helper God.

5 Cheerful

- 5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,  
 'Till all shall meet in heaven at length,  
 'Till all before thy face appear,  
 And join in nobler worship there.

CXXXV. PSALM LXXXIV. P. M. WATTS.

*The same.*

- 1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,  
 How pleasant and how fair  
 The dwellings of thy love,  
 Thy earthly temples are!  
 To thine abode  
 My heart aspires,  
 With warm desires  
 To meet my God.

- 2 O happy souls that pray  
 Where God appoints to hear!  
 O happy men that pay  
 Their constant service there!  
 They praise thee still;  
 And happy they,  
 Who love the way  
 To Zion's hill.

- 3 They go from strength to strength  
 Through this dark vale of tears,  
 'Till each arrives at length,  
 'Till each in heaven appears:  
 O glorious feat,  
 When God our king  
 Shall thither bring  
 Our willing feet!

H

4 To



- 4 To spend one sacred day  
Where God and saints abide,  
Affords diviner joy  
Than thousand days beside.  
Where God resorts,  
I love it more  
To keep the door,  
Than shine in courts.

- 5 God is our sun and shield,  
Our light and our defence;  
With gifts his hands are filled,  
We draw our blessings thence:  
He shall bestow  
On Jacob's race  
Peculiar grace,  
And glory too.

- 6 The Lord his people loves,  
His hand no good withholds  
From those his heart approves,  
From pure and pious souls,  
Thrice happy he,  
O God of hosts,  
Whose spirit trusts  
Alone in thee.

CXXVI. PSALM LXXXV. L. M. MERRICK.

*The promised MESSIAH.*

- 1 **W**ELCOME the hope of Israel's race,  
The messenger of truth and grace!  
Your hearts in righteousness prepare,  
Behold your wished redemption near.

2 See

- 2 See glory, bursting from the skies,  
O'er Judah's land effulgent rise,  
And fix amidst her coasts its seat,  
Where verity and mercy meet.
- 3 While faith and hope, their offspring dear,  
Attendant on their steps appear,  
And joined in friendly compact move,  
Sealed by the kiss of sacred love.
- 4 Truth in thy lands, O earth, shall spring,  
And righteousness her healing wing  
Expanding, downward cast her eye;  
While heaven's great Monarch from on high
- 5 The heathen gloom shall chase away,  
And bring again a glorious day;  
And from his own propitious will  
The promised grace to man fulfil.

## CXXVII. PSALM LXXXVI. C. M. WATTS.

*God the sole Object of Worship and Praise.*

- 1 **A**MONG the princes, earthly gods,  
There's none hath power divine;  
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,  
Nor are their works like thine.
- 2 The nations thou hast made shall bring  
Their offerings round thy throne;  
To thee alone their homage pay,  
For thou art God alone.
- 3 Lord, I would walk with blameless steps;  
Teach me thy heavenly ways,  
And all my scattered thoughts unite  
In thine my Father's praise.

H 2

4 Great

- 4 Great is thy mercy, and my soul  
 No blessing holds so dear:  
 Goodness is thine; be mine, O God,  
 A grateful heart to bear.

CXXVIII. PSALM LXXXVI. C. M. CARTER.

*The Mercy of God.*

- 1 **O** THOU, the refuge of distress,  
 Who dost our fears controul,  
 And with the cheerful smile of peace  
 Revive the fainting soul.
- 2 Did ever thy propitious ear  
 The humble plea repel?  
 Did e'er the wounded heart in vain  
 Its virtuous sorrow tell?
- 3 Opprest with shame and grief, dissolved  
 In penitential tears,  
 Thy goodness stills our anxious doubts,  
 And dissipates our fears.
- 4 New life from thy refreshing grace  
 Our sinking hearts derive;  
 O hail this dearest attribute,  
 To pity and forgive!
- 5 Hence hope, that sweetest promiser,  
 Descends serenely bright,  
 Her mild and cheering influence sheds  
 O'er sin's ill-omened night.
- 6 Her all-reviving power we own,  
 We bless her healing ray,  
 Which ushers in the rising morn  
 Of everlasting day.

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## CXXIX. PSALM LXXXIX. L. M. MERRICK.

*The divine Perfections celebrated.*

- 1 **M**Y grateful tongue, immortal King,  
 Thy praises shall for ever sing,  
 My verse to time's remotest day  
 Shall thee in sacred notes display.
- 2 The heavens above, and earth below,  
 Thee, Lord, their great Creator know;  
 By thee this orb to being rose,  
 And all that nature's rounds enclose.
- 3 Ten thousand worlds their Maker own;  
 Thee power and wisdom, thee alone,  
 With majesty sublime have crowned,  
 And brightest glory vests thee round.
- 4 Justice and truth thy throne sustain,  
 Diffusing wide their equal reign;  
 While mercy breathes her kind desires,  
 Softens thy awe, and love inspires.
- 5 O blest the men, whose willing ear  
 Their Maker's praise delights to hear;  
 Who thankful own, where'er they tread  
 Thy providence around them spread.
- 6 Pleasing it is, from day to day,  
 Thy boundless goodness to display,  
 Thy strength our surest refuge deem,  
 Thy grace our happiness supreme.

## CXXX. PSALM LXXXIX. C. M. WATTS.

*The Sovereignty of God.*

- 1 **W**ITH reverence let the world appear,  
 And bow before its Lord,

H 3

His

His high commands submissive hear,  
And venerate his word.

2 The northern pole and southern rest  
On thy supporting hand;  
Darkness and day, from east to west,  
Move round at thy command.

3 Thy voice the raging wind controuls,  
And rules the boisterous deep,  
Whether the sleeping ocean rolls,  
Or rolling oceans sleep.

4 Heaven, earth, and air, and sea are thine,  
And the dark world of hell;  
If thus thy arm in terror shine,  
Dare mortal mind rebel!

CXXXI. PSALM LXXXIX. C. M. WATTS.

*The Blessedness of the Gospel to Man.*

1 **M**Y God, how perfect is thy word!  
Thy messages how kind!  
Worthy alike of thee, O Lord,  
And of the human mind.

2 Dependant on thy will, O God,  
How blest thy will to know!  
That we may work our soul's best good,  
And fly from future woe.

3 How blest, if no frail mortal can  
To all thy will conform,  
That thou revealest thyself to man  
In mercy's winning form!

4 Oh if thus suited to our race,  
To weak bewildered man,

We

We welcome, God, thy truth and grace,  
Thy whole redeeming plan!

CXXXII. PSALM XC. Long Met. WATTS.

*The virtuous Contemplation of Mortality.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL God! our years amount  
Scarce to a day in thy account;  
Like yesterday's departed light,  
Or the last watch of ending night.
- 2 Death, like an overflowing stream,  
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream;  
An empty tale; a morning flower,  
Cut down and withered in an hour.
- 3 By thy protecting arm upheld  
How few have seventy years beheld;  
But if to eighty they arrive,  
They rather sigh and groan than live.
- 4 The shorter life; the wiser he  
Who consecrates it all to thee:  
Who life in virtue's course improves,  
And trusts the God, who virtue loves.

CXXXIII. PSALM XC. Com. Met. WATTS.

*The same.*

- 1 **T**HE busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
With all their joys and cares,  
Are carried downwards by a flood,  
And lost in following years.
- 2 Time like an ever-rolling stream  
Bears all its sons away;

H 4

They



They fly, forgotten as the dream  
That dies at opening day.

3 Like flowers the crowded nations stand,  
Pleased with the morning light,  
The flowers beneath the mower's hand  
Lie withered ere 'tis night.

4 Our God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be thou our guide while life does last,  
And our eternal home.

CXXXIV. PSALM XC. Com. Met. WATTS.

*The same.*

1 **T**HE hours of life, how swift they fly!  
Uncertain, vain and few!  
The morning sun salutes our eye,  
No evening sun we view.

2 Rare is the man, whose days amount  
To threescore years and ten;  
And all beyond that short account  
Is sorrow, toil and pain.

3 Yet God, who human life ordained,  
Is man's benignant friend;  
And he has length of life attained,  
Who keeps in view its end.

4 O may we learn this heavenly art  
T' improve the hours we have,  
Through life pursue the virtuous part,  
And live beyond the grave.

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## cxxxv. PSALM XC. Short Met. WATTS.

*The same.*

- 1 **L**ORD, what a feeble piece  
Is this our mortal frame?  
Our life how poor a trifle 'tis,  
That scarce deserves the name!
- 2 Alas, the brittle clay  
That built our body first!  
And every month, and every day,  
Is mouldering back to dust.
- 3 Our moments fly apace,  
Our fondest hopes betray;  
Just like a flood our hasty days  
Are sweeping us away.
- 4 Well, if our days must fly,  
We'll keep their end in sight,  
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,  
And let them speed their flight.
- 5 They'll waft us sooner o'er  
This life's tempestuous sea;  
Soon shall we reach the peaceful shore  
Of blest eternity.

## cxxxvi. PSALM XC. Com. Met. PITT.

*The same.*

- 1 **M**AN at thy summons, mighty Lord,  
This transient state must leave,  
And quit the busy scenes of life,  
To sleep within the grave.

2 Swift

- 2 Swift from the barrier to the goal  
His life impetuous flies;  
Gay, fleeting, like the tender flower  
That blooms, and droops, and dies.
- 3 In early morn it vigorous grows,  
And proudly lifts its head;  
At noon it sickens, evening dies,  
And withers in the mead.
- 4 O teach us, Lord, if few our days,  
And rapid be their race,  
To measure every hour of time  
By wisdom, and by grace.

CXXXVII. PSALM XC. Long Met. TOLLET.

*The same.*

- 1 **A**S floods, which down the mountain's  
steep  
Roll their swift currents to the deep;  
As visions of the slumbering eye  
Which vanish, when the slumbers fly.
- 2 As flowers which rise in morning's pride,  
And fade, if the cold evening chide:  
So rapidly our moments fly  
Adown the steep of time, and die.
- 3 Full seventy years a favoured few  
The joyful light of day may view,  
A rarer few perhaps attain  
To ten years more, but years of pain.
- 4 But quick the hasty hours roll on,  
And the last hour of life is gone.  
Well, let them go! 'tis thy decree;  
Well! if they lead us, Lord, to thee.
- 5 O God,



- 5 O God, assist me to impart  
 Thy sacred wisdom to my heart ;  
 While meek content, and virtuous joy  
 All my successive hours employ.

CXXXVIII. PSALM XC. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*For a New Year's Day.*

- 1 **O**bserve, my soul, the narrow bounds  
 Of the revolving year !  
 How swift the weeks complete their rounds !  
 How short the months appear !
- 2 So fast eternity comes on,  
 And that important day,  
 When all that mortal man has done  
 The Judge of man shall weigh.
- 3 Yet like an idle tale we pass  
 The swift progressive year ;  
 And are ingenious to increase  
 The speed of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God, each trifling heart,  
 Its great concern to see ;  
 That we may act the christian part,  
 And give the year to thee.
- 5 So shall their course more grateful roll,  
 If future years arise ;  
 Or this shall bear the pious soul  
 To joy, that never dies.

CXXXIX. PSALM XCI. Com. Met. STEELE.

*Trust in Providence, humble, yet cheerful.*

- 1 **M**Y God, my Father, blissful sound !  
 It bids my sorrows fly ;  
 I know

- I know no ill, no ill can wound,  
Beneath my Father's eye.
- 2 Whate'er thy providence denies,  
I calmly would resign;  
For thou art just, and good, and wise,  
O bend my will to thine.
- 3 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,  
O give me strength to bear;  
Still may I know a Father reigns,  
And trust a Father's care.
- 4 If pain and sickness rend this frame,  
And life almost depart,  
Still is thy mercy, God, the same,  
To cheer my drooping heart.
- 5 Thy ways are deep, and little known  
To my weak erring sight;  
This is my faith, nor mine alone,  
That all thy ways are right.
- 6 My God, my Father, blissful name!  
Above expression dear!  
If thou accept my humble claim,  
I bid adieu to fear.

cxl. PSALM XCI. Com. Met. STEELE.

*The same, with Resignation.*

- 1 **A**RE health and ease my portion here?  
Thankful, my God, to thee,  
May health and ease the more endear  
Thy righteous will to me.
- 2 And when I view life's varied scene,  
Amidst its darkest hours,

Abundant

Abundant comfort shines between,  
And thorns are mixed with flowers.

- 3 In grief and pain thy sacred word,  
Descending on my soul,  
Mild consolation does afford,  
And suffering's sense controul.
- 4 And whether earthly good or ill  
To me, my God be given,  
Still be it mine to meet thy will,  
And this my prayer to heaven :
- 5 " Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
" From poor repining free ;  
" The blessings of thy grace impart,  
" And let me live to thee.
- 6 " Let the sweet hope that thou art mine  
" My path of life attend ;  
" Thy presence through my journey shine,  
" Thy presence bless its end."

CXLI. PSALM XCII. Long Met. WATTS.

*On the LORD's Day.*

- 1 **S**WEET is the work, my God, my King,  
Thy glorious praise thro' life to sing,  
Thy love proclaim with morning's light,  
And the same love proclaim at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,  
No meaner cares shall seize my breast ;  
Mine the sublimer part shall be  
To raise my raptured soul to thee.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,  
And bless his works, and bless his word ;  
O with



O with what lustre both do shine !  
In both we own the hand divine.

- 4 Yet, O my God, I hope to know  
More than I e'er can know below,  
When every power shall find employ  
In thy eternal world of joy.

CXLII. PSALM XCIII. Prop. Met. WATTS.

*The Sovereignty of God, and the Impotency of  
opposing him.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord of glory reigns ; he reigns on high ;  
His robes of state are strength and majesty ;  
This wide creation rose at his command,  
Built by his word, and stablished by his hand ;  
Long stood his throne ere he began creation,  
And his own godhead was the first foundation.
- 2 God is th' eternal King. Thy foes in vain  
Raise their rebellions to confound thy reign ;  
In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise,  
And roar, and toss their waves against the skies ;  
Foaming at heaven they rage with wild commotion,  
But heaven's high arches scorn the swelling ocean.
- 3 Ye tempests rage no more ; ye floods be still,  
And the mad world submissive to his will :  
Built on his truth his church must ever stand ;  
Firm are his promises, and strong his hand.  
Blest are his sons, who humbly stand before him,  
Bow at his footstool, and with love adore him.

CXLIII. PSALM XCIII. Long Met. STEELE.

*The same.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the Lord of glory reigns,  
In robes of majesty arrayed ;

His

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His rule omnipotence sustains,  
And guides the world his hands have made.

2 Ere rolling worlds began to move,  
Or ere the heavens were stretched abroad,  
Thy awful throne was fixed above ;  
From everlasting thou art God.

3 The swelling floods tumultuous rise,  
Aloud the angry tempests roar,  
Lift their proud billows to the skies,  
And foam and lash the trembling shore.

4 The Lord, the mighty God, from high  
Controuls the fiercely raging seas ;  
He speaks ! and noise and tempest fly,  
The waves subside, and all is peace.

5 Thy ways are wise, and just, and true,  
Unvarying rectitude is thine ;  
'Tis ours our passions to subdue,  
And in thy sacred image shine.

cxliv. PSALM XCIV. Long Met. MERRICK.

*The Omniscience of God awful to Vice.*

1 **D**ARING in crime the sinner cries ;  
“ The deeds of men reach not the skies ;  
“ An idle tale of idle bards !  
“ For God or sees not, or regards.”

2 Ah, not more impious than blind !  
Reflect, and ask thy better mind :  
Who knew to plant the ear, shall he  
Not hear ? who formed the eye, not see ?

3 Shall aught of guilt his search evade,  
The eye of him, who all things made,

Who

Who formed the human heart and mind,  
Who all the will and thought designed?

4 O blest the man, for ever blest,  
Whose humbler heart, by thee impressed,  
Eternal teacher, from thy laws  
The lessons of his conduct draws.

5 Who hopes, all holy as thou art,  
Acceptance of his honest heart;  
Nor fears, though thou the doom prepare  
For him, whose crimes thy judgments dare.

CXLV. PSALM XCV. Short Met. WATTS.

*GOD to be honoured and obeyed.*

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,  
And hymns of glory sing;  
Jehovah is the sovereign God,  
The uniyersal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;  
He gave the seas their bound;  
The watery worlds are all his own,  
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,  
Come, bow before the Lord;  
His work at first, his grace we own,  
Redeemed by his word.

4 Attend upon his voice,  
Accept the offered bliss;  
Come, like the people of his choice,  
And all your hearts be his.

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## CXLVI. PSALM XCV. Com. Met.

*The same.*

- 1 **C**OME all who boast the human name,  
Of high and low degree,  
Your faith in God aloud proclaim,  
And this your glory be.
- 2 Before his throne with reverence bow,  
Who is creation's King;  
Present the homage which you owe,  
Your noblest tribute bring.
- 3 The earth, the seas, the heavens above  
His providence sustains;  
He rules with all a Father's love,  
And every good ordains.
- 4 If wisdom be your highest aim,  
If happiness your choice;  
Let God your constant service claim,  
In God alone rejoice.

## CXLVII. PSALM XCVII. L. M. MERRICK.

*Invitation to praise and serve God.*

- 1 **W**ITH joyful hearts thy people sing  
The mercies of th' eternal King,  
Whose power protects the pious band,  
Though myriads leagued against them stand.
- 2 Ye souls, with love divine impressed,  
True to its precepts, sin detest;  
To God and goodness still inclined,  
In God a certain refuge find.

I

3 For

- 3 For you, ye virtuous, you alone  
The seeds of heavenly light are sown,  
That wake within the human breast,  
Joys by no human tongue expressed.
- 4 Thus blest with mercies from above,  
To God your grateful zeal approve :  
His sanctity revere ; his name  
In hymns of virtuous praise proclaim.

CXLVIII. PSALM XCVII. L. M. WATTS.

*Encouragement and Reward of Righteousness.*

- 1 **T**H' Almighty reigns exalted high  
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky ;  
Though wrapped in clouds his judgments lie,  
Enough of goodness meets our eye.
- 2 O ye, who feel religion's flame,  
Hate every work of sin and shame :  
God looks with pleasure on the friends  
Of virtue, and from ill defends.
- 3 Transcendent light and joys unknown  
Are for his saints in darkness sown ;  
These glorious seeds shall spring and rise,  
And the glad harvest bless our eyes.
- 4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record  
The sacred honours of the Lord ;  
None but the soul that feels his grace  
Can triumph in his holiness.

## CXLIX. PSALM XCVIII. C. M. WATTS.

*The MESSIAH.*

- 1 **J**OY to the world; the Lord is come;  
     Let earth receive her King;  
     Let every heart prepare him room,  
     And men and angels sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns;  
     To heaven your triumph raise;  
     While fields and woods, rocks, hills and plains  
     Repeat the gladsome praise.
- 3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,  
     Nor innocence complain;  
     He comes to sooth each human woe,  
     And heal each human pain.
- 4 He spreads around his truth and grace,  
     And makes his people prove  
     The glories of his righteousness,  
     And wonders of his love.

## CL. PSALM XCVIII. Com. Met.

*The same.*

- 1 **T**HE God, whose light thro' every age  
     In reason's gift we view,  
     From whom the prophet and the sage  
     Their useful lessons drew;
- 2 At length has to our darkened world  
     His truth and grace revealed,  
     Revived the ruined powers of man,  
     And sin's disorders healed.

I 2

3 Ye



- 3 Ye sons of men, the blessing hail,  
Your cheerful voices raise;  
And all with universal joy  
Resound your Maker's praise.
- 4 Welcome the Saviour of your race,  
Your teacher and your guide;  
Who comes to conquer sin and death,  
And spread his triumphs wide.

CLI. PSALM XCIX. Short Met. WATTS.

*The Holiness of God mixed with Mercy.*

- 1 **E**XALT the Lord our God,  
And worship at his feet;  
His nature is all holiness,  
And mercy is his feat.
- 2 When Israel was his church,  
When Aaron was his priest,  
When Moses cryed, when Samuel prayed,  
He gave his people rest.
- 3 Oft he forgave their sins,  
Nor would destroy their race;  
And oft he made his judgments known,  
When they abused his grace.
- 4 Exalt the Lord our God,  
Whose grace is still the same;  
Still he's a God of holiness,  
And jealous for his name.

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## CLII. PSALM C. Long Met. MERRICK.

*Praise to God for Creation, Instruction and Mercy.*

- 1 **Y**E tribes of earth, in God rejoice,  
His presence hail with thankful voice,  
To him your willing homage pay,  
And wake the tributary lay.
- 2 The subjects of his power we stand,  
The sheep that own his guiding hand;  
Enter his gates with virtuous praise,  
A virtuous heart itself repays.
- 3 Mercy and truth for ever live,  
His truth shall time itself survive;  
His mercy thro' the length of days  
Unclouded pour its healing rays.

## CLIII. PSALM C. Long Met. WATTS.

*The same.*

- 1 **Y**E nations round the earth rejoice  
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;  
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,  
With all your tongues his glory sing.
- 2 The Lord is God: 'tis he alone  
Doth life and breath and blessing give:  
We are his work, and not our own;  
The sheep that on his pastures live.
- 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,  
With praises to his courts repair;  
And make it your divine employ  
To pay your thanks and honours there.

- 4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind ;  
Great is his grace, his mercy sure ;  
And the whole race of man shall find  
His truth from age to age endure.

CLIV. PSALM C. Long Met. WATTS.

*Hymn of Praise from Britain.*

- 1 **P**RAISES from all to God belong,  
But Britain most her God adores ;  
Britain shall send the grateful song  
Across the sea to distant shores.
- 2 That powerful word, which all things made,  
Gave life to clay, and formed us men,  
When we like wandering sheep had strayed,  
Reclaimed us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,  
Our mortal and immortal frame ;  
What lasting honours shall we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?
- 4 We'll raise to thee our thankful songs,  
High as thy heavens our song will raise ;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall reach thy throne with pious praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command,  
Vast as eternity thy love ;  
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,  
When rolling years have ceased to move.

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## CLV PSALM CI. Mid. Met. MERRICK.

*The Prayer of a virtuous Heart.*

- 1 SACRED wisdom be my guide,  
Suffer not my feet to slide,  
Or from thy all-perfect way,  
Lost in paths of sin, to stray.
- 2 When, O when, celestial guest,  
Shall my heart with thee be blest?  
What a peace will then be mine,  
When my heart is wholly thine!
- 3 Ne'er may my presumptuous hand  
Dare to break thy just command;  
Ne'er within me may'st thou find  
Aught that speaks a faithless mind.

## CLVI. PSALM CII. Long Met. MERRICK.

*GOD eternal and unchangeable.*

- 1 O THOU, the universal King,  
Of life and good th' exhaustless spring!  
Thy hand the earth's foundation laid,  
Thy hand the heaven's wide arch displayed.
- 2 That earth, that heaven's stupendous  
frame,  
Corruption as her prey shall claim;  
But thou, from age to age secure,  
Shalt self-existent still endure.
- 3 These, as the labours of the loom,  
Time shall with gradual waste consume;  
Till thou, whose hand their texture spun,  
When time its stated course has run,

I 4

4 Thy

- 4 Thy renovating hand apply;  
From ruin raise new earth and sky;  
And, brighter scenes disclosed to view,  
Creation's varied face renew.
- 5 But varyings not affect thy mind  
To changeless rectitude inclined;  
Thy years no date, no limit know,  
But on in endless motion flow.
- 6 Who share thy sacred likeness, share  
The gifts of thy paternal care;  
To them th' immortal God will give  
In immortality to live.

CLVII. PSALM CII. Com. Met. TATE.

*The same.*

- 1 **T**HRO' endless years thou art the same,  
O thou eternal God!  
Ages to come, as ages past,  
Shall spread thy praise abroad.
- 2 The strong foundations of the earth  
Of old by thee were laid;  
By thee the beauteous arch of heaven  
With matchless skill was made.
- 3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,  
Formed by thy powerful hand,  
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,  
And changed at thy command.
- 4 But thy eternal state, O Lord,  
No length of time shall waste;  
Thy wisdom, power, and truth and grace  
From age to age shall last.
- 5 Thou

- 5 Thou to the children of thy love  
 Shalt lasting blessings give;  
 They to eternity secure,  
 Shall in thy presence live.

## CLVIII. PSALM CII. Long Met. UNKNOWN.

*The same.*

- 1 **A**LL-powerful, self-existent God,  
 Who dost o'er all creation reign,  
 Thou wert, and art, and art to come,  
 Thro' all eternity the same.
- 2 Fixed and eternal as thy days,  
 Each glorious attribute divine  
 Thro' ages infinite shall still  
 With undiminished lustre shine.
- 3 Fountain of being, source of good,  
 Immutable thou dost remain,  
 Nor can the shadow of a change  
 Obscure the glories of thy reign.
- 4 Nature her order shall reverse,  
 Revolving seasons cease their round,  
 Spring not appear with blooming pride;  
 Nor autumn with rich plenty crowned.
- 5 Yon shining orbs shall quit their course,  
 The sun his destined path forsake,  
 And burning desolation mark  
 Amid the world his devious track.
- 6 Earth shall with all her powers dissolve,  
 If such the great Creator's will;  
 But thou for ever be the same,  
 I AM be thy memorial still.

P S A L M



## CLIX. PSALM CII. Long Met. WATTS.

*Man mortal, God eternal.*

- 1 **I**F God the life he gave demand,  
 The fairest hopes of life decay;  
 Disease and death, at his command,  
 Arrest us and our hopes betray.
- 2 Declining life no promise gives,  
 Yet this dear comfort still remains;  
 The providence of God still lives,  
 His love an equal course maintains.
- 3 By God were earth's foundations laid;  
 Heaven's dome his glorious building stands:  
 But earth shall perish, and heaven shall fade,  
 And all be changed when he commands.
- 4 The starry curtains of the sky  
 Like garments shall be laid aside;  
 But thou eternal rulest on high,  
 Thy throne for ever shall abide.
- 5 And those whom God approves shall live,  
 And see the glories of his reign;  
 This dying world shall they survive,  
 And peace and joy eternal gain.

## CLX. PSALM CIII. Long Met. WATTS.

*The various Goodness of God.*

- 1 **B**LESS, O my soul, the living God,  
 Call home thy thoughts that rove  
 abroad,  
 Let all the powers within me join  
 In work and worship so divine.

2 His

- 2 His bounty crowns our ripening years,  
Our youth decayed his power repairs,  
He satisfies our life with good,  
And feeds our souls with heavenly food.
- 3 He soothes the pains that nature feels,  
The vices of the mind he heals;  
He bears with crime, indulgent bears,  
And every form of mercy wears.
- 4 He views the oppressor and th' oppress'd.  
He gives the mourning sufferer rest;  
But more his justice will display,  
In the last great rewarding day.
- 5 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace,  
His favours claim thy highest praise;  
Nor let the blessings of his love  
In thee a thankless heart reprove.

## CLXI. PSALM CIII. Short Met. WATTS.

*Praise for temporal and spiritual Mercies.*

1. **O** BLESS the Lord, my soul,  
Let all within me join,  
And aid my tongue to bless the friend,  
Whose favours are divine.
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul,  
Nor let his mercies lie  
Forgotten in unthankfulness,  
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,  
'Tis he relieves thy pain,  
'Tis he who heals thy sicknesses,  
And makes thee young again.

4 He

- 4 He crowns thy life with love;  
He rescue's from the grave,  
Respites from death, and time affords  
Thy deathless soul to save.
- 5 He feeds the friendless poor,  
Gives the sad mourner rest,  
Provides chastisement for the proud,  
And justice for th' oppress.
- 6 Thus are his works and ways  
In various mercies known,  
The last best gift of heavenly grace  
Was his beloved Son.

ELXII. PSALM CIII. Short Met. WATTS.

*The tender Mercy of God.*

- 1 **M**Y soul, repeat his praise,  
Whose mercies are so great;  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.
- 2 The chastisements of God,  
Whene'er his rod we feel,  
Are lighter, fewer than our crimes,  
And meant our crimes to heal.
- 3 High as the heavens are raised  
Above the ground we tread,  
So far the riches of his grace  
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 4 The pity of the Lord  
To those whom love reclaims,  
Is such as tender parents feel;  
He knows our feeble frames.

5 Our



- 5 Our days are as the grass,  
Or as the tender flower;  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
It withers in an hour.
- 6 But thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure;  
And every heart relenting finds  
Thy promised mercy sure.

## CLXIII. PSALM CIII. Long Met. STEELE.

*On the compassionate Mercy of God.*

- 1 **A** WAKE my soul, awake my tongue,  
My God demands the grateful song;  
Let all my nobler powers record  
The tender mercy of the Lord.
- 2 Divinely free his mercy flows,  
Forgives my crimes, allays my woes,  
Bids death its awful form remove,  
And guards me with a father's love.
- 3 How much, beyond our best deserts,  
His kindness woes and wins our hearts;  
Reluctant does his anger rise,  
But swift as thought his mercy flies.
- 4 As distant as creating power  
Has fixed the east and western shore;  
So far our numerous crimes remove  
At the sweet voice of pardoning love.
- 5 The tenderest pleading nature knows,  
A mother's love, but faintly shows  
The ever kind indulgent care,  
Which his redeemed children share.

P S A L M

## CLXIV. PSALM CIV. Long Met. MERRICK,

*The Power and Providence of GOD.*

- 1 **O** CLOTHED with majesty divine,  
What power and glory, Lord, are thine!  
Light forms thy robe, and round thy head  
The heavens their ample curtain spread.
- 2 Thou knowest amid the fluid space  
The strong compacted beams to place,  
That prop the chambers of the sky,  
And age's wasting power defy.
- 3 On firmest base upreared, the earth  
To him ascribed her wonderous birth;  
He spake: and o'er each mountain's head  
The deep her watry mantle spread.
- 4 He spake: and from the whelming flood  
The mountains' tops emerging stood;  
And swift adown their bending side  
Th' obedient waters backward glide.
- 5 Now lodged within their peaceful bed  
Along the winding vale are led,  
And taught their destined bounds to know,  
No more th' affrighted earth o'erflow.
- 6 But fed from thy exhaustless source  
They keep their salutary course,  
Refresh the hills, the vale, the plain,  
And life in all its forms sustain.

P A U S E.

- 7 By thee, O Lord, all creatures live,  
And from thy hand all good receive;

But

But if thy face thou turn away,  
Their troubled looks their grief betray.

- 8 If thou the vital air deny,  
Behold them sicken, faint and die;  
Dust to its kindred dust returns,  
And earth her ruined offspring mourns.
- 9 But soon thy breath her loss supplies;  
She sees a new-born race arise,  
And, o'er her regions scattered wide,  
The blessings of thy hand divide.
- 10 To God in joyful strains my tongue  
Shall pour the tributary song,  
And, long as breath inspires my frame,  
The wonders of his love proclaim.
- 11 Eternal Ruler of the skies,  
How various are thy works, how wise!  
How grand and good! what tongue can frame  
An equal honour to thy name?

CLXV. PSALM CIV. Long Met. WATTS.

*The same.*

- 1 **T**O God address the pious strain,  
Who thro' all nature's wide domain  
In majesty sublime appears,  
And robes of brightest glory wears.
- 2 The heavens are for his curtain spread;  
Th' unfathomed deep he makes his bed;  
Clouds are his chariot, when he flies  
On winged storms across the skies.

3 His



- 3 His ministers are flaming fires,  
Angels, whom his own spirit inspires;  
Swifter than thought their armies move  
To bear his judgments or his love.
- 4 The world's foundations by his hand  
Are poised, and while he pleases stand:  
He binds the raging deep in chains,  
A friend or foe as he ordains.
- 5 When earth was covered with the flood,  
Which high above the mountains stood,  
He thundered; and the ocean fled  
Obedient to its destined bed.
- 6 From him the chrystal fountains flow,  
And cheer the vallies as they go:  
The grove, the garden, and the field,  
A thousand joyful blessings yield.

## P A U S E.

- 7 Vast are thy works, Almighty Lord!  
All nature rests upon thy word,  
And the whole race of creatures stands,  
Waiting their portion from thy hands.
- 8 While each receives his different food,  
Their cheerful looks pronounce it good;  
And man and beast, and fish and worm  
Rejoice and praise in different form.
- 9 But when thy face is hid, they mourn,  
And dying to their dust return;  
Both man and beast their life resign,  
For life and being all are thine.

- 10 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,  
 Raise a new race of beasts and men;  
 A word of thy creating breath  
 Repairs the wastes of time and death.
- 11 Thy hand in all, O God, we see;  
 The universe is full of thee;  
 Thy praises shall my breath employ,  
 Thy praise be my sublimest joy.

CLXVI. PSALM CIV. Long Met. UNKNOWN.

*The Majesty and Glory of God.*

- 1 **Y**E sons of men, in sacred lays  
 Attempt the great Creator's praise;  
 No mortal verse can reach the theme,  
 No praise can answer to his fame.
- 2 Enthroned amidst the radiant spheres,  
 He like a garment glory wears;  
 And boundless wisdom, power and grace  
 Command our awe, invite our praise.
- 3 Before his throne a shining band  
 Of cherub and of seraph stand;  
 Ethereal spirits, who in flight  
 Outstrip the rapid speed of light.
- 4 To God all nature owes its birth,  
 He formed the ponderous globe of earth;  
 He raised the glorious arch on high,  
 And floored it with the azure sky.
- 5 In all creation's grand design  
 Omnipotence and wisdom shine;  
 His works through all this wondrous frame  
 Bear the great impress of his name.

- 6 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,  
Our souls his high perfections sing.  
O let his praise employ our tongue,  
And listening worlds applaud the song.

## CLXVII. PSALM CIV. M. M. BARBAULD.

*Praise to a bounteous God.*

- 1 **P**RAISE to God, immortal praise  
For the love that crowns our days;  
Bounteous source of every joy,  
Let thy praise our tongues employ;
- 2 For the blessings of the field,  
For the stores the gardens yield,  
For the vine's exalted juice,  
For the generous olive's use:
- 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,  
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,  
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,  
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse;
- 4 All that spring with bounteous hand  
Scatters o'er the smiling land;  
All that liberal autumn pours  
From her rich o'erflowing stores.
- 5 These to thee, great God, we owe;  
Source whence all our blessings flow;  
And for these our souls shall raise  
Holy vows and joyful praise.

P A U S E.

- 6 Yet should rising whirlwinds tear  
From its stem the ripening ear;  
Should



Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot  
Drop her green untimely fruit;

7 Should the vine put forth no more,  
Nor the olive yield her store;  
Though the sickening flocks should fall,  
And the herds desert the stall;

8 Should thine altered hand restrain  
The early and the latter rain;  
Blast each opening bud of joy,  
And the rising year destroy;

9 Yet to thee my soul should raise  
Holy vows and grateful praise:  
Life is only dear to me,  
As it leads me, Lord, to thee.

CLXVIII. PSALM CV. Com. Met. STEELE.

*Desire of God's Presence and Favour.*

1 **P**ERMIT me, Lord, to seek thy face,  
Obedient to thy call,  
To seek the presence of thy grace,  
My strength, my life, my all.

2 All I can wish is thine to give;  
Give me, O God, thy love,  
The best gift while on earth I live,  
The bliss of heaven above.

3 To heaven my constant heart aspires:  
O for a quickening ray,  
To render stronger my desires,  
And cheer me on my way.

4 My guardian, my almighty friend,  
On thee my soul would rest;

On thee alone my hopes depend,  
With thee I'm wholly blest.

CLXIX. PSALM CVI. Long Met. TATE.

*The Righteous happy in God.*

1 **P**RAISE be to God enthroned above,  
The fountain of eternal love;  
Whose mercy firm thro' ages past  
Hath stood, and shall for ever last.

2 Who can his glorious deeds express;  
The source of boundless happiness?  
What mortal eloquence can raise  
A tribute equal to his praise?

3 Happy are they, and only they,  
Who from his counsels never stray;  
Who know the right, nor only know,  
But with a holy ardour glow.

4 Be this my happiness to see  
His saints in full prosperity!  
That I the joyful choir may join,  
And deem his people's triumph mine.

CLXX. PSALM CVI. Long Met. WATTS.

*Praise to God, and Communion with good Men.*

1 **T**O God, the great, the ever-blest,  
Let songs of honour be address:  
His mercy firm for ever stands,  
O give the thanks his love demands.

2 Who

- 2 Who knows the wonders of his ways?  
 Who can fulfil his boundless praise?  
 Blest are the souls which fear him still,  
 And pay obedience to his will.
- 3 O may I see his friends rejoice,  
 And aid their triumphs with my voice!  
 This is my glory, Lord, to be  
 Joined to thy saints, and near to thee.

## CLXXI. PSALM CVII. C. M. MERRICK.

*Intemperance chastised and reformed.*

- 1 **T**O God above from all below  
 Let hymns of praise ascend;  
 Whose blessings inexhausted flow,  
 Whose mercy knows no end.
- 2 Beneath his wise chastisement groan  
 Behold th' intemperate band;  
 Folly's sad fruits they reap, and own  
 The justice of his hand.
- 3 Averse from food, their languid soul  
 The needful meal foregoes;  
 Life feels its current faintly roll,  
 And hastens to its close.
- 4 Distressed, to God they make their prayer;  
 And nature joyful sees  
 His aid their ruined strength repair,  
 Her fiercest tortures ease.
- 5 Thus rescued, may those blest their God,  
 Who thus his mercy prove;  
 And to avoid his future rod,  
 From folly's ways remove.



## CLXXII. PSALM CVII. Long Met. TATE.

*Deliverance from Shipwreck.*

- 1 **T**HEY who in ships, with courage bold  
O'er swelling waves their trade pursue;  
The Lord's amazing works behold,  
And in the deep his wonders view.
- 2 No sooner his command is past,  
But forth a dreadful tempest flies;  
The ocean trembles at the blast,  
And lifts its mountains to the skies.
- 3 Anon the ships toss'd up to heaven,  
On tops of lofty waves appear;  
Then down the steep abyss are driven,  
While every soul dissolves with fear.
- 4 They reel and stagger to and fro,  
Like men with fumes of wine oppress;  
Nor helm nor skill to use they know,  
While terror shakes the stoutest breast.
- 5 To God their only help they fly,  
And mournfully their cry address:  
God in his mercy hears their cry,  
And saves them in their deep distress.
- 6 The angry winds are hushed in peace,  
The ocean smooths its face anew;  
Their terrors with the tempest cease,  
And joyfully their port they view.
- 7 Thus awfully does God make bare  
His arm, yet wills not to destroy.  
May hope in God repel despair,  
From God spring all our virtuous joy!

P S A L M

## CLXXIII. PSALM CVII. L. M. UNKNOWN.

*A wise and affectionate Providence,*

- 1 **T**HRO' all the various shifting scene  
Of life's mistaken ill or good,  
Thy hand, O God, conducts unseen  
The beautiful vicissitude.
- 2 God portions with paternal care,  
Howe'er unjustly we complain,  
To each their necessary share  
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.
- 3 Trust we to youth, or friends, or power,  
Fix we our feet on fortune's ball;  
When most secure, a day, an hour,  
If he see fit, may blast them all.
- 4 When lowest sunk with grief and shame,  
Filled with affliction's bitter cup,  
Lost to relations, friends, and fame,  
His powerful hand can raise us up.
- 5 Before his throne the poor, oppress'd  
By pitiless man, protected stand;  
He guides the exile to his rest  
And country, from a foreign land.
- 6 His powerful consolations cheer,  
His smiles raise the dejected head;  
He wipes away the silent tear  
That wets the widow's, orphan's bed.

- 7 All things on earth, and all in heaven  
On his eternal will depend,  
And all for greater good were given,  
Would man pursue th' appointed end.
- 8 This be my care; to all beside  
Indifferent let my wishes be;  
Passion be calm; and far be pride;  
And fixed my soul, O God, on thee.

CLXXIV. PSALM CVIII. Com. Met. TATE.

*A Song of Praise.*

- 1 **O** GOD, my grateful heart aspires  
To magnify thy name;  
My tongue with cheerful songs of praise  
Shall celebrate thy fame.
- 2 Awake, my heart; and thou, my voice,  
Thy willing tribute pay;  
And let a hymn of sacred joy  
Salute the opening day.
- 3 To all the world around, O God,  
Thy goodness I proclaim;  
And every grateful tongue shall join  
To spread the glorious theme.
- 4 Be thou exalted, O my God,  
Above the starry frame;  
And let the world, with one consent,  
Confess thy glorious name.

P S A L M



CLXXV. PSALM CIX. Com. Met. WATTS.

*The mild and patient Example of a suffering SAVIOUR.*

- 1 **T**HE cross was folly to the Greek,  
    Offence unto the Jew ;  
But in a Saviour mild and meek,  
    Wisdom and grace we view.
- 2 When in the form of mortal man  
    Thy son, O God, was found,  
With cruel slanders, false and vain,  
    They compassed him around.
- 3 Their miseries his compassion move,  
    Their peace he still pursued ;  
They render hatred for his love,  
    And evil for his good.
- 4 Their malice raged without a cause,  
    Yet with his dying breath  
He prayed for murderers on his cross,  
    And blest his foes in death.
- 5 Thy fair example, Lord, does prove  
    To all of human kind,  
How piety, when mixed with love,  
    Can raise the sufferer's mind.
- 6 Lord, shall thy bright example shine  
    In vain before my eyes ?  
Give me a soul akin to thine,  
    To love my enemies.

P S A L M

## CLXXVI. PSALM CXI. Com. Met. WATTS.

*The Wisdom of God in his Works.*

- 1 **S**ONGS of the highest praise belong  
To thee all-perfect God;  
Thou hast my heart, and thou my tongue,  
To spread thy praise abroad.
- 2 How great the works thy hand has wrought!  
How glorious in our sight!  
Wisdom in every age has sought  
Thy wonders with delight.
- 3 How most exact is nature's frame!  
How wise thy ruling mind!  
Thy counsels never change the scheme  
Which thy first thoughts designed.
- 4 Thro' their wide range both earth and skies  
Thy heavenly skill proclaim;  
Where'er around we cast our eyes,  
We read thy glorious name.
- 5 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,  
Is our divinest skill;  
And he's the wisest of our race,  
Who best obeys thy will.

## CLXXVII. PSALM CXI. Com. Met. WATTS.

*The Fulfilment of Mercy.*

- 1 **T**HE ways of God the soul delight,  
They ask our noblest songs;  
Let his assembled saints unite  
Their harmony of tongues.

2 Great

- 2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,  
Of old his promise stood;  
And mindful of his sacred word,  
He makes his promise good.
- 3 His Son, the great redeemer, came  
To seal his covenant sure;  
Wisdom and goodness grace his name,  
And all the heart allure.
- 4 They who would grow divinely wise  
Must with his truth begin,  
And the best proof of knowledge lies  
In hating every sin.

CLXXVIII. PSALM CXII. Long Met. TATE.

*The Blessedness of Goodness.*

- 1 **T**HE soul that glows with virtue's light,  
Shines brightest in affliction's night,  
Not only just to all mankind,  
But tender, merciful and kind.
- 2 His liberal favours he extends,  
To some he gives, to others lends;  
And what his charity impairs,  
By self-denial he repairs.
- 3 Beset with threatening dangers round,  
Unmoved shall he maintain his ground:  
The sweet remembrance of the just  
Shall flourish, when he sleeps in dust.
- 4 His hands, while he his blessings strowed,  
The seeds of his own blessing sowed,  
On earth, the fairest, best renown,  
In heaven, a rich eternal crown.

P S A L M



## CLXXIX. PSALM CXII. Com. Met. WATTS.

*The same.*

- 1 **B**LEST is the man of kind regard,  
Whose heart with love expands,  
Who gives, and thinks not of reward,  
Who gives with liberal hands.
- 2 As pity dwells within his breast  
To all the sons of need;  
His love shall be by God confest,  
And for God's pity plead.
- 3 No evil tidings shall surprize  
His well established mind;  
His soul to God his refuge flies,  
And leaves its fears behind.
- 4 In times of general distress  
A ray from heaven shall shine,  
With sweetest hope his heart caress,  
And yield a peace divine.
- 5 His works of piety and love  
Are present to the Lord;  
Honour on earth, and joys above,  
Shall be his sure reward.

## CLXXX. PSALM CXIII. Proper Met. WATTS.

*The Majesty and Condescension of God.*

- 1 **Y**E who delight to serve the Lord,  
The honours of his name record;  
His sacred name for ever bless:  
Where'er the circling sun displays

His

His rising or his setting rays,  
Let every tongue his power confess.

- 2 Though worlds unnumbered us surround,  
These worlds do not his kingdom bound,  
Beyond our eye his glory soars :  
Let no created greatness dare  
With the eternal God compare,  
Whom all the host of heaven adores.

- 3 In God, what even angels do,  
'Tis condescending grace to view ;  
Yet he descends to earthly things :  
He humbles to the dust the proud,  
Selects the virtuous from the crowd,  
And lifts them above earthly kings.

CLXXXI. PSALM CXIII. Long Met. WATTS.

*The same.*

- 1 **Y**E servants of th' almighty King,  
In every age his praises sing ;  
Where'er the light of heaven shall shine,  
May all rejoice in praise divine.

- 2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,  
Stands his high throne of majesty :  
Nor time nor place his power restrain,  
O'er all extends his wide domain.

- 3 Shall they who live but by his care,  
Angels or men with God compare ?  
Supreme in glory, he alone  
Imparts to all, receives from none.

- 4 Indebted to his love divine  
Angels with such distinction shine ;

And

And he descends yet more to know  
And tend the ways of men below.

- 5 From dust and cottages obscure  
His grace exalts the virtuous poor;  
Receives them in the rank of sons,  
And destines them for heavenly thrones.

CLXXXII. PSALM CXV. L. M. MERRICK.

*The Folly of Idolatry.*

- 1 **T**HE heathens with proud scorn demand,  
Where's now the God of Israel's land?  
Each land is his, and heaven his throne,  
He lives, and reigns, supreme, alone.
- 2 Not such the Gods whom ye adore,  
Once a rude mass of shapeless ore,  
Now dressed with borrowed honours stand,  
The creatures of the artist's hand.
- 3 With mockery of parts possést,  
In idle imagery expressed,  
With mouth, but not for speech designed,  
With ears and eyes, but deaf and blind.
- 4 A senseless form, but senseless more  
Are they, who their own work adore;  
Who think that idiot Gods like these  
Can human hopes and fears appease.
- 5 Ye who with light divine are blest,  
With holy gratitude possést,  
On God your firm reliance build,  
On God your refuge, and your shield.

P S A L M



## CLXXXIII. PSALM CXV. Com. Met. TATE.

*The same.*

- 1 **W**HERE is your God? the heathen cry,  
 The God whom you adore?  
 Thou art, O God, heaven is thy throne,  
 And uncontrouled thy power.
- 2 Their Gods but gold and silver are,  
 The work of mortal hands;  
 With speechless mouth and sightless eyes  
 The molten idol stands.
- 3 The pageant hath both ears and nose,  
 But neither hears nor smells;  
 With hands and feet, nor feels nor moves,  
 Nor life within it dwells.
- 4 Senseless they are, and senseless all,  
 Of stupid ideot mind,  
 Who on such things their hopes rely,  
 And them for Gods designed.
- 5 Rejoice, ye wise, who know the Lord,  
 On him thro' life rely:  
 He only can from ill defend,  
 And every want supply.

## CLXXXIV. PSALM CXVI. L. M. MERRICK.

*Deliverance from Death.*

- 1 **W**HEN death its terrors round me  
 threw,  
 And shewed the grave in awful view:  
 O save me, heavenly Sire, I cried,  
 And turn th' impending stroke aside.

2 The

- 2 The stroke was turned, disorder fled,  
And health descended on my head:  
Eternal gratitude be mine,  
The life which thou hast saved, be thine.
- 3 Thy mercies, in life's darkest frown,  
By blest experience have I known:  
O turn thee to thy rest my soul,  
And fixed in God thy fears controul.
- 4 How kind, how good art thou, O Lord,  
Thy breast with tenderest pity stored,  
And prompt thine arm, when ills invade,  
To interpose its gracious aid.
- 5 How often, often has been shed  
Thy richest bounty on my head;  
Oh may thy mercies touch my heart,  
And all their virtuous grace impart.

CLXXXV. PSALM CXVI. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Pious Supplication accompanied with Gratitude.*

- 1 **R**ETURN, my soul, and seek thy rest  
In God, and sooth thy troubled breast;  
Receive me, Lord, to that repose,  
Which he who loves thee only knows.
- 2 Blest with thy love, I fear no more,  
Though tempests howl, and billows roar;  
The storm must shake th' Almighty's seat,  
Which violates the saint's retreat.
- 3 Thy bounties, Lord, to me surmount  
The power of language to recount;  
From morning dawn, the setting sun  
Sees but my work of praise begun.

4. The.

4 The mercies all my moments bring  
Ask an eternity to sing;  
What thanks those mercies can suffice,  
Which through eternity shall rise?

5 Rich in ten thousand gifts possessed,  
In future hopes more richly blessed,  
Time nor eternity can raise  
To thee, my God, an equal praise.

CLXXXVI. PSALM CXVI. L. M DODDRIDGE.

*Deliverance from Death, with other Mercies celebrated.*

1 GREAT source of life, our souls confess  
The various riches of thy grace;  
Crowned with thy mercy, we rejoice,  
And in thy praise exalt our voice.

2 By thee heaven's shining arch was spread;  
By thee were earth's foundations laid;  
All the delights of men's abode  
Proclaim a wise and bounteous God.

3 Thy tender hand restores our breath,  
When trembling on the verge of death;  
Gently it wipes away our tears,  
And lengthens life to future years.

4 These lives are sacred to the Lord;  
Kindled by him, by him restored;  
And while our hours renew their race,  
May sin these hours no more disgrace.

5 And when, approaching to the dead,  
Through life's last trial we are led,  
With hope triumphant may we move  
To scenes of nobler life above.



## CLXXXVII. PSALM CXVII. M. M. MERRICK.

*Universal Praise.*

1 **L**ET thy various realms, O earth,  
Praises yield to heaven's high Lord;  
Praise him all of human birth,  
And his wondrous acts record.

2 Truth and mercy o'er our land  
Spread their ever-healing wing;  
Every heart with love expand,  
Praise, O praise th' eternal King.

## CLXXXVIII. PSALM CXVII. L. M. WATTS.

*Praise for Redemption.*

1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies  
Let the Creator's praise arise;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung  
Thro' every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,  
Eternal truth attends thy word;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
'Till suns shall rise and set no more.

## CLXXXIX. PSALM CXVII. S. M. WATTS.

*The same.*

1 **T**HY name, Almighty Lord,  
Shall sound thro' distant lands;  
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word,  
Thy truth for ever stands.

- 2 Far be thine honours spread,  
And long thy praise endure,  
'Till morning light and evening shade  
Shall be exchanged no more.

cxc. PSALM CXIX. Long Met. MERRICK.

*Desire of heavenly Instruction.*

- 1 **T**Each me, O teach me, Lord, thy way,  
That to my life's remotest day  
By thy unerring precepts led,  
My feet thy better paths may tread.
- 2 Informed by thee, with sacred awe  
My heart shall meditate thy law,  
And with celestial wisdom filled  
To thee a pure obedience yield.
- 3 Give me to know thy will aright,  
Thy will, my glory and delight;  
That raised above the world, my mind  
In thee its better good may find.
- 4 May love of thee my heart enflame,  
May fear of thee preserve from shame,  
May hope of thee my soul inspire  
To tread upon each low desire.

cxc. PSALM CXIX. Long Met. MERRICK.

*The Blessing of divine Instruction and Direction.*

- 1 **H**AIL blest Instructor! taught by thee,  
Evil and good I clearly see;  
And blest they are, who thee obey,  
Who tread unmoved thy perfect way.

- 2 How blest ! whose hearts with will entire  
Thy favour seek, Almighty Sire,  
Whose steps thy guidance own, whose mind  
Has each forbidden act declined.
- 3 Absent from thee, as from my home,  
Bewildered thro' life's maze I roam ;  
Leave me not helpless and forlorn  
The absence of thy grace to mourn.
- 4 Thy mercy let thy servant see ;  
Grant me to live conformed to thee ;  
May my enlightened soul see through  
Life's errors, and the good pursue.
- 5 Thy precepts are my truest joy ;  
My soberest thoughts they still employ ;  
These my best wealth, my sacred store,  
Than wealth of worlds I value more.

CXCII. PSALM CXIX. Com. Met. WATTS.

*Blessed are the pure in Heart.*

- 1 **B**LEST are the undefiled in heart,  
Whose ways are right and clean ;  
Who never from thy law depart,  
Who fly from every sin.
- 2 Blest are the men who keep thy word,  
And practise thy commands ;  
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,  
And serve thee with their hands.
- 3 Great is their peace who love thy law ;  
How firm their souls abide !  
Nor can a bold temptation draw  
Their steady feet aside.

4 Then



- 4 Then shall my heart have constant joy,  
And keep my face from shame,  
When all thy statutes I obey,  
And honour all thy name.

## CXIII. PSALM CXIX. Com. Met. WATTS.

*Sincerity, Repentance, and Obedience.*

- 1 **T**HOU art my portion, O my God,  
Soon as I know thy way,  
My heart makes haste t'obey thy word,  
And suffers no delay.
- 2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,  
And glory in my choice;  
Not all the riches of the earth  
Could make me so rejoice.
- 3 The testimonies of thy grace  
I set before my eyes;  
Thence I derive my daily strength,  
And there my comfort lies.
- 4 If once I wander from thy path,  
I think upon my ways:  
Then turn my feet to thy commands,  
And trust thy pardoning grace.
- 5 Thou hast inclined this heart of mine  
Thy statutes to fulfil;  
And thus, 'till mortal life shall end,  
Would I perform thy will.

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Thy favour seek, Almighty Sire,  
Whose steps thy guidance own, whose mind  
Has each forbidden act declined.
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- 5 Thou hast inclined this heart of mine  
Thy statutes to fulfil;  
And thus, 'till mortal life shall end,  
Would I perform thy will.



## cxiv. PSALM CXIX. Com. Met. WATTS.

*Revelation, the Light of the World.*

- 1 **H**OW shall we purify our hearts,  
Secure our lives from sin?  
Thy word the choicest rules imparts  
To guard the peace within.
- 2 When once it enters in the mind,  
It spreads such light abroad,  
The meanest souls instruction find,  
And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,  
That guides us all the day;  
And thro' the dangers of the night,  
A lamp to lead our way.
- 4 The starry heavens thy rule obey,  
The earth maintains her place;  
And these thy servants, night and day,  
Thy skill and power express.
- 5 But still thy law and gospel, Lord,  
Have lessons more divine;  
Nor earth stands firmer than thy word,  
Nor suns so glorious shine.
- 6 Thy word is everlasting truth,  
How pure is every page!  
That holy book shall guide our youth,  
And well support our age.

## cxv. PSALM CXIX. Com. Met. WATTS.

*Delight in Scripture.*

- 1 **O**H how I love thy holy law!  
'Tis daily my delight;

And

- And thence my meditations draw  
Divine advice by night.
- 2 My waking eyes prevent the day  
To meditate thy word;  
The wisest, best of men are they,  
Who love thy gospel, Lord.
- 3 'Tis this that doth my heart engage,  
'Tis this employs my tongue,  
And thro' my earthly pilgrimage  
Inspires the grateful song.
- 4 Treasures cannot enrich the mind,  
Wealth cannot wisdom buy:  
Thy wisdom shall not be resigned  
For all beneath the sky.
- 5 The soul unaided sinks beneath  
Life's trial, and expires;  
Thy grace provides the victor's wreath,  
And a new soul inspires.

CXCVI. PSALM CXIX. Com. Met. WATTS.

*Moral Succour and Comfort from the divine Word.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I esteem thy judgments right,  
And all thy statutes just;  
Thence I maintain a manly fight  
With every flattering lust.
- 2 Thy precepts often I survey;  
I keep thy law in sight  
Thro' all the business of the day,  
To form my actions right.
- 3 How sweet the thought in many an hour  
Of thee, my father, friend;

L 4

Though

Though storms arise, and tempests roar,  
My soul they cannot bend.

- 4 And when on hope's emboldened wing  
I soar to bliss divine ;  
I envy not the proudest king,  
His joy is poor to mine.

CXC VII. PSALM CXIX. Com. Met. WATTS.

*The Promises of the Gospel.*

- 1 **L**ord, I have made thy word my choice,  
My lasting heritage :  
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,  
My wisest thoughts engage.
- 2 I read the histories of thy love,  
Which all my love invite ;  
Thro' the rich field of promise rove,  
With ever-new delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,  
Where springs of life arise,  
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,  
And future glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have,  
It makes our sorrows blest ;  
Thence the fair hope beyond the grave,  
The hope of endless rest.

CXC VIII. PSALM CXIX. Com. Met. WATTS.

*Rejoicing in Knowledge, with ardent Desire of it.*

- 1 **T**HY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,  
How good thy works appear !

Open



Open mine eyes to read thy word,  
Thy lovelier goodness there.

2 My heart was fashioned by thy hand,  
My service is thy due ;  
O make thy servant understand  
The duties he must do.

3 From me, a pilgrim here below,  
Let not thy path be hid ;  
But mark the road my feet should go,  
And be my constant guide.

4 I err in life's perplexing ways,  
My errors I deplore ;  
Renew the teachings of thy grace,  
That I may sin no more.

5 If God to me his statutes shew,  
And heavenly truth impart ;  
His work for ever I'll pursue,  
His law shall rule my heart.

CXCIX. PSALM CXIX. Com. Met. WATTS.

*Love and Desire of Holiness.*

1 **O** That the Lord would guide my ways  
To keep his statutes still !  
O that my God would grant me grace  
To know and do his will !

2 In thee may all my views unite,  
Thy presence guard my heart !  
Ne'er may I practise foul deceit,  
Nor act the liar's part !

3 From vanity turn off my eyes ;  
Let no corrupt design,

No

No low polluting lust arise  
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,  
And make my heart sincere;  
Let sin not govern me, O Lord,  
But be my conscience clear.

5 Too apt, my God, from thee to stray,  
Thy mercy I implore;  
Oh to the blessing of thy way  
Thy erring sheep restore.

6 Ne'er may I swerve from thy commands,  
'Tis a delightful road;  
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands  
Offend against my God.

cc. PSALM CXIX. Com. Met. WATTS.

*Holy Fear, and Tendernefs of Conscience.*

1 **M**Y heart does all thy will embrace;  
Oh may I never stray  
From thee, my God, misuse thy grace,  
Nor learn the sinner's way.

2 I cherish in my heart thy word,  
As the best guest within,  
To be an all-protecting guard  
From every daring sin.

3 The scoffer, impotent and vain,  
Derides thy sacred law;  
Abhorrent to all wit profane  
I feel a reverent awe.

4 With low submission do I hear  
The threatnings of thy word,  
With

With holy trembling do I fear  
The judgments of the Lord.

- 5 My God, I pray, I hope, I wait  
For thy salvation still,  
And with a mind composed, sedate,  
I bow to all thy will.

cc1 PSALM CXIX. Com. Met. WATTS.

*Holy Resolutions.*

- 1 **T**HY sacred precepts I adore,  
And cherish in my mind;  
Thence I derive a conqueror's power,  
And there my peace I find.
- 2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,  
Shall be my sweet employ;  
Close to my heart I lay thy word,  
Thy word is all my joy.
- 3 I fly from sin and folly's race,  
I fly from every ill;  
I love my God, I love his ways,  
And his be all my will.

cc11. PSALM CXIX. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Scripture the best Guard of erring Youth.*

- 1 **I**NDULGENT God, with pitying eye  
The sons of men survey;  
Alas! how youthful sinners sport  
In their destructive way.
- 2 Ten thousand dangers lurk around,  
To bear them to the tomb,

How



How soon the hour they think not of  
In all its dread may come!

3 Recal, O Lord, their wandering minds,  
Amused with airy dreams,  
That heavenly wisdom may dispel  
Their visionary schemes.

4 With holy caution may they walk,  
And be thy word their guide;  
'Till each, the desert safely past,  
On Zion's hill abide.

CCIII. PSALM CXIX. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Happiness springs from Religion alone.*

1 **A** WORLDLY bliss! 'tis but a name,  
Nor can repay our cares;  
And he who seeks it here below,  
Will end the search with tears.

2 Great David on his royal throne,  
The valiant, and the strong,  
Rich in the spoils of conquered foes,  
Amidst th' applauding throng,

3 With all his mind's capacious powers,  
Pursued the shade in vain;  
Nor heard it his melodious voice,  
Nor harp's angelic strain.

4 From public to domestic scenes  
The fated monarch turns;  
The friend, the husband, and the sire  
In sad succession mourns.

5 At length thy law, eternal God,  
He thro' his tears describes,

And

And taught to rise above the world,  
He finds the glorious prize.

- 6 There will I seek perfection too,  
Where David's God is known;  
Nor envy, with this volume blest,  
His treasures and his throne.

cciv. PSALM CXIX. Long Met.

*Sin corrected by Suffering.*

- 1 **O** THOU, best object of my love,  
Whom all my thoughts thro' life  
approve,  
May love of thee my soul possess,  
In love of thee is no excess.
- 2 The world, with her seducing art,  
Had wrapped herself around my heart;  
She looked with such a tempting smile,  
I thought that she could ne'er beguile.
- 3 Then did my God, my wisest friend,  
The monitor, affliction send,  
Which stayed me in the dangerous road,  
That leads from virtue's calm abode.
- 4 I bless the chastisement of God;  
And touched at heart I kiss the rod;  
And disciplined in wisdom's school,  
My passions yield to wisdom's rule.
- 5 Thy mercies all my heart have won,  
Oh may my race anew be run,  
And henceforth be it all my care  
My wasted talents to repair.

P S A L M

## ccv. PSALM CXIX. Long Met.

*An immoral Religion no true Religion.*

1 **H**ENCE superstition from my soul!  
 Nor me amongst thy fools enroll!  
 The voice without, and voice within  
 Condemn the faith that flatters sin.

2 Oh much to answer for have they,  
 Who dare religion's cause betray,  
 Who to subserve some baser aim  
 Can prostitute her sacred name.

3 From all perversion of thy word,  
 From all false teachers, save me, Lord,  
 From my own heart, if love of sin  
 From love of thee my heart may win.

4 May this eternal rule be mine,  
 That love of holiness is thine;  
 That then religion is defiled,  
 When God with vice is reconciled.

## ccvi. PSALM CXXI. Long Met. WATTS.

*The protecting Providence of God.*

1 **U**P to the hills I lift mine eyes,  
 'Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;  
 Thence all her strength my soul derives,  
 There my almighty helper lives.

2 He lives; the everlasting God,  
 Who built the world, who spread the flood;  
 The heavens with all their hosts he made,  
 And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He



- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way  
Thro' all the dangers of the day;  
And he from lurking ill defends  
In sleep's unguarded hour, his friends.
- 4 Whom God protects, are always <sup>1</sup>best,  
They rise secure, securely rest;  
Their holy guardian's wakeful eyes  
Admit nor slumber nor surprise.
- 5 No sun shall smite their head by day,  
Nor the pale moon with sickly ray  
Shall blast their couch; no baleful star  
Dart its malignant fire so far.
- 6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,  
Still they shall go; and still return  
Safe in the Lord; his heavenly care  
Defends their life from every snare.

CCVII. PSALM CXXI. Prop. Met. WATTS.

*The same.*

- 1 **U**PWARD I lift mine eyes,  
From God is all my aid;  
The God that built the skies,  
And earth and nature made;  
God is the tower  
To which I fly;  
His grace is nigh  
In every hour.
- 2 My feet shall never slide,  
Nor fall in mischief's snare;  
Mischief is turned aside  
By his protecting care.

Those

- Those wakeful eyes  
That never sleep,  
My life shall keep  
When dangers rise.
- 3 No burning heats by day,  
Nor blasts of evening air,  
Shall take my health away,  
If God be with me there:  
Thou art my sun,  
And thou my shade,  
To yield thine aid  
By night or noon.
- 4 And thou hast given thy word  
To rescue me from death,  
And I will trust my Lord,  
In hope resign my breath;  
I'll go and come,  
Nor fear to die,  
When from on high  
Thou callest me home.

CCVIII. PSALM CXXII. Com. Met. WATTS.

*Delight in the House of God.*

- 1 **H**OW did my heart rejoice to hear  
My friends devoutly say,  
In Zion let us all appear,  
And keep the solemn day.
- 2 Peace be within this sacred place,  
And joy a constant guest!  
With holy gifts and heavenly grace  
Be her attendants blest!

3 My

- 3 My soul shall welcome Zion still,  
While life or breath remains ;  
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,  
And there my Father reigns.

CCIX. PSALM CXXII. Prop. Met. MERRICK.

*Welcome the Day of the LORD.*

- 1 **T**HE joyful morn, my God, is come,  
That calls me to thy honoured dome  
Thy presence to adore ;  
My feet the summons shall attend,  
With willing steps thy courts ascend,  
And tread the hallowed floor.
- 2 Hither the sons of virtuous aim,  
Superior to the world's false shame,  
Their pious offerings bring ;  
Warm from the heart their grateful joy  
Does all their thought their tongue employ,  
And hails their gracious King.
- 3 Be peace implored by each from thee ;  
With heart more humble than the knee  
For peace within we pray :  
How blest, who seek in God their friend,  
Their chastened prayers to heaven ascend,  
And all their hopes repay.
- 4 Seat of my friends and brethren, hail !  
Seat of mild peace, ne'er shall I fail  
To bless thy loved abode ;  
Nor stay the zeal that in me glows,  
Thy good to seek, whose walls disclose  
The presence of my God.



## CCX. PSALM CXXV. Long Met. MERRICK.

*God, the Safeguard of his People.*

- 1 **W**HO trust in God's protecting hand,  
Secure as Sion's mount shall stand,  
That proof to ages, meets the skies,  
And, fixed, each adverse shock defies.
- 2 Behold fair Salem's hallowed ground,  
By shadowing hills encompassed round;  
So, Lord, thy presence and thy grace  
Encircle virtue's chosen race.
- 3 Though sin may prosper for awhile,  
On sin no constant blessings smile;  
Left sin, established into law,  
Our hearts from thy obedience draw.
- 4 Thy mercies to the just extend,  
Thou art their guardian, thou their friend:  
No power can change thy steadfast love,  
Or whom thou lovest from thee remove.

## CCXI. PSALM CXXV. Short Met. WATTS.

*The same.*

- 1 **F**IRM and unmoved are they  
Who rest their souls on God;  
The earth, when he its basis fixed,  
Not more securely stood.
- 2 As mountains rose to guard  
Old Salem's sacred ground,  
So God and his almighty love  
Embrace his saints around.

3 What

- 3 What though a parent's rule  
Submit them to his rod ;  
Life and its trials only serve  
To draw them near to God.
- 4 The Lord will those preserve,  
Whose faith and pious fear,  
Whose hope, and love, and every grace  
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

CCXII. PSALM CXXV. Com. Met.

*The same.*

- 1 **W**ITH dauntless head amidst the seas  
The solid rock aspires ;  
Onward the surge in fury rolls,  
The surge in foam retires.
- 2 So beat the storms against the just,  
No storm can overthrow ;  
He who can say, " God is my friend,"  
Fears not an earthly foe.
- 3 Succours unknown descend on those  
Who virtuous aims pursue ;  
The man who God sincerely loves,  
Has God in constant view.
- 4 But those who from all goodness swerve,  
Their own ill deeds destroy ;  
While peace attends on virtuous men,  
A peace without alloy.

## CCXIII. PSALM CXXVII. C. M. WATTS.

*No Blessing without the concurring Favour of God.*

- 1 **I**F God his favouring aid deny,  
The builder works in vain;  
And towns without his wakeful eye  
An useless watch maintain.
- 2 Go, and ere morning light arise,  
Thy round of care renew,  
And till the evening veil the skies  
Thy toilsome task pursue.
- 3 Short be thy sleep, and course thy fare:  
Like seed on water sown,  
Nor thrift, nor watchfulness, nor care  
Avail, if God should frown.
- 4 But then success the means attends,  
And all shall blessings prove;  
When Providence thy views befriends,  
And crowns with heavenly love.

## CCXIV. PSALM CXXX. S. M. UNKNOWN.

*God, slow to Anger, and plenteous in Mercy.*

- 1 **W**ITH penitential grief  
To thee, O God, I cry;  
In mercy hear my humble prayer,  
Attend my plaintive sigh.
- 2 Shouldst thou severely judge,  
Who could the trial bear?  
Beneath thy frown my heart would faint,  
And yield to black despair.

3 But



- 3 But mercy dwells with thee;  
 Hope dawns amidst my fears;  
 Divine forgiveness, large and free,  
 Shall stay my flowing tears.
- 4 On thee my soul shall wait;  
 My trust is in thy word;  
 Thy word of grace can light create,  
 And sacred peace afford.
- 5 My longing eyes look out  
 For thy enlivening ray,  
 More eager than the morning watch  
 To meet the opening day.
- 6 Let mourning souls on God  
 With cheerful hope rely;  
 For penitence can ne'er be vain,  
 Nor vain from sin to fly.

CCXV. PSALM CXXX. P. M. UNKNOWN.

*The same.*

- 1 **O**UT of the depth of sad distress,  
 And almost yielding to despair,  
 To heaven I raise my warm address—  
 Deign, O my God, to hear my prayer,  
 Oh be indulgent to my grief;  
 Oh let thy mercy bring relief.
- 2 Shouldst thou, O God, minutely scan  
 Our errors, and severely chide;  
 No son of frail and sinful man  
 Could such a scrutiny abide.  
 But mercy shines in all thy ways,  
 Bright theme of universal praise.

- 3 With longing eyes I seek the Lord,  
 Before his throne my soul attends;  
 Firmly on his eternal word  
 My hope is fixed, my faith depends:  
 At dawn and eve my soul shall rise  
 In contemplation to the skies.
- 4 Ye contrite minds on God rely;  
 To you his grace he will impart;  
 His grace descended from on high,  
 To soothe the penitential heart:  
 For mercy shines in all his ways,  
 Blest theme of universal praise.

CCXVI. PSALM CXXXI. C. M. WATTS.

*The Praise and Reward of Humility.*

- 1 **D**ARE pride, O God, possess my heart,  
 While thou my heart dost see?  
 And dare I act the haughty part,  
 Yet lift my eye to thee?
- 2 No passion does so ill beseem  
 Poor, weak, and sinful man;  
 No passion thou dost worse esteem,  
 None more insults thy plan.
- 3 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,  
 And all my carriage mild,  
 Content, my Father, with thy will,  
 And lowly as a child.
- 4 The gentle heart, which all men loves,  
 God with complacence eyes;  
 The world may scorn, but heaven approves,  
 And heaven shall be its prize.

P S A L M

## CCXVII. PSALM CXXXI. C. M. UNKNOWN.

*Humility, Tendernefs and Sympathy.*

- 1 **T**HOU great and sacred Lord of all,  
Of life the only fpring,  
Of all on earth, and all in heaven  
The wife and righteous King.
- 2 Drive from the confines of my heart  
All stubbornnefs and pride;  
Nor let me in unlovely paths  
With ruder finners glide.
- 3 Whate'er thine all-discerning eye  
Sees for thy creature fit,  
I blefs the good, and to the ill  
Contentedly submit.
- 4 With humane pleasure may I view  
The prosperous and the great;  
Ill-tempered envy may I fly,  
With odious self-conceit.
- 5 Nor brooding spleen, nor fell revenge  
Be to my bosom known;  
Tears may I find for other's woe,  
And patience for my own.
- 6 Feed me with necessary food,  
I ask not wealth nor fame:  
But give me eyes to view thy works,  
A heart to praise thy name.
- 7 Serenely may my days move on,  
Without remorse or care;  
And may I for the parting hour  
In every hour prepare.



## CCXVIII. PSALM CXXXI. Com. Met.

*The same.*

- 1 **A**MBITION from my heart away,  
And all unsocial pride!  
Shall I, a man, of equal clay,  
My fellow men bestride?
- 2 How many fools and knaves I find  
Swelling with outward state;  
Give me, my God, a heart that's kind;  
The good alone are great.
- 3 All that I am or have is thine,  
All is a Father's plan,  
And all proclaims with voice divine,  
"Pride was not made for man."
- 4 If, like a self-created God,  
Thy equal sons I scorn,  
How soon can thy chastising rod  
Make me a thing forlorn.
- 5 With modest temperance may I use  
Whate'er thy hand bestows,  
Adopt thy wise paternal views,  
And feel for other's woes.
- 6 The gentle sympathising mind  
On earth attracts regard;  
But fit for heaven, in heaven shall find  
A glorious reward.

## CCXIX. PSALM CXXXIII. C.M. TATE.

*Fellow Love.*

1 **H**OW vast must their advantage be?  
 How great their pleasure prove?  
 Who live like brethren, and consent  
 In offices of love.

2 'Tis like the dews, which soft and mild  
 On Hermon's top distil;  
 Or like the early drops, that fall  
 On Sion's fruitful hill.

3 Prelude of heaven's sublimer love,  
 Prelude of bliss divine!  
 Oh, as we hope this bliss to know,  
 May love our souls refine.

## CCXX. PSALM CXXXIII. C.M. WATTS.

*Brotherly Love.*

1 **H**OW dear to men and God the sight,  
 When brethren do agree;  
 With cheerful heart and hand unite  
 In bands of piety.

2 When streams of love from God the spring  
 Descend to every soul,  
 And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,  
 Shades and bedews the whole.

3 'Tis pleasant as the morning dew  
 That falls on Sion's hill;  
 May this sweet love my soul subdue,  
 And all its grace distil.

P S A L M

## CCXXI. PSALM CXXXIII. S. M. WATTS.

*Union of domestic Love and Piety.*

- 1 **B**LEST are the sons of peace,  
 Whose hearts and hopes are one,  
 Whose kind designs to serve and please  
 Thro' all their actions run.
- 2 Blest is the pious house,  
 Where zeal and friendship meet;  
 Their songs of praise, their mingled vows  
 Make their communion sweet.
- 3 Thus on the heavenly hills  
 The saints are blest above,  
 Where joy like morning dew distils,  
 And all the air is love.

## CCXXII. PSALM CXXXIII. P. M. WATTS.

*Communion of Friends.*

- 1 **H**OW pleasant 'tis to see  
 Endeared friends agree,  
 Each in their proper station move,  
 And each fulfil their part,  
 With sympathising heart,  
 In all the cares of life and love.
- 2 As genial showers of rain,  
 That water all the plain,  
 Descending from the neighbouring hills;  
 So sweetly friendship smiles,  
 The ills of life beguiles,  
 And like the grace of heaven distils.



## CCXXIII. PSALM CXXXIV. L. M. MERRICK.

*Praise and Supplication to God.*

- 1 **Y**E servants of th' eternal King,  
Your grateful hymns triumphant sing;  
May pious joy your hearts inflame,  
While you his glorious praise proclaim.
- 2 And may the God, whose power has made  
The earth, and heaven's wide arch displayed,  
Never from you his sons remove  
The blessings of a father's love.

## CCXXIV. PSALM CXXXV. L. M. MERRICK.

*The Power and Providence of God.*

- 1 **H**IM praise, the everlasting King,  
Of life and good th' exhaustless spring;  
To him your cheerful voices raise,  
What theme so well deserves your praise?
- 2 O thou, whose all-disposing sway  
The heavens, the earth, and seas obey;  
Whose power thro' all extent extends,  
Sinks thro' all depth, all height transcends;
- 3 From earth's vast surface to the skies  
Now bids the pregnant vapours rise,  
The buoyant clouds aloft expands,  
Or downward pours on thirsty lands:
- 4 Now from thy storehouse, built on high,  
Permits th' imprisoned winds to fly,  
And, guided by thy will, to sweep  
The bosom of the yielding deep.

- 5 Nor these, thy power alone to prove,  
 But power, as minister of love,  
 To spread around life, health and joy,  
 And ills disperse, which life annoy.
- 6 Thee do we praise, th' eternal King,  
 Of life and good th' exhaustless spring;  
 To thee our voices cheerful raise,  
 What theme so well deserves our praise?

CCXXV. PSALM CXXXV. C. M. WATTS.

*God owned, Idolatry renounced.*

- 1 **A** WAKE ye saints; to praise your King  
 Your sweetest passions raise,  
 Your pious pleasure, while you sing,  
 Increasing with the praise.
- 2 The Lord is good, goodness unknown  
 Is his divine employ;  
 The arms of love embrace his throne,  
 And mercy is his joy.
- 3 Heaven, earth, and sea confess his hand;  
 Heaven, earth, and sea rejoice.  
 Whoe'er decline his wise command,  
 Make misery their choice.
- 4 How low did human minds descend,  
 When idol Gods they made!  
 Could these one human wish befriend,  
 Or human weakness aid?
- 5 Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,  
 In vain their votaries pray;  
 And all, who hope from them relief,  
 Are blind and dull as they.

6 Rejoice,

- 6 Rejoice, O Britain, in thy God,  
 Serve him with heart and hand,  
 Invite his love, avert his rod,  
 And God shall bless thy land.

ccxxvi. PSALM CXXXVI. M. M. MERRICK.

*The Perfections of God displayed in his Providence.*

- 1 **L**IFT your voice, and joyful sing  
 Praises to your heavenly King;  
 Wide and far his gifts extend,  
 And his goodness knows no end.
- 2 Be the Lord your noblest theme,  
 Who of Gods is God supreme;  
 He to whom all lords beside  
 Bow the knee, and vail their pride;
- 3 Who approves his wise command  
 By the wonders of his hand;  
 He, who throned himself on high,  
 Built the mansions of the sky;
- 4 He, who holds the winds in chains,  
 And the raging seas restrains;  
 He, who round yon steady pole  
 Bade unnumbered worlds to roll;
- 5 Thee, O sun, with powerful ray  
 Rule the empire of the day;  
 Thee, O moon, with milder light  
 Chase the darkness of the night;
- 6 He, whose gifts sustain, O earth,  
 All who claim from thee their birth;  
 He, who formed the human frame,  
 He, who kindled reason's flame.



- 7 Lift your voice, and joyful sing  
 Praises to your heavenly King.  
 Wide and far his gifts extend,  
 And his goodness knows no end.

CXXXVII. PSALM CXXXVI. P. M. WATTS.

*The same.*

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God most high,  
 The universal Lord;  
 The sovereign King of kings,  
 And be his grace adored.  
 His power and grace  
 Are still the same;  
 And to his name  
 Be endless praise.

- 2 How mighty is his hand !  
 What wonders hath he done !  
 He formed the earth and seas,  
 And spread the heavenly zone.  
 Thy hand, O Lord,  
 In all we see ;  
 And ever be  
 Thy name adored.

- 3 He fixed yon wonderful sun  
 To crown the day with light ;  
 The moon with all her train  
 To cheer the darksome night.  
 His power and grace  
 Thro' nature reach,  
 To all they teach  
 Their Maker's praise.

PAUSE.

## P A U S E.

- 4 He saw the nations lie  
 All perishing in sin,  
 And pitied the sad state  
 The ruined world was in.  
 Thy mercy, Lord,  
 No limit knows ;  
 To heal our woes  
 Thou sent thy word.
- 5 He sent his only Son  
 From misery to relieve,  
 From error, sin, and death  
 Poor wretched man retrieve.  
 His power and grace  
 To man abound :  
 Let man resound  
 His Saviour's praise.
- 6 Give thanks aloud to God,  
 To God the heavenly King ;  
 And let the grateful earth  
 His works and glories sing.  
 Thy wisdom, Lord,  
 To all extends ;  
 Let wisdom's friends  
 Thy praise record.

CCXXVIII. PSALM CXXXVI. L. M. WATTS.

*The same.*

- 1 **G**IVE to our God immortal praise ;  
 Goodness and truth are all his ways ;  
 Wonders

- Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his goodness in your song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,  
The King of kings with glory crown;  
His glory ever shall endure  
When lords and kings are known no more.
- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,  
And fixed the starry lights on high:  
Wisdom and power to God belong,  
Proclaim his wisdom in your song.
- 4 He gave the sun to shed his light,  
He gave the moon to cheer the night:  
His kindness ever shall endure,  
When suns and moons shall shine no more.
- 5 He sent his Son with power to save  
From sin, and error, and the grave:  
Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 6 Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,  
And leads us to his heavenly seat:  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When this vain world shall be no more.

CCXXIX. PSALM CXXXVIII. L. M. WATTS.

*Grace repels the Proud, invites the Humble.*

- 1 **W**ITH all my powers of heart and tongue  
I'll praise my Maker in my song;  
With holy zeal direct my eyes  
To him, who rules above the skies.
- 2 The God of heaven, supremely great,  
Frowns on the proud in all their state,  
But



But looks with a benignant eye,  
On humble, modest poverty.

- 3 Blest be thy condescension, Lord,  
The tender mercies of thy word;  
Not all thy works and names below  
So much thy glorious nature show.
- 4 Amidst a thousand snares I stand  
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;  
Thy words my fainting soul revive,  
And keep my yielding faith alive.
- 5 Grace will complete what grace begun,  
And all thy blessed will be done;  
The work that wisdom undertakes,  
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

CCXXX. PSALM CXXXVIII. C. M. STEELE.

*Praise for redeeming Mercy.*

- 1 **M**Y Father, Friend, to thee I raise  
The lively grateful song;  
No angel speaks his Maker's praise  
With a sincerer tongue.
- 2 I know that God looks kindly down,  
And smiles on humble souls;  
While, hating pride, his awful frown  
The sons of pride controls.
- 3 Amid the glories of thy name  
Thy grace the loveliest shines:  
Mercy to man thy words proclaim  
In everlasting lines.
- 4 O God, do thou my hopes fulfil,  
To thee the work belongs;

N

May

May hope of mercy guide me still,  
And tune my grateful songs.

CCXXXI. PSALM CXXXIX. L. M. MERRICK.

*An all-present and all-seeing God.*

- 1 **B**Y thee, my God, my thoughts are read;  
Around my path, around my bed  
Thou art; and every act and word  
By thee is seen, by thee is heard.
- 2 Where shall I shun thy wakeful eye,  
Or whither from thy presence fly?  
If up to heaven my course I bear,  
In all thy glory thou art there:
- 3 If prone to hell my feet descend,  
Thy terrors o'er my head impend:  
If on the wings of winds upborn  
I seek the regions of the morn;
- 4 Or haste me to the western steep,  
Where Eve sits brooding o'er the deep,  
Thy hand the fugitive shall stay,  
Thy word arrest him on his way.
- 5 Nor wrapped beneath the thickest veil  
Of night, shall I my head conceal;  
Darkness and light, alike to thee,  
Thy eye through thickest night shall see.
- 6 If then, my God, I cannot fly  
From thy all-penetrating eye;  
Be this my refuge, to subdue  
My will to thine, and fear adieu.

P S A L M

## CCXXXII. PSALM CXXXIX. L. M. WATTS.

*The same.*

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast searched and seen me  
through;  
Thine eye commands with piercing view  
My rising and my resting hours,  
My heart and will with all my powers.
- 2 My bosom thoughts are not my own,  
To thee each rising thought is known,  
And known the words I mean to speak,  
Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling power I stand;  
On every side I meet thy hand;  
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing presence, awful sight!  
Of what extent, and depth, and height!  
My soul with all the powers I boast  
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 Oh may these thoughts possess my breast,  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!  
Nor may my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin, for God is there.

## CCXXXIII. PSALM CXXXIX. L. M. WATTS.

*The same.*

- 1 **C**OULD I, my God, so faithless prove  
To slight thy service and thy love;  
Where should I from thy presence fly,  
Or how elude thy searching eye?



- 2 If up to heaven I take my flight,  
There art thou found enthroned in light;  
If down to hell's lamentful plains,  
There thy almighty justice reigns.
- 3 If mounted on a morning ray  
I fly beyond the western sea,  
There would thy swifter hand arrive,  
And there arrest thy fugitive.
- 4 Or should I think to 'scape thy sight  
Beneath the thickest veil of night;  
One glance of thine, one piercing ray  
Would kindle darkness into day.
- 5 The veil of night is no disguise,  
No screen from thy all-searching eyes;  
Midnight and noon alike agree,  
Alike are both, great God, to thee.
- 6 Oh may these thoughts possess my breast,  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!  
Nor may my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin, for God is there.

CCXXXIV. PSALM CXXXIX. C. M. WATTS.

*The same.*

- 1 **I**N all my vast concerns with thee,  
In vain my soul would try  
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee  
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys  
My rising and my rest,  
My public walks, my private ways,  
All are to thee confest.

3 My

- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,  
 Though locked within my breast;  
 And ere my lips pronounce the word,  
 Thou hast the word possessed.
- 4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!  
 Where can a creature hide?  
 Within thy circling arms I lie,  
 Beset on every side.
- 5 So may thy grace surround me still,  
 And as a bulwark prove,  
 To guard my soul from every ill  
 Safe in a father's love.

CCXXXV. PSALM CXXXIX. C. M. WATTS.

*The same.*

- 1 **L**ORD, where shall guilty souls retire,  
 Forgotten and unknown?  
 In-hell they meet thy dreadful ire,  
 In heaven thy glorious throne.
- 2 Should I suppress my vital breath  
 To 'scape the hand divine,  
 Thy voice breaks ope the bars of death,  
 And death does me resign.
- 3 If on a beam of morning light  
 I fly beyond the west,  
 Thy hand would in my swiftest flight  
 The fugitive arrest.
- 4 If to the curtain of the night  
 My sins for covert fly,  
 The curtain opens to thy sight,  
 Naked I meet thy eye.

- 5 The noon of day, the midnight hour  
Are both alike to thee,  
Oh may I ne'er provoke the power,  
From which I cannot flee.

CCXXXVI. PSALM CXXXIX. C.M. UNKNOWN.

*The same.*

- 1 **G**OD of my life, whose tender care  
First gave me power to move;  
How shall my thankful heart declare  
The wonders of thy love?
- 2 While void of sense and thought I lay,  
Dust of my parent earth;  
Thy breath informed the sleeping clay,  
And called me to the birth.
- 3 From thee the parts their fashion took;  
And ere my life began,  
Within the volume of thy book  
Were fashioned one by one.
- 4 Thy eye beheld in perfect view  
The yet unfinished plan,  
The beauteous lines thy pencil drew,  
And formed the future man.
- 5 O may this frame, which rising grew  
Beneath thy plastic hands,  
Be studious ever to pursue  
Whate'er thy will commands.
- 6 The soul which in this body glows,  
Thy semblance let it bear;  
Nor those diviner features lose,  
Which all my glory are.

P S A L M



## CCXXXVII. PSALM CXXXIX. Com. Met.

IN IMITATION OF WATTS.

*Man the Work of a wise and benevolent Creator.*

1 **A** WORK of wondrous skill I stand,  
 Myself a world alone,  
 In which the wise designing hand  
 Of God with joy I own.

2 The beauteous plan in all its grace  
 Stood present to his mind,  
 His wisdom all the parts did trace,  
 And all their use designed.

3 He spake; the race of life began,  
 The pliant infant grew,  
 Unfolding by degrees the man  
 In all his glorious view.

4 I look around on earth and sky,  
 Wonders in all I find;  
 But nobler wonders strike my eye  
 In my diviner mind.

5 If thus my heart with rapture glow,  
 That God has made me man;  
 What dearer praise to him I owe,  
 Whose grace completes the plan.

## CCXXXVIII. PSALM CXXXIX. C.M. STEELE.

*The Mercies of God in Creation, Providence, and Redemption.*

1 **A**LMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,  
 Kind guardian of my days,

Thy mercies let my heart record  
In songs of grateful praise.

2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame  
Was thy indulgent care,  
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,  
Or breathe the infant prayer.

3 When reason with my stature grew,  
How weak her brightest ray!  
How little of my God I knew!  
How apt from thee to stray!

4 Around my path what dangers rose!  
Temptations spread the road;  
But rescued from my worst of foes,  
I bless my Saviour God.

## P A U S E.

5 My God, what blessings round me shone,  
Where'er I turned my eye!  
How many past almost unknown,  
Or unregarded, by!

6 Each rolling year new favours brought  
From thy exhaustless store;  
In vain essayed my labouring thought  
To count thy mercies o'er.

7 While thus reflection through my days  
Thy common gifts would trace;  
Still dearer blessings claimed my praise,  
The blessings of thy grace.

8 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord,  
For favours more divine;  
That I have known thy sacred word,  
Where all thy glories shine.

9 Lord,

- 9 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,  
 And every weakness dies,  
 Complete the wonders of thy grace,  
 And raise me to the skies.
- 10 Then shall my joyful powers unite  
 In more exalted lays,  
 And join the happy sons of light  
 In everlasting praise.

CCXXXIX. PSALM CXLI. C. M. UNKNOWN.

*A Morning Hymn.*

- 1 **T**O thee I pay my early vows,  
 Whose sun creates the day,  
 Warm as his genial influence glows,  
 And spotless as his ray.
- 2 This day thy favouring hand be nigh,  
 So oft vouchsafed before ;  
 Still may it lead, protect, supply,  
 And I that hand adore.
- 3 If bliss thy providence impart,  
 For which resigned I pray ;  
 Give me to feel the grateful heart,  
 And without guilt be gay.
- 4 Affliction should thy love intend,  
 As vice or folly's cure ;  
 May trial work that wisest end,  
 And all my soul mature.
- 5 Thus may I from whatever fate  
 A virtuous lesson gain ;  
 That heaven, nor high, nor low estate,  
 When sent, may send in vain.

6 Be



6 Be this, and every future day,  
 Still wiser than the past;  
 That from the whole of life's survey  
 I may find peace at last.

CCXL. PSALM CXLIII. P. M. MERRICK.

*Prayer for Mercy.*

1 **T**HINE ear, my God, propitious lend;  
 O ever merciful extend  
 Thy pity, while to thee I pray,  
 Nor in thy righteous balance weigh  
 Thy servant's acts; for who, O who,  
 Pure of all guilt approach thy view?

2 Although my awful judge thou art,  
 Despair shall not invade my heart.  
 Despair of thee! whose mercies past  
 Thro' every step of life are traced;  
 While in my breast recorded stand  
 The blessings of thy gracious hand.

3 To thee my humble prayer ascends;  
 On thee my constant hope depends;  
 Thy mercy dear to me impart;  
 Heal with thy grace my wounded heart;  
 And aid me, by thy spirit led,  
 Thy path with truer steps to tread.

CCXLI. PSALM CXLIII. L. M. WATTS.

*The same.*

1 **F**ORGIVE me, O my gracious God,  
 Forgive me, and avert thy rod;

Thy

- Thy mercy to thy suppliant show,  
 Mercy, the balm of human woe.
- 2 O what could heal the wounded heart,  
 If thou inexorable wert?  
 For who a dauntless front could wear,  
 If justice called him to thy bar?
- 3 Aid me to work thy holy will,  
 And all a Father's views fulfil;  
 And may the spirit of thy love  
 Fit me to meet thy saints above.

CCXLII. PSALM CXLIII. L. M. STEELE.

*The same.*

- 1 **H**EAR, O my God, with pity hear  
 My humble supplicating moan;  
 In mercy answer all my prayer,  
 And be thy tenderest goodness known.
- 2 On mercy all my hopes rely;  
 Should awful justice frown severe,  
 Before the terrors of thy eye,  
 What erring mortal durst appear?
- 3 Pleas'd I look back on former days,  
 Which all a parent's love proclaim;  
 Thy goodness shone with mildest grace;  
 Goodness in thee is still the same.
- 4 To thee I raise my suppliant hands,  
 To thee my humble prayer aspires;  
 As showers rejoice the thirsty lands,  
 So hope in thee my soul inspires.

5 Aid

- 5 Aid me to do thy sacred will;  
 Thou art my guide, my help, my stay;  
 May thy good spirit lead me still,  
 And point the safe, the upright way.

## CCXLIII. PSALM CXLIV. C. M. UNKNOWN.

*Submission to Death, and Prayer for Support in it.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL SIRE, enthroned on high!  
 Whom angel hosts adore;  
 Who yet to suppliant man art high,  
 Thy presence I implore.
- 2 O guide me down the steep of age,  
 Be all my passions cool;  
 Teach me to scan the sacred page,  
 And thence my passions rule.
- 3 My flying years time urges on,  
 Time summons me away;  
 My friends, my youth's companions gone,  
 Can I expect to stay?
- 4 What respite can I plead, if death  
 Point his unerring dart?  
 Can medicine then prolong my breath?  
 Can friendship shield my heart?
- 5 I yield—O smooth the awful hour,  
 On thee my hope depends;  
 Support me, Father, by thy power,  
 While dust to dust descends.
- 6 Willing to pay the last great debt  
 Which nature owes to thee;  
 Where angels and good men are met,  
 May death my passage be.



## CCXLIV. PSALM CXLV. L. M. WATTS.

*The Goodness of God.*

1 **M**Y God, my King, thy various praise  
 Shall fill the remnant of my days;  
 On earth employ my humbler tongue,  
 Till future glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every morn shall bear  
 My grateful tribute to thy ear;  
 And every setting sun renew  
 The thanks which to my God are due.

3 Thy goodness be my pleasing theme;  
 How full it flows, an endless stream;  
 Thy mercy swift, thy anger slow,  
 But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4 Let distant times and nations raise  
 The long succession of thy praise;  
 And unborn ages make my song  
 The joy and glory of their tongue.

5 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?  
 Thy love our utmost thought exceeds;  
 Vast and unsearchable thy ways,  
 Vast and eternal be thy praise.

## CCXLV. PSALM CXLV. C. M. WATTS.

*The same.*

1 **S**WEET is the memory of thy grace,  
 My God, my heavenly King;  
 Let age to age thy righteousness  
 In sounds of glory sing.

2 God

- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines  
His goodness to the skies;  
Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines,  
And every want supplies.
- 3 Their suppliant eye thy creatures raise  
To thee for daily food;  
Thy hand the wished for food conveys,  
And all is blest with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!  
How slow thine anger moves!  
How swiftly flies thy pardoning word  
To cheer the soul it loves.
- 5 All nature thro' its boundless space  
Utters a grateful voice;  
But saints, who taste thy richer grace,  
In highest strains rejoice.

CCXLVI. PSALM CXLVI. L. M. MERRICK.

*Trust in Providence.*

- 1 **B**LEST, who their help in God alone,  
Whose goodness thro' his world is known,  
Repose, and to the hand divine  
In each distress their care resign.
- 2 That hand that formed the heavens and earth,  
Summoned the watery deep to birth,  
With all that in the ample round  
Of nature's wide extent is found.
- 3 'Tis his, the injured cause to right,  
To crush the arm of lawless might,  
With

With hope the mourner to sustain,  
And loose the wretched captive's chain.

4 The blind to guide, the weak uprear,  
And to the souls, which own his fear,  
His mercies each revolving day  
In endless series to display.

5 'Tis his, the orphan heart to cheer,  
To wipe the lonely parent's tear ;  
In every woe, in every pain,  
Who seek their God, seek not in vain.

6 Ye virtuous in your God confide,  
Though vice insult, and scorn deride ;  
O'er subject worlds his wise command  
Extends, and mercy guides his hand.

CCXLVII. PSALM CXLVI. C.M. SOWDEN.

*Praise on Earth, and hope of nobler Praise in Heaven.*

1 **I**NDULGENT Father, how divine,  
How dear thy blessings are !  
Thro' nature's ample round they shine,  
Thy goodness to declare.

2 But in the nobler work of grace,  
What lovelier mercy smiles,  
In my benign Redeemer's face,  
And every fear beguiles.

3 Such goodness, Lord, while I survey,  
To thee my thanks shall rise,  
When morning ushers in the day,  
Or evening veils the skies.

4 When glimmering life resigns its flame,  
Thy praise shall tune my breath ;

The



The sweet remembrance of thy name  
Shall cheer the gloom of death.

5 Then, what a nobler song shall rise,  
When freed from feeble clay,  
Thy brightest glories meet my eyes,  
In one eternal day!

6 Not seraphs, who thy love proclaim  
Thro' yon etherial plains,  
Shall glow with a sincerer flame,  
Or praise in purer strains.

CCXLVIII. PSALM CXLVII. Long Met.

*In the beauteous Creation of God, no Object of his Love  
but his own moral Likeness.*

1 **A** Pproach, ye virtuous, raise your songs,  
The noblest praise to you belongs;  
Lovely the path which you have trod,  
And you alone are dear to God.

2 On earth below, or heaven on high,  
Whate'er of wonder meets your eye,  
Whate'er of wisdom, goodness, power,  
Proclaims the God whom you adore.

3 Benignly o'er his world he stood;  
He looked, and blessed, for all was good;  
Yet good though all, and all approved,  
But one was worthy to be loved.

4 Material forms, however fair,  
No sense of God their Maker bear,  
No law they know, no rule obey,  
Nor love with grateful love repay.

5 The mind, with stamp divine impress'd,  
In all thy glorious likeness drest,

Which

Which every form of good pursues,  
Thy mind, O God, delighted views.

## CCXLIX. PSALM CXLVII. L. M. STEELE.

*Praise to God for the Seasons of the Year.*

1 **P**Raise ye the Lord : how rich the theme !  
How well does praise each heart beseem !  
No act can yield such pure delight,  
And praise is lovely in his sight.

2 He speaks, and swiftly from the skies  
To earth the sovereign mandate flies ;  
Observant nature hears his word,  
And bows obedient to its Lord.

3 Now thick descending flakes of snow  
O'er earth a fleecy mantle throw ;  
Now shining ice, o'er all the plains,  
Extends its universal chains.

4 At his fierce storms of pattering hail,  
The shivering powers of nature fail ;  
Before his cold, what life can stand,  
Unsheltered by his guardian hand ?

5 He speaks : the ice and snow obey,  
And nature's fetters melt away ;  
Now vernal gales mild-tempered blow,  
And murmuring waters gently flow.

6 But nobler works his grace record,  
To heal our woes he sent his word ;  
No thunders from his mount he hurled,  
But truth and love to bless our world.

O

7 Praise

- 7 Praise ye the Lord: how rich the theme!  
 How well does praise each heart beseem!  
 No act can yield such pure delight,  
 And praise is lovely in his sight.

CCL. PSALM CXLVIII. Prop. Met. WATTS.

*Hymn of universal Praise.*

- 1 **Y**E tribes of Adam, join  
 With heaven, and earth, and seas,  
 And offer notes divine  
 To your Creator's praise.  
 Ye holy throng  
 Of Angels bright,  
 In worlds of light,  
 Begin the song.
- 2 Thou sun with dazzling rays,  
 And moon that rules the night,  
 Shine to your Maker's praise,  
 With stars of glittering light.  
 His power declare,  
 Ye floods on high,  
 And clouds that fly  
 In liquid air.
- 3 The shining worlds above  
 In glorious order stand,  
 Or in swift courses move  
 At his supreme command.  
 He spake the word,  
 And all their frame  
 From nothing came  
 To praise the Lord.

4 He



- 4 He moved their mighty wheels  
 In unknown ages past,  
 And each his word fulfils  
 While time and nature last.  
     In different ways,  
     His works proclaim  
     His wondrous name,  
     And speak his praise.
- 5 Then join the general song  
 Ye sons of human race;  
 To human minds belong  
 Notes of distinguished praise.  
     Be your's the part  
     Your God to love,  
     And ever prove  
     A grateful heart.

## CCLI. PSALM CXLVIII. P.M. UNKNOWN.

*Praise to God from Earth and Man.*

- 1 **E**XALT, O earth, thy heavenly King,  
 Who bids the plants, that form the  
     spring,  
     With annual verdure bloom;  
 Whose frequent showers of kindly rain  
 Prolific swell the ripening grain,  
     And blest thy fertile womb.
- 2 Ye summer's heat, and winter's cold,  
 By turns in long succession rolled,  
     The drooping world to cheer;  
 Praise him, who gave the sun and moon  
 To lead the various seasons on,  
     And guide the circling year.

O 2

3 Ye

- 3 Ye trees, that fill the rural scene,  
 Ye flowers, that o'er th' enamel'd green  
 In native beauty reign;  
 O praise the ruler of the skies,  
 Whose hand the genial sap supplies,  
 And clothes the smiling plain.

## P A U S E.

- 4 Ye sons of men, his praise display,  
 Who stamp't his image on your clay,  
 To God your hearts approve;  
 Ye who in truth's blest confines dwell,  
 From age to age successive tell  
 The wonders of his love.
- 5 Ye spirits of the just and good,  
 That, eager for the blest abode,  
 To heavenly mansions soar;  
 O let your songs his praise display,  
 'Till earth itself shall melt away,  
 And time shall be no more.
- 6 Praise him, ye meek and humble train,  
 Ye saints, whom his decrees ordain  
 The boundless blis to share;  
 O praise him till ye take your way  
 To regions of eternal day,  
 And reign for ever there.

CCLII. PSALM CXLVIII. P.M. UNKNOWN.

*Hymn of universal Praise.*

- 1 **B**EGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,  
 Thy noblest, richest praise convey  
 To God the King supreme;

While

While heaven, and earth, and seas and skies  
In one melodious concert rise,  
To swell the glorious theme.

- 2 Ye angels, spread the joyful sound,  
And with th' adoring throngs around  
His wondrous mercy sing;  
Let every listening saint above  
Awake the tuneful soul of love,  
And touch the sweetest string.
- 3 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,  
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker God;  
Ye thunders, speak his power:  
Thou lightning, on whose gleamy wing,  
In triumph rides th' eternal King,  
Thy awful Lord adore.
- 4 Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,  
To join the thunders of the skies;  
Praise him who bids you roll:  
His praise in softer notes declare,  
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,  
And breathe it to the soul.
- 5 Wake, all ye feathered throngs, and sing,  
Ye cheerful warblers of the spring,  
Harmonious anthems raise  
To him, who shaped your finer mould,  
Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,  
And tuned your voice to praise.
- 6 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,  
The feeling heart, the judging head,  
In heavenly praise employ;



Spread the Creator's name around,  
Till heaven's extended arch rebound  
The general burst of joy.

## CCLIII. PSALM CXLIX. P. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Praise God, ye Righteous.*

- 1 **O** PRAISE ye the Lord, prepare a new song,  
And let all his saints in full concert join,  
With voices united the anthem prolong,  
And shew forth his praises with music divine.
- 2 Let praise to your God your Maker ascend,  
Let each grateful heart be glad in its King,  
For God, whom you worship, your songs will attend,  
And view with complacence the offering you bring.
- 3 Rejoice then, ye saints, with purest delight;  
Devotion awake with each rising day:  
Your God does himself your devotion invite,  
And your service of love his love will repay.
- 4 Then praise ye the Lord, prepare a new song,  
And let all his saints in full concert join,  
With voices united the anthem prolong,  
And shew forth his praises with music divine.

H Y M N S.

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# H Y M N S.

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CCLIV. Common Metre. BROWNE.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY God, thy powerful word  
From nothing all things brought;  
Earth, seas, and skies, by thee, their Lord,  
With skill divine were wrought.
- 2 By thee preserved the world remains  
A proof of power divine;  
And thy benevolence ordains  
For good the whole design.
- 3 Sun, moon and stars thy views fulfil;  
Thro' thee each planet rolls:  
Earth, seas and skies obey thy will;  
Thy power the world controuls.
- 4 Thou over all art Lord supreme,  
All things from thee derive:  
No creature can dispute thy claim,  
Or independent live.
- 5 To thy all-gracious power we bow,  
Our wills to thee resign:  
Accept the praise; accept the vow;  
And all our hearts be thine.

CCLV. Common Metre. UNKNOWN.

*To God the Creator.*

- 1 **O** LORD, how excellent thy hand !  
How glorious to behold !  
Engraven fair on all thy works  
In characters of gold.
- 2 On heaven's immeasurable face,  
In lines immensely great ;  
In small, on every leaf and flower,  
CREATOR GOD is writ.
- 3 Though reason be not given to all,  
Nor voice to thee, O sun !  
Their Maker all proclaim, and here  
Their language is but one.
- 4 From land to land, and world to world,  
Thy praise is echoed round ;  
And ages, as they pass, transmit  
The never-dying sound.
- 5 Angels, the eldest sons of God,  
Began the lofty song ;  
They saw the heavens expanded wide,  
And earth on nothing hung.
- 6 Then man, the last and noblest work  
Of all this nether frame,  
With the first vital breath he drew,  
Confest from whence he came.
- 7 O may we ne'er lose sight of thee,  
But deep at heart retain  
Th' impression of our Maker God,  
And fly the tribe profane.

Common



## CCLVI. Common Metre.

*Hymn to GOD the Creator and Benefactor.*

- 1 **W**onderful God ! of all the spring,  
With modest awe I raise  
My eye to thee, and dare to sing  
Thy all-transcendent praise.
- 2 Chaos lay brooding in her bed ;  
His face th' Eternal shews,  
Confusion and disorder fled,  
And beauteous nature rose.
- 3 Th' Almighty spake, and all was done ;  
He spake, and firm it stood ;  
He viewed what wisdom had begun ;  
He viewed, and found it good.
- 4 Ten thousand worlds in order roll,  
Obedient to thy will ;  
Ten thousand blessings glad the whole,  
And thy good will fulfil.
- 5 Terribly grand wouldst thou appear,  
If only power we saw :  
Sweet goodness softens the austere,  
And mixes love with awe.
- 6 What thou hast mixed may we preserve  
In sweetest union joined ;  
With holy fear thy laws observe,  
While love inspires our mind.

## CCLVII. Long Metre. BROWNE.

*The one GOD.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL God, almighty cause  
Of earth and seas and worlds unknown,  
These

These worlds are subject to thy laws ;  
These worlds depend on thee alone.

- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands,  
Of all within itself posselt :  
Dispensing blessing from thy hands,  
Thou from thyself alone art blest.
- 3 To thee the One Supreme we bow ;  
Let earth with heaven its homage pay ;  
All other gods we disavow,  
Reject their claims, renounce their sway.
- 4 O spread thy truth thro' every land ;  
All idol deities dethrone ;  
Reclaim the world to thy command,  
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

CCLVIII. Proper Metre. BROWNE.

*GOD witnessed by all, worshipped by Man.*

- 1 **H**AIL voice divine ! Thus the Almighty said,  
" Let there be light, and let a world be made :"  
Light and a world there were ; obedient rise  
Sun, planets, stars, earth, seas, and spreading skies.
- 2 Obedient to thy will, this teeming earth  
To beasts and worms of every kind gave birth ;  
With flocks and herds, the plains were richly stored,  
And herbs and fruits a rich supply afford.
- 3 At last, the noblest work thou hadst designed,  
Of equal clay, but with superior mind,  
Proceeded man ; the sovereign of the rest,  
And with his Maker's form divine imprest.
- 4 Benignity and skill and power divine  
In the great whole, and every part did shine :

Fair

Fair in its Maker's eye creation stood,  
His work he viewed, and pleased, pronounced it good.

- 5 Thy various works, O Lord, attest thy name,  
And all in reason's ear thy hand proclaim;  
But thine, O man, is the superior part,  
To pay the tribute of a grateful heart.

CCLIX. Common Metre. UNKNOWN.

*The Power of God.*

- 1 'TWAS God who hurled the rolling  
spheres,  
And stretched the boundless skies;  
Who formed the plan of endless years,  
And bade the ages rise.
- 2 His grandeur mocks our utmost sight,  
His power is unconfined;  
He pierces thro' the realms of light,  
And rides upon the wind.
- 3 He speaks, and nature's wheels stand still,  
They cease their wonted round;  
The mountains melt, th' affrighted hill  
Starts from the trembling ground.
- 4 He scatters nations with his breath;  
The scattered nations fly:  
Blue pestilence, and wasting death  
Confess the Godhead nigh.
- 5 Ye worlds, with every living thing,  
Fulfil his high command;  
And, man, pay homage to thy king  
And own his ruling hand.

Proper



## CCLX. Proper Metre. UNKNOWN.

*Praise the Tribute of all, but Love the Tribute of Man.*

- 1 **O** Power supreme ! O high above all height !  
Thou gavest the sun to shine, and thou art light ;  
Whether he falls or rises in the skies,  
He by thy voice is taught to fall or rise :
- 2 Swiftly he moves, refugent in his sphere,  
And measures out the day, the month, the year ;  
He wakes the flowers that sleep within the earth,  
And calls the fragrant infants out to birth.
- 3 The fragrant infants paint th' enamelled vales ;  
With native incense load the balmy gales ;  
The balmy gales the fragrancy convey  
To heaven, and to their God their offering pay.
- 4 Pregnant with moving life all nature teems ;  
And life thou feedest from a thousand streams :  
Pleased with thy gifts the various tribes appear,  
And in their joy their gratitude declare.
- 5 But joy and silent praise beseech not man :  
He viwes, admires his Maker's wondrous plan ;  
Blest, he the hand that blesses him perceives ;  
And on his soul the spirit of love receives.

## CCLXI. Common Metre. UNKNOWN.

*Filial Trust in God.*

- 1 **O** GOD, on thee we all depend,  
On thy paternal care :  
In thee the Father and the Friend,  
Do all thy ways endear.
- 2 With open hand, and liberal heart,  
Thou wilt our wants supply ;

The

The best of blessings still impart,  
Nor one good thing deny.

- 3 We know not what is good and fit,  
But wisdom guides thy love ;  
To thine appointments we submit,  
And all thy will approve.
- 4 In thy paternal love and care  
Our cheerful hearts confide ;  
Thy mercies all our comfort are,  
Thy wisdom is our guide.
- 5 We own no ill, while God provides ;  
To hope, is to be blest ;  
And heaven, whate'er on earth betides,  
Will prove that all was best.

CCLXII. Long Met. UNKNOWN.

*The rich Goodness of GOD to all.*

- 1 **T**HE earth, and all the heavenly frame,  
Their great Creator's love proclaim ;  
He gives the sun his genial power,  
He sends the soft refreshing shower.
- 2 The ground with plenty smiles again,  
And yields her richest fruits to men ;  
To men, who from thy bounteous hand  
Receive the gifts of every land.
- 3 Nor to the human race alone  
Is his paternal goodness known ;  
The tribes of earth, and sea, and air,  
Partake his universal care.

4 A very

- 4 A very worm yields not its breath,  
Till God permits the stroke of death.  
Thus sweetly all perfections blend  
In thee, Creator, Father, Friend!

CCLXIII. Common Metre STEELE.

*Creation and Providence.*

- 1 **W**HERE'ER I turn my raptured eyes,  
My God, thy footsteps shine;  
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,  
And speak their source divine.
- 2 The living tribes of countless forms,  
In earth, and sea, and air,  
The meanest flies, the smallest worms,  
Almighty power declare.
- 3 All rose to life at thy command,  
And wait their daily food  
From thy paternal bounteous hand,  
Exhaustless source of good!
- 4 The meads, arrayed in smiling green,  
With wholesome herbage crowned;  
The fields with corn, a richer scene,  
Spread thy full bounties round.
- 5 The fruitful tree, the blooming flower,  
In varied charms appear;  
Their varied charms display thy power,  
And thy impression bear.
- 6 The sun's all animating beams  
The growing verdure spread;  
While kindly rains and nurt'ring streams  
His genial influence aid.

7 The



- 7 The moon and stars his absent light  
 Supply with borrowed rays,  
 And deck the sable veil of night,  
 And speak their Maker's praise.
- 8 Thus wheresoe'er I turn my eyes,  
 Thy radiant footsteps shine ;  
 To thee my thoughts delighted rise,  
 And all my heart is thine.

CCLXIV. Comon Met. STEELE.

*The Divine Goodness to Man.*

- 1 **T**HY wisdom, power and goodness, Lord,  
 In all thy works appear ;  
 But most thy praise should man record,  
 Man, thy distinguished care.
- 2 From thee the breath of life he drew,  
 That breath thy power maintains ;  
 Thy tender mercy ever new  
 His brittle frame sustains.
- 3 Thy providence, his constant guard  
 When threatning ills impend,  
 Or will th' impending dangers ward,  
 Or timely succours lend.
- 4 Yet nobler favours claim his praise ;  
 Of reason's light possést,  
 By revelation's brighter rays  
 Still more divinely blest.
- 5 All bounteous Lord, thy grace impart ;  
 O teach me to improve  
 Thy gifts with ever grateful heart,  
 And ever seek thy love.

Short

CCLXV. Short Metre. STEELE.

*No Love equal to Divine Goodness.*

- 1 **M**Y Maker and my King,  
To thee my all I owe;  
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring,  
From whence my blessings flow.
- 2 Thou ever good and kind,  
A thousand reasons move,  
A thousand obligations bind  
My heart to grateful love.
- 3 The creature of thy hand,  
On thee alone I live:  
My God, thy benefits demand  
More praise than I can give.
- 4 Oh! what can I impart,  
When all is thine before?  
Thy love demands a grateful heart,  
The gift, alas, how poor!
- 5 Yet e'en to this untrue,  
Still my affections rove:  
Lord, form this wretched heart anew,  
And fill it with thy love.
- 6 O may thy grace inspire  
My soul with love divine;  
May my best thoughts to thee aspire,  
And all my will be thine.

Long

## CCLXVI. Long Metre. C.

*Providence and Grace.*

- 1 **A**lmighty King ! whose wondrous hand  
Supports the frame of sea and land ;  
Whose grace is such a boundless store,  
No heart shall break that sighs for more.
- 2 Thy providence supplies my food,  
And 'tis thy blessing makes it good ;  
My soul is nourished by thy word ;  
Let soul and body praise the Lord.
- 3 My streams of outward comfort came  
From him, who built this earthly frame ;  
Whate'er I want his bounty gives,  
By whom my soul for ever lives.
- 4 Either his hand<sup>d</sup> preserves from pain,  
Or renders it my greater gain ;  
From the world's evils shields my breast,  
Or over-rules them for the best.
- 5 Forgive the song that falls so low  
Beneath the gratitude I owe !  
It means thy praise, however poor ;  
An angel's song can do no more.

## CCLXVII. Short Metre. UNKNOWN.

*Man invited to praise God.*

- 1 **Y**E nations, praise the Lord,  
Each with a different tongue ;  
But all one parent, friend, record,  
By all one God be sung.

P

2 Though



- 2 Though angels sound his praise.  
In the sublimest strain;  
Yet man his humbler offering pays,  
Nor is his offering vain.
- 3 Approach with awe profound;  
Let knowledge lead the song;  
Nor mock him with a solemn sound  
From an unmeaning tongue.
- 4 Let gratitude persuade;  
And each their God adore;  
Till morning light and evening shade  
Shall be exchanged no more.
- 5 The God who guides us now,  
Will guide us till we die;  
Will be our God while here below,  
And ours above the sky.

CCLXVIII. Common Metre. UNKNOWN.

*Praise to God through all the Changes of Life.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, God of love,  
My Father, and my God;  
I'll sing the honours of thy name,  
And spread thy praise abroad.
- 2 My soul in pleasing wonder lost,  
Thy various love surveys;  
Where shall my grateful lips begin,  
Or where conclude thy praise?
- 3 In every period of my life  
Thy acts of love appear;  
Thy mercies gild each transient scene  
And crown each lengthening year.

4 In

- 4 In all these mercies may my soul  
A father's bounty see;  
Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows  
Estrange my heart from thee.
- 5 Teach me in time of deep distress  
To own thy hand, my God;  
And in submissive silence bear  
The lessons of thy rod.
- 6 Through every changing state of life,  
The bright, the clouded scene,  
Give me a meek and humble mind,  
Still equal and serene.
- 7 Then shall I close mine eyes in death,  
Without one anxious fear;  
The promise of thy love, my God,  
Shall death itself endear.

CCLXIX. Common Metre. BROWNE.

*The universal Goodness of God.*

- 1 **L**ORD, thou art good; all nature shows  
Its Maker to be kind;  
Thy bounty through creation flows,  
Full, free, and unconfined.
- 2 The whole and every part proclaims  
Thine infinite good-will;  
It shines in stars, and flows in streams,  
And bursts from every hill.
- 3 We view it o'er the spreading main  
And earth diffused wide;  
It drops in gentle showers of rain,  
And rolls in every tide.

- 4 Unaltered hath it poured abroad,  
Through years and ages past;  
And its rich stores all-bounteous God,  
Shall undiminished last.
- 5 Thro' the vast whole it sends supplies,  
Spreads joy thro' every part:  
Oh, may such love attract mine eyes,  
And captivate my heart.
- 6 My highest admiration raise,  
My best affections move;  
Employ my tongue in songs of praise,  
And fill my heart with love.

cclxx. Common Metre. WATTS.

*God not comprehended by Man.*

- 1 **O**H, the immense, amazing height,  
The grandeur of the Lord,  
Who views all nature from his throne,  
And rules it with a word.
- 2 Vast are the powers of human mind,  
On what a wing it flies;  
But far beneath the reach of God  
The boldest reason lies.
- 3 Thy glorious nature far exceeds  
The praise of mortal tongue;  
The seraph would in vain attempt  
To form an equal song.
- 4 Here then, great God, our awe-struck souls  
In humble silence lie:  
The utmost efforts of our minds  
Fall short, and sink, and die.

Com.



CCLXXI. Com. Met. ARBUCKLE.

*The universal Presence and Inspection of God.*

- 1 **M**Y heart and all my ways, O God,  
By thee are searched and seen;  
My outward acts thine eye observes,  
My secret thoughts within.
- 2 Attendant on my steps all day  
Thy providence I see,  
And in the solitude of night  
I'm present still with thee.
- 3 No spot the boundless realms of space  
Whence thou art absent know:  
In heaven thou reign'st a glorious King,  
An awful judge below.
- 4 Goodness, and majesty, and power  
Thro' all thy works are shown;  
Richly displayed in nature's frame,  
And richly in my own.
- 5 To all my parts their place and use  
Thy wisdom had assigned,  
Ere yet these parts a being had,  
But in thy forming mind.
- 6 Ten thousand thousand times my life  
I've to thy goodness owed;  
Thy daily care preserves the gift  
Thy bounty first bestowed.
- 7 Lord, if within my thoughtless heart  
Thou aught shouldst disapprove;  
The secret evil bring to light,  
And by thy grace remove.

- 8 If e'er my ways have been perverse,  
Or foolish in thy view,  
Recall my steps to thy commands,  
And form my life anew.

CCLXXII. Long Met. UNKNOWN.

*Thanks to GOD for all Things.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, my joyful thanks to thee  
Shall, like thy gifts, continual be :  
In constant stream thy bounty flows,  
Nor end, nor intermission knows.
- 2 Thy kindness every want relieves,  
Thy kindness every comfort gives ;  
Nor can I ever, Lord, be poor,  
Who live on thine exhaustless store.
- 3 What passion asks, thy will denies,  
I may be weak, but thou art wise :  
Afflictions which I poorly mourn,  
Thou canst, and dost to blessings turn.
- 4 Deep, Lord, upon my thankful breast  
May all thy favours be imprest,  
That I may never more forget  
The sum, or any single debt.
- 5 May I, with grateful heart, each day  
For daily gifts, my praises pay ;  
Delighted may I always be,  
And thanks for all things give to thee.

Proper

## CCLXXIII. Proper Metre. BARBAULD.

*Creation glorious, but GOD alone eternal.*

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns, let every nation hear,  
And at his footstool bow with holy fear;  
Let heaven's high arches echo with his name,  
And the wide peopled earth his praise proclaim;  
He reigns alone, let no inferior nature  
Usurp, or share the throne of the Creator.
- 2 He saw the struggling beams of infant light  
Shoot thro' the massy gloom of ancient night,  
His spirit hushed the elemental strife,  
And brooded o'er the kindling seeds of life;  
Seasons and months began their long procession,  
And measured o'er the year in bright succession.
- 3 The joyful sun sprung up th' ethereal way,  
Strong as a giant, as a bridegroom gay;  
And the pale moon diffused her shadowy light  
Superior o'er the dusky brow of night;  
Ten thousand glittering lamps the skies adorning,  
Numerous as dew-drops from the womb of morning,
- 4 Earth's blooming face with flowers and fruits he  
drest,  
And spread a verdant mantle o'er her breast;  
All glorious in un sullied bloom she stood,  
Her Maker blessed his work, and called it good;  
The morning stars with joyful acclamation  
Exulting sung, and hailed the new creation.

• P A U S E.

- 5 Yet this fair world, the creature of a day,  
Though built by God's right hand shall pass away;  
And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,  
The fate of empires, and the pride of kings;

• From the pause may be sung as a separate hymn, beginning  
thus, This beauteous world, the creature of a day,



Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,  
And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.

- 6 The sun himself with thickest clouds oppress  
Shall in his silent dark pavilion rest,  
His golden urn broken and useless lie,  
Amidst the common ruins of the sky :  
The stars rush headlong in the wild commotion,  
And bathe their glittering foreheads in the ocean.
- 7 But fixed, O God, for ever stands thy throne,  
Jehovah reigns, an universe alone,  
Th' eternal fire, that feeds each vital flame,  
Collected, or diffused, is still the same ;  
He dwells within his own eternal essence,  
And fills all space with his unbounded presence.
- 8 But oh ! our highest notes the theme debase,  
And modest reverence is the truest praise ;  
Cease, cease your songs, the daring flight controul,  
Revere him in the stillness of the soul :  
With silent duty meekly bend before him,  
And deep within your inmost hearts adore him.

CCLXXIV. Common Metre. WATTS.

*The Greatness of God.*

- 1 **M**Y soul with humblest reverence sings  
The universal Lord,  
The great, the mighty King of Kings,  
By highest minds adored.
- 2 Life, death, this world, and worlds unknown,  
Hang on his firm decree :  
He sits on no precarious throne,  
Nor borrows leave to be.
- 3 Ten thousand ages ere the skies  
Were into motion brought,

Ages

- Ages and worlds as yet unborn  
 Stood present to his thought.
- 4 His mighty voice bid ancient night  
 Her endless realms resign;  
 And lo, ten thousand worlds of light  
 In fields of azure shine.
- 5 Ages have rolled, and still shall roll,  
 And each his praise resound,  
 Whose mind pervades, conducts the whole,  
 And blessing spreads around.

CCLXXV. Common Metre.

IMITATED FROM AN UNKNOWN AUTHOR.

*God praised in Life and Death.*

- 1 **E**NOUGH, my God, I know thee here,  
 To merit all my praise;  
 Hereafter may I know thee more,  
 And nobler tribute raise.
- 2 In every smiling hour of life  
 May God my thoughts employ:  
 Then pure and chaste is every bliss,  
 And sacred every joy.
- 3 Nor shall the keenest sense of woe  
 Expel thee from my breast:  
 Hope unsubdued makes sorrow less,  
 And sooths each pain to rest.
- 4 But let me not in thought alone  
 Express my love to thee;  
 May all my life in virtue spent  
 One pious offering be.

5 And

- 5 And when I pass the gloomy vale;  
Where death in horror reigns;  
With faith unshaken may I bear  
Whate'er thy will ordains.
- 6 Thus may I know and love thee here,  
And thus express my praise:  
Hereafter I shall know thee more,  
And nobler tribute raise.

CCLXXVI. Common Metre. WATTS.

*God's eternal Dominion.*

- 1 **A**NCIENT of days, eternal King!  
Who ne'er began to be;  
From thee did all existence spring,  
And all depends on thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Ere nature reared her head;  
And thou shalt be the living God,  
Though nature all were dead.
- 3 Time and creation naked lie  
To thine immense survey,  
From the first birth of earth and sky,  
To the last awful day.
- 4 Eternity, its source and flow,  
Which human grasp eludes,  
Thy comprehensive mind sees through;  
Thy light no darkness clouds.
- 5 Swift as a tale our minutes flow,  
The present and the past:  
While fixed in thy immortal now,  
Thou seest our ages waste.

6 Change



- 6 Change is an ever fruitful source  
Of cares that harrafs man;  
But onward moves in even course  
Thy undisturbed plan.

CCCLXXVII. Com. Met. UNKNOWN.

*Creation and Providence.*

- 1 **I** SING th' almighty power of God,  
That bade creation rise;  
That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 Which joined with wisdom did ordain  
The sun to rule the day;  
And moon with her attendant train  
A milder light display.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
That filled the earth with food;  
He formed the creatures with his word,  
And then pronounced them good.
- 4 Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,  
Where'er I turn my eye;  
If I survey the ground I tread,  
Or gaze upon the sky!
- 5 In every plant and flower below  
Thy glorious hand we own;  
And clouds are raised, and tempests blow,  
To make thy wisdom known.
- 6 Where'er created being is,  
The eye of God is there;  
And life, and good, and varied bliss  
Spring from a Maker's care.

7 His

- 7 His providence around me thrown  
Preserves, protects, supplies;  
While happiness, on earth unknown,  
Awaits beyond the skies.

CCLXXVIII. Com. Met. PATRICK.

*Affectionate Praise of a good God.*

- 1 **Y**E servants of th' almighty King,  
Who heaven and earth did frame,  
Who on his word attendant wait,  
Praise ye his glorious name.
- 2 To praise is eminently yours,  
Who are your Maker's choice;  
The more you are to God endeared,  
The more in God rejoice.
- 3 O let the goodness of the Lord  
Your best affections move;  
Your inward pleasure will increase  
Together with your love.
- 4 In him do all perfections meet,  
His glory knows no bound;  
Whate'er exalts and graces mind  
In him supreme is found.
- 5 Though wondrous power and wisdom shine  
In all that God has made;  
Yet goodness is in all his works  
More gloriously displayed.
- 6 Then may the goodness of the Lord  
Your best affections raise;  
And all the soul's sincerest joy  
Spring from your virtuous praise.

Com.

CCLXXIX. Com. Met. DODDRIDGE.

*The benign Mission of CHRIST.*

- 1 **H** Ark! the glad sound! the Saviour comes,  
The Saviour promised long!  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the spirit largely poured  
Exerts its sacred fire;  
Wisdom, and sanctity, and love,  
His heavenly breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, the prisoners to release  
In Satan's bondage held;  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray,  
And on the eye oppress'd with night  
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The wounded soul to cure,  
And with the treasures of his grace  
Enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad Hosannahs, Prince of peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim;  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved name.

Com.



CCLXXX. Com. Met. WATTS.

*Salvation from the LORD.*

- 1 **B**EGIN, my tongue, the noblest theme,  
The dearest theme of man :  
What so deserves his best esteem,  
As God his Saviour's plan ?
- 2 Proclaim salvation from the Lord  
For sinful dying men ;  
His hand hath writ the sacred word  
With an unerring pen,
- 3 Engraved as in eternal brass  
The gracious promise shines ;  
Nor can the powers of darkness raise  
The everlasting lines.
- 4 His sacred word of grace is strong,  
As that which built the skies ;  
The voice, which rolls the stars along,  
Speaks all the promises.

CCLXXXI. Proper Metre. WATTS.

*The excellent Character of CHRIST.*

- 1 **J**JOIN all the glorious names  
Of wisdom, love and power,  
That ever mortals knew,  
That angels ever bore :  
All are too mean  
To speak his worth,  
Too mean to set  
My Saviour forth.
- 2 In form of mortal man,  
But with a heavenly mind,  
He comes to heal our woes,  
He comes to bless our kind :

Com.

Commissioned from  
His Father's throne,  
To make his grace  
To mortals known.

- 3 Great Prophet of my God,  
My tongue would bless thy name;  
By thee the joyful news  
Of our salvation came;  
The joyful news  
Of sins forgiven,  
Of hell subdued,  
And peace with heaven.

- 4 Then let my soul arise,  
And tread the tempter down;  
My captain leads me forth  
To conquest and a crown:

A feeble saint  
Shall win the day,  
Though death and hell  
Obstruct the way.

CCLXXXII. Short Metre.

*The Mercy of the Gospel dear to Man.*

- 1 **R**EDEEMER of lost man,  
Who can thy goodness show!  
From thee the messages of God  
With grace inviting flow.

- 2 Sweet mercy's plea was heard,  
And joy thro' heaven was spread;  
Tidings of peace to man were sent,  
And sin and sorrow fled.

3 Obdurate

- 3 Obdurate is the heart  
Which mercy does not win;  
Insulted justice then resumes  
The dread account of sin.
- 4 Lord, we accept the grace  
With modest humble joy,  
And to fulfil its sacred terms,  
Is our divine employ.

CCLXXXIII. Long Metre. WATTS.

*The unequalled Excellence of the Gospel.*

- 1 **O**H, what a sanctity, what grace,  
In thee, my Saviour, and my Lord!  
The glories which in thee we trace  
With all the soul of man accord.
- 2 How well thy blessed truths agree!  
How dignified are thy commands!  
What a rich love in all we see!  
On what a rock our comfort stands!
- 3 Wretched the dream of heathen bliss,  
A mere vacuity of pain!  
And base the Turkish paradise,  
Equally fordid and profane!
- 4 Religions infinite abound,  
But search from Britain to Japan,  
No rule of faith shall e'er be found,  
So true to God, so dear to man.
- 5 The various forms, which men devise,  
Refuge of vice, or tricks of art,  
I scorn as vanity and lies,  
And bind the gospel to my heart.

Short



CCLXXXIV. Short Metre. WATTS.

*The Blessedness of the Gospel.*

- 1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet  
Who stand on Zion's hill!  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal!
- 2 How pleasant from our God  
The gracious tidings are!  
Earth, thy redemption is at hand,  
To thee, how justly dear!
- 3 How happy are our ears  
That hear the joyful sound!  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found.
- 4 How blessed are our eyes  
That see this heavenly light!  
Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight.
- 5 Then welcome him, O man,  
Thy dearest praise employ;  
Much didst thou need him, much rejoice,  
And holy be thy joy.

CCLXXXV. Long Met. IMITATION OF WATTS.

*The Example of CHRIST.*

- 1 **M**Y dear Redeemer, and my Lord,  
Fair lies my duty in thy word;  
But in thy life it does appear  
In all attraction's character.

Q

2 What

- 2 What scorn and suffering did await  
Thy low humiliated state!  
Why should not suffering then be mine?  
Where thou didst smile, shall I repine?
- 3 With what a grace my Saviour trod  
The ways of love to men and God:  
So may I thy disciple be,  
And learn all loveliness of thee.
- 4 And all thy truth, and all thy zeal,  
Thy kind concern for human weal,  
Thy pity, charity divine,  
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 5 In all my pattern! may I bear  
More of thy sacred image here!  
That when I meet thee on thy throne,  
The fair resemblance thou mayest own.

CCLXXXVI. Common Metre. STEELE.

*The Excellency of the sacred Scriptures.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy word  
What wondrous goodness shines!  
For ever be thy name adored  
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here, may the wretched sons of want  
Exhaustless riches find;  
Riches, above what earth can grant,  
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,  
And yields a free repast;  
Sublimier sweets than nature knows,  
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here,

4 Here, springs of consolation rise,  
To cheer the fainting mind ;  
When guilt or suffering hopeless lies,  
And no relief can find.

5 O may these heavenly pages be  
My ever dear delight !  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light.

CCLXXXVII. Common Metre. STEELE.

*The Condescension of GOD in our Redemption.*

1 **E**TERNAL power, almighty God,  
Who can approach thy throne ?  
Accessless light is thine abode,  
To angels only known.

2 Before the radiance of thine eye  
Not heaven itself does shine,  
And all the glories of the sky  
Are but the shade of thine.

3 Great God, and wilt thou condescend  
To cast a look below,  
To this poor world thy notice bend,  
This seat of sin and woe !

4 The doom of our apostate race  
Not only to suspend ;  
But be, in all their richest grace,  
Our father and our friend.

5 Who can resist such wondrous love ?  
Whom must it not subdue ?  
May we, O God, its influence prove,  
And all its aims pursue.



CCLXXXVIII. Long Metre. WATTS.

*The Yoke of CHRIST easy and pleasant.*

- 1 **C**OME hither, ye with care oppress,  
Weary of this world's follies, come;  
From me receive your wished for rest,  
From me a calm and settled home.
- 2 Peace shall they find, who learn from me,  
From me, of meek and lowly mind:  
But passion rages like the sea,  
And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 Blest is the man who meekly stoops  
My light and easy yoke to bear;  
No strength beneath its pressure droops,  
And love of me will make it dear.
- 4 We come, dear Lord, at thy command,  
With faith and hope, and humble zeal;  
Resign our spirits to thy hand,  
To mould and guide us at thy will.

CCLXXXIX. Common Metre. BROWNE.

*The kind Invitation of CHRIST.*

- 1 **Y**OU that would my disciples be,  
And all my blessings win;  
The path of blessing learn of me,  
And leave the road of sin.
- 2 Lowly and meek like me become,  
And all your passions tame;  
If you would reach your heavenly home,  
Nor me your Master shame.

3 Nor

- 3 Nor are my terms unkind or hard;  
 I call you to be blest:  
 Come, but with virtuous minds prepared,  
 And you shall find your rest.
- 4 My yoke will neither gall nor pain,  
 But soft and easy prove:  
 The hardest laws which I enjoin,  
 Are all fulfilled by love.
- 5 You with no burden shall be tried  
 Which shall your strength exceed,  
 Or better strength shall be supplied  
 In every hour of need.

ccxc. Common Metre. UNKNOWN.

*Easter Hymn.*

- 1 **A** GAIN the Lord of life and light  
 Awakes the kindling ray;  
 Unseals the eyelids of the morn,  
 And pours increasing day.
- 2 O what a night was that, which wrapt  
 The heathen world in gloom!  
 O what a sun, which broke this day  
 Triumphant from the tomb!
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,  
 And loud hosannas sung;  
 Let gladness dwell in every heart,  
 And praise on every tongue.
- 4 Oh, if they knew but, all would join  
 To hail this welcome morn;  
 Which scatters blessings from its wings  
 To nations yet unborn.

- 5 Jesus, the friend of human kind,  
With strong compassion moved,  
Descended like a pitying God,  
To save the souls he loved.

## P A U S E.

- 6 The powers of darkness leagued in vain  
To bind his soul in death;  
He shook their kingdom when he fell,  
With his expiring breath.
- 7 Nor long the toils of hell could hold  
The hope of Judah's line;  
Nor could corruption make a prey  
Of aught so much divine.
- 8 And now his conquering chariot wheels  
Ascend the lofty skies;  
Captivity is captive led,  
And death enchained lies.
- 9 Exalted at his Father's hand,  
And Lord of all below,  
Thro' him is pard'ning love dispensed,  
And boundless blessings flow.
- 10 And still for erring guilty man  
A brother's pity flows;  
And still his tender heart is touched  
With feeling of our woes.
- 11 So do I feel, oh deeply feel  
Thy rich display of love:  
Oh, be it mine like thee to die,  
And live with thee above.

Com.



CCXCI. Com. Met. UNKNOWN.

*The same.*

- 1 **T**HE gracious Saviour bowed his head,  
And drew his parting breath;  
And as he lived to vanquish sin,  
He died to conquer death.
- 2 Three days—so high behests ordained,  
Death triumph'd o'er his prize;  
The hour of grace at length arrived,  
Behold the conqueror rise!
- 3 He rose triumphant to his God,  
He wing'd to heaven his flight,  
Where endless ages he shall reign  
Enthroned in realms of light.
- 4 Wondrous the grace, that gave to death  
The best belov'd of God;  
That bade the Saviour feel for us  
Affliction's keenest rod.
- 5 With every grateful thought inspired,  
Devoutly let us raise  
Our humble voice to mercy's throne  
In never ceasing praise.
- 6 Nor this be all—the grateful life  
Should speak the thankful mind;  
The heart that feels redemption's good,  
Should be to good inclined.

CCXCII. Prop. Met. UNKNOWN.

*Christmas Hymn.*

- 1 **A**RISE, and hail the happy day;  
 Cast all low cares of life away,  
 And thought of meaner things:  
 This day to cure our deadly woes,  
 The sun of righteousness arose,  
 With healing in his wings.
- 2 If angels on that happy morn  
 The Saviour of our world was born,  
 Poured forth their joyful songs;  
 Much more should we of human race  
 Welcome the blessings of his grace,  
 To whom the grace belongs.
- 3 How wonderful! how vast his love!  
 Who left the shining realms above,  
 Those happy seats of rest!  
 How much for human kind he bore,  
 Their peace and pardon to restore,  
 Can never be expressed.
- 4 Whilst we adore redeeming grace,  
 And holy joy, and thanks take place  
 Of sorrow, guilt, and pain;  
 Give glory to our God most high,  
 But not, amidst the general joy,  
 Forget good-will to men.

CCXCIII. Long Met. WATTS.

*The Character of a Christian.*

- 1 **S**O let our lips and lives express  
 The holy faith which we profess;

So

So let our works and virtues shine,  
To prove the doctrine all divine.

- 2 Then shall we best proclaim abroad  
The blessing which we owe to God,  
When all the blessing reigns within,  
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,  
Passion and envy, lust and pride;  
While justice, temperance, truth and love,  
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion cherishes no sin;  
The christian saint is pure within.  
That faith is built upon the sand,  
Which trifles with divine command.

CCXCIV. Common Metre. STEELE.

*The Comforts of Religion.*

1. **O** BLEST religion, heavenly fair!  
Thy kind, thy healing power,  
Can sweeten pain, alleviate care,  
And gild each gloomy hour.
- 2 When dismal thoughts and boding fears  
The trembling heart invade;  
And all the face of nature wears  
An universal shade.
- 3 Thy sacred dictates can appease  
The tempest of the soul,  
And every terror shall be peace  
At thy divine controul.
- 4 Thro' life's bewilder'd, darksome way  
Thy hand unerring leads;

And



And o'er the path thy heavenly ray  
A cheering lustre sheds.

5 When feeble reason, tired and blind,  
Sinks helpless and afraid;  
Thou, blest supporter of the mind,  
How powerful is thy aid!

6 O let my heart confess thy power,  
And find thy sweet relief,  
To brighten every gloomy hour,  
And soften every grief.

CCXCV. Proper Metre. STEELE.

*The Morning of the Lord's Day.*

1 GREAT God, this sacred day of thine,  
Demands our soul's collected powers:  
May we employ in work divine  
These solemn, these devoted hours!  
O may our souls adoring own  
The grace, which calls us to thy throne!

2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles fly,  
Where God presides, appear no more;  
Omniscient God, thy piercing eye  
Can every secret thought explore.  
O may thy grace our hearts refine,  
And fix our thoughts on things divine.

3 Thy spirit's powerful aid impart,  
O may thy word, with life divine,  
Engage the ear, and warm the heart;  
Then shall the day indeed be thine;  
Then shall our souls adoring own  
The grace, which calls us to thy throne.

Middle

## ccxcvi. Middle Metre. MERRICK.

*Song of Simeon paraphrased.*

- 1 **T**IS enough—the hour is come.  
Now within the silent tomb  
Let this mortal frame decay,  
Mingled with its kindred clay :
- 2 Since thy mercies, oft of old  
By thy chosen seers foretold,  
Faithful now and stedfast prove,  
God of truth and God of love !
- 3 Lo ! the nations bow the knee,  
Son of righteousness to thee ;  
And the realms of distant kings  
Own the healing of thy wings.
- 4 Those, whom death had overspread  
With his dark and dreary shade,  
Lift their eyes, and from afar  
Hail the light of Jacob's star.
- 5 Waiting 'till the promis'd ray  
Turn their darkness into day :  
While its brightest splendour shed  
Shines on Sion's favour'd head.
- 6 Never may it hence remove,  
God of truth, and God of love !  
'Tis enough—the hour is come ;  
Lay me in the silent tomb.

Long

## CCXCVII. Long Metre.

*The Beatitudes.*

- 1 **B**LEST is the man of humble mind,  
Mildly to God in all resign'd;  
No lovelier spirit to man is given,  
And fit for earth, 'tis fit for heaven.
- 2 Blessed are they who kiss the rod,  
They find their comfort in their God:  
Blest are the meek, who ne'er offend,  
Blessings on earth shall them attend.
- 3 Blest is the thirst of righteousness,  
In virtues thirst is no excess:  
Blest are the men who mercy love,  
A God of mercy they shall prove.
- 4 Blest are the pure for they shall see  
Their God in all his purity;  
And blest are they who peace pursue,  
Them as his children God will view.
- 5 Blest are the men in virtue bold,  
Dearer than life who conscience hold;  
The God who ordered virtues laws  
Will nobly vindicate their cause.

## CCXCVIII. Long Metre.

*The LORD's Prayer imitated.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of all, in earth and heaven,  
For ever hallowed be thy name:  
Thy kingdom to our world be given,  
And all our erring race reclaim.

2 Thy



- 2 Thy holy will on earth be done,  
As angels do thy will observe;  
May every human heart be won  
To thee, and thy designs subserve.
- 3 Convenient food to us extend,  
Such as thy wiser views approve;  
Nor in the use may we offend  
The goodness, which has all our love.
- 4 Mercy—the balm of human woe,  
Mercy—the sinner's dearest plea,  
If to our brother none we show,  
No mercy dare we ask of thee.
- 5 From the world's snares be thou our guard;  
To every good be thou our guide;  
May heav'n at length be thy award:  
Whatever fate on earth betide.

ccxcix. Com. Met. STEELE.

*The Traveller cheered, the Captive redeemed.*

- 1 **T**HE weary traveller, lost in night,  
Breathes many a longing sigh,  
And marks the welcome dawn of light  
With rapture in his eye.
- 2 Thus sweet the dawn of heavenly day  
Lost weary sinners find;  
When truth and mercy's gladd'ning ray  
Strikes on their darkened mind.
- 3 To the poor wretch in slavery's chains  
How kind, how dear the friend,  
Thro' whom his freedom he regains,  
Who bids his sorrows end!

4 Thus

- 4 Thus kind, thus dear, that friend divine  
Who ransoms captive souls,  
Unbinds the galling chains of sin,  
And all its power controuls.
- 5 My God, to thy revealed light  
My dawn of hope I owe;  
Else had I erred in darkest night,  
And sunk in hopeless woe.
- 6 Thy gracious love redeemed the slave,  
And set the prisoner free:  
Be all I am, and all I have,  
Devoted, Lord, to thee.

ccc. Short Metre.

*Hymn at the Communion.*

- 1 **C**OMMUNION with a friend  
What heart does not approve?  
But more, when all endearments meet  
To stir the soul of love.
- 2 Here present to your view  
This dearest friend behold!  
With all the graces of his life  
A virtuous converse hold.
- 3 The nobler mind of man  
What ruin had o'erspread?  
Corruption fell had wrought its work,  
And every hope was fled.
- 4 O what a blest reverse  
Thro' God to him we owe!  
Truth, hope, and peace to earth returned  
Have banished every woe.

- 5 No grace but that of God  
Can so th' affections move;  
He came in human form to show  
The blessedness of love.
- 6 How doth he woo our hearts!  
This best beloved of God,  
To work our weal, so ill deserved,  
The path of suffering trod.
- 7 For us he mildly moved  
His awful trial thro';  
For us he died, and dying crushed  
Our worst ill-looking foe.
- 8 Converse with such a friend  
What heart does not approve?  
What dear attractions in him meet  
To stir the soul of love?

ccci. Long Met. STEELE.

*The meek and benevolent Example of CHRIST.*

- 1 **A**ND is the gospel peace and love?  
Such let our conversation be;  
The serpent blended with the dove,  
Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,  
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,  
To your Redeemer raise your eyes,  
Bright pattern of the christian life.
- 3 O how benevolent and kind!  
How mild! how ready to forgive!  
Be this the temper of our mind,  
And these the rules by which we live.

4 To



- 4 To do his heavenly Father's will,  
Was his employment and delight;  
Humility and holy zeal  
Shone through his life, divinely bright.
- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,  
The labours of his life were love:  
O if we love our Saviour's name,  
His lovely virtues may we prove.
- 6 From thy example may we trace  
What every christian ought to be;  
And copying all thy various grace,  
Be daily, Lord, more like to thee.

ccclii. Long Metre. WATTS.

*Christian Charity.*

- 1 **N**OT different food, or different dress  
Compose the kingdom of the Lord;  
But peace, and joy, and righteousness,  
And true obedience to his word.
- 2 When weaker christians we despise,  
Highly the gospel do we wrong;  
For God the gracious and the wise  
Receives the feeble with the strong.
- 3 Let pride and wrath be banish'd hence;  
Meekness and love may we pursue;  
Nor let our practice give offence  
To Christian, Gentile, or to Jew.

Proper

## ccci. Proper Metre. STEELE.

*Charity the first and last of Virtues.*

- 1 **S**WEET charity, long suffering, meek and kind,  
Inspires with peace and joy the humble mind.  
Her heart no proud disdainful passion swells,  
Nor envy in her gentle bosom dwells.
- 2 No unbecoming selfish care she knows,  
But every social temper in her glows :  
Averse to take affronts, her placid smile  
Looks down on malice, and suspects no guile.
- 3 The numerous ills of life she patient bears,  
While faith looks upward, and forbids her fears ;  
Hope rises cheerful with expectant smiles,  
And all the tedious hours of pain beguiles.
- 4 Faith, hope and charity on earth remain,  
To guide our steps, and sweeten human pain ;  
But lovely charity superior shines,  
Nor dies, but heaven the sacred flame refines.

## ccci. Proper Metre. PRIOR.

*The same.*

- 1 **C**HARITY, decent, modest, easy, kind,  
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind ;  
Not soon provoked, she easily forgives ;  
And much she suffers, as she much believes.
- 2 Sweet peace she brings, wherever she arrives ;  
She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives ;  
Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,  
And opens in each heart a little heaven.
- 3 Each other gift which God on man bestows,  
Its proper bounds and due restriction knows ;  
To one fixt purpose dedicates its power,  
And finishing its act, exists no more.

R

4 Thus

- 4 Thus in obedience to what heaven decrees,  
Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease;  
And constant faith, and fairest hope shall die,  
One lost in certainty, and one in joy.
- 5 But lasting charity's more ample sway,  
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,  
In glorious triumph shall for ever live,  
And endless praise, and endless blessing give.

cccv. Long Metre, WATTS.

*The Love of God should be ascendant.*

- 1 **I** GRIEVE, my God, that I should be  
A stranger to myself and thee;  
Amidst a thousand cares I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my soul thus stoop to earth?  
Why thus debase my heavenly birth?  
Grasp with such passion things below,  
And let my God, my Father go?
- 3 O rescue me from earth and sense,  
Thy sovereign love should draw me thence:  
I would obey the claim divine,  
And sacrifice all love to thine.
- 4 Be earth then with its lures withdrawn,  
Its idle vanity be gone:  
In virtuous converse of the mind  
With God, my truest peace I find.

cccv. Common Metre. UNKNOWN.

*The virtuous Use of Prosperity.*

- 1 **M**Y gracious God accept my prayer,  
If e'er thy love divine  
Should



- Should prosper my well-meaning care,  
And wealth should e'er be mine.
- 2 May humble worth without a fear,  
Approach my open door;  
Nor may I ever view a tear,  
Regardless, from the poor.
- 3 O bless me with an honest mind,  
Above all selfish ends;  
Humanely warm to all mankind,  
And cordial to my friends.
- 4 With conscious truth and honour still  
My actions may I guide;  
Nor know a fear, but that of ill,  
Nor scorn, but that of pride.
- 5 Thee in remembrance may I bear,  
To thee my tribute raise;  
Conclude each day with fervent prayer,  
And wake each morn with praise.
- 6 Thus thro' my life may I approve  
The gratitude I owe;  
And hope to share thy bliss above,  
Whose laws I keep below.

cccvii. Proper Metre. UNKNOWN.

*Devotion inspiring virtuous Thoughts.*

- 1 **I** BOW before that sovereign power,  
Whose goodness heaven and earth adore,  
With every morning's light;  
And at the close of every day,  
To him my constant homage pay,  
Who guards from ill my night.

R 2

2 But

- 2 But vain is my devotion's fire,  
And falsely do my hopes aspire  
To see thy blest abode,  
If earthly passions unsubdued  
Should with their dangerous power intrude,  
And intercept my road.
- 3 Be mine a meek and lowly mind,  
And every passion be resigned  
To reason's juster sway;  
Be mine that sympathy of heart,  
Which tenderest feelings can impart  
For all my fellow clay.
- 4 And tho' an adverse path I tread,  
Still may my soul, in patience led,  
Wait for its grand release;  
And may my God be my support,  
And guide me to that blissful port,  
Where sin and sorrow cease.

cccviii. Proper Metre. UNKNOWN.

*The pious Mariner.*

- 1 **T**HE man whose heart from vice is clear,  
Whose deeds are honest, true, sincere,  
Whom God and goodness guide;  
With cautious circumspection wise,  
The rudest storm of life defies,  
And stems the mighty tide.
- 2 He hears the winds tumultuous rise,  
In adverse combat midst the skies,  
But hears without dismay:

His

- His pilot God the vessel guides,  
 And o'er the steady helm presides,  
 And points the destined way.
- 3 In vain the fyrens tune the song,  
 With treacherous music's luring tongue;  
 He still maintains his road;  
 In vain address their artful guiles,  
 Alluring charms, seducing wiles;  
 His soul is fix'd — on God.
- 4 At length he kens the promised land,  
 He hails aloud the wish'd for strand,  
 With heav'nly joy possest:  
 His labour past, his toil no more,  
 He lands O peace, on thy fair shore,  
 And with his God is blest.

cccix. Long Met. UNKNOWN.

*The grateful Hymn of the protected Traveller.*

- 1 **W**HILE oft from clime to clime I go,  
 Ordained to travel to and fro;  
 To be my guard by land or sea,  
 Whom have I, whom, my God, but thee?
- 2 And let me boast this glorious aid,  
 For who preserves like him that made?  
 What armour shields like his defence?  
 What care can equal Providence?
- 3 When on the deep I take my way,  
 And round my bark the billows play;  
 How should I scape the greedy wave,  
 Wert thou not present, Lord, to save?

R 3

4 I turn



- 4 I turn me oft, the labour past,  
To view the scene behind me cast,  
An Alps perhaps, or Apennine,  
And wonder; but the work was thine.
- 5 By thee my feeble strength sustains  
The heighth of hills, and length of plains;  
By thee I track the mazy wood,  
And smoothly pass the rapid flood.
- 6 In wilds, where stroll the savage brood,  
Or men more savage lurk for blood;  
If those I awe, or these decline,  
The skill, the power, my God, is thine.
- 7 Here forked lightnings round me glare,  
Here I inhale a poisoned air;  
Where'er I move, where'er I breathe,  
If God permits it, there is death.
- 8 But all things wait on thy decree,  
Dangers and death are rul'd by thee:  
I see thee, feel thee, all abroad,  
And what we nature call, is God.
- 9 Hail! Maker and Preserver, thou,  
Thou chief above, and chief below!  
Whose mercies no where, never, fail;  
Hail! Maker and Preserver, hail!

cccx. Com. Met. ADDISON.

*The same.*

1 **H**OW are thy servants blest, O Lord!  
How sure is their defence!  
Eternal wisdom is their guide,  
Their help Omnipotence.

2 In

- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,  
Supported by thy care ;  
Thro' burning climes, I pass'd unhurt,  
And breath'd in tainted air.
- 3 Thy mercy sweeten'd ev'ry soil,  
Made ev'ry region please ;  
The hoary frozen hills it warmed,  
And smooth'd the boist'rous seas.
- 4 The storm was laid, the winds retired,  
Obedient to thy will ;  
The sea that roar'd at thy command,  
At thy command was still.
- 5 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,  
Thy goodness I'll adore ;  
And praise thee for thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.
- 6 My life, while thou preserv'st my life,  
Thy sacrifice shall be ;  
And death, when death shall be my doom,  
Shall join my soul to thee.

cxcxi. Proper Metre. UNKNOWN.

*The Character of Religion.*

- 1 **R**ELIGION is a generous cheerful flame,  
That brightens, not deforms the human frame ;  
In the close covert of the heart she lies,  
Blooms there, not sternly threatens in the eyes.
- 2 In all, her origin divine we trace,  
Not sprung from earth, from passions low and base ;  
While grace in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,  
Proclaim a more than human purity.

R 4

3 No

- 3 No forc'd constraint, no sour disgust she wears;  
 No bidden sighs, no sanctimonious airs;  
 No boasting, envying, censure, malice, strife,  
 No spleen that spurns the blameless joys of life.
- 4 As wide from these are her ingenuous charms,  
 As virtue's peace from sin's confused alarms,  
 As solid reason's calm considerate train  
 From the wild frenzies of distempered brain.

CCCXII. Common Metre. STEELE.

*Religion alone answers the Desires of Man.*

- 1 **O** HAPPINESS, where art thou hid?  
 Where is thy mansion found?  
 Sought thro' the varying scenes in vain  
 Of earth's capacious round.
- 2 The charms of pleasure, pomp and show,  
 Are oft but gilded snares;  
 And proud ambition's steep ascent  
 Is often set with cares.
- 3 Though, mixed with temp'rance, all conduce  
 To stir the powers of man,  
 And have a secondary use;  
 They are not wisdom's plan.
- 4 Religion's sacred lamp alone  
 Unerring points the way,  
 Where happiness for ever shines,  
 With bright and constant ray.
- 5 To regions of eternal peace,  
 Beyond the starry throne,  
 Where pure, sublime, and perfect joys  
 In endless prospect join.

Long



## eccxiii. Long Metre. MERRICK.

*Desire of God, and Direction from him.*

- 1 **T**O thee, my God, my soul shall rise,  
On thee my steadfast hope relies;  
Thy paths, blest source of light, display,  
And teach my doubting steps thy way.
- 2 O ye that to his law incline,  
To God your willing steps resign,  
And learn from his directing hand  
What path may best your choice demand.
- 3 Thy precepts, blest is he who knows,  
As thro' life's pilgrimage he goes:  
Safety and peace divinely spread  
Their tent around his favoured head.

## cccxiv. Proper Metre. MRS. MASTERS.

*The same.*

- 1 **T**IS religion that can give  
Sweetest pleasures while we live;  
'Tis religion must supply  
Solid comforts when we die:
- 2 After death its joys will be  
Lasting as eternity;  
If such blessings her attend,  
Let me then make God my friend.

## cccxv. Proper Metre. MASTERS.

*The Choice of Religion justified.*

- 1 **F**RET not thyself when wicked men prevail,  
And bold iniquity bears down the scale;  
They

They and their glory quickly shall decay,  
Swept by the hand of Providence away.

- 2 Firm in thy pious choice, on God depend,  
His hand shall guide thee, and his arm defend;  
In all thy ways on him thy hope recline,  
And he shall vindicate each just design.
- 3 For ever faithful, ever patient be,  
And wait th' event of his divine decree:  
Thy virtue in full prospect shall be shown,  
Clear as the morn, and bright as mid-day sun.
- 4 The humble pittance, by the good enjoy'd,  
With labour gained, with probity employed,  
Is truer wealth, and more to be desired,  
Than all the stores by wicked men acquired.
- 5 What lovely virtues grace the pious mind!  
How pure, from ev'ry mixture base refined!  
Such form the man, who now heav'n's favour shares,  
And leaves the fair example to his heirs.
- 6 With grace and peace he treads life's varied round,  
With grace and peace his close of life is crowned:  
Th' eternal God is here his joy, his rest,  
And to eternity he shall be blest.

cccxvi. Short Metre. UNKNOWN.

*Worldly Anxiety reproved.*

- 1 **W**HY should I thus perplex  
My life with fruitless care,  
With fears and hopes which idly vex,  
And oft the heart ensnare?
- 2 Nor health nor peace increase  
With wealth's increasing sum:  
Why waste then both my health and peace,  
To hoard for years to come!

3 To

- 3 To him, these poor desires,  
This sordid gain I leave,  
Who to no higher good aspires,  
Than what this world can give.
- 4 A decent providence  
Is all I wish to know;  
To foster more, is want of sense,  
And fosters many a woe.
- 5 To nobler views applied  
My soul shall upward climb:  
They who the wealth of mind provide,  
Do best improve their time.

cccxvii. Long Metre. MERRICK.

*The righteous Prayer.*

- 1 **R**ETURN, in mercy, Lord, return;  
O let us not thy absence mourn:  
Thee, Lord, their refuge, thee alone  
In every age thy people own.
- 2 Author of good, thy work mature;  
In thee the righteous are secure:  
O may thy spirit our hearts refine,  
On us descend with grace divine.
- 3 And while new source of hope we view,  
And pleased our labour we pursue;  
Grant us, O God, the wish'd success,  
Our hope confirm, our labour bless.

Com-



cccxviii. Common Metre. MRS. ROWE.

*The same.*

- 1 **T**O thee, O God, my prayer ascends,  
 But not for golden stores;  
 Nor covet I the brightest gems  
 On the rich eastern shores.
- 2 Nor that deluding empty joy,  
 Men call a mighty name;  
 Nor pomp and state in all their pride  
 My restless thoughts inflame.
- 3 Nor pleasure's fascinating charms  
 My fond desires allure:  
 But nobler things than these from thee  
 My wishes would secure.
- 4 The treasures of thy glorious truth,  
 The treasures of thy love,  
 The grant of mercy, grant of heaven,  
 These my affections move.
- 5 To these true blessings I aspire;  
 Be these, my Father, mine;  
 And I the glories of the world  
 Contentedly resign.

cccix. Long Metre. TATE.

*Divine Goodness and Mercy.*

- 1 **M**Y soul, inspired with sacred love,  
 Thy heavenly friend and father bless;  
 Of all his favours mindful prove,  
 And still thy grateful thanks express.

2 In

- 2 In ill thy helper God is found;  
Thy sins a pardoning God forgives;  
By him with grace and mercy crowned,  
From ruin he thy soul retrieves.
- 3 The Lord abounds with tender love,  
With unexampled ways of grace;  
His wakened judgments slowly move,  
His willing mercy flows apace.
- 4 As high as heaven its arch extends  
Above this little spot of clay,  
So much his boundless grace transcends  
The best obedience we can pay.
- 5 Let every creature join to bless  
The God of good; and thou, my heart,  
With grateful joy thy thanks express;  
In this sweet concert bear thy part.

cccxx. Common Metre. WATTS.

*Submission under Afflictions.*

- 1 **N**AKED as from the earth we came,  
And rose to life at first;  
We to the earth return again,  
And mingle with the dust.
- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,  
And call our own in vain,  
Are but short pleasures borrowed now,  
To be reclaimed again.
- 3 'Tis God, who lifts our comforts high,  
Or sinks them to the grave;  
He gives, and, blessed be his name,  
He takes but what he gave,

4 Peace

- 4 Peace then, ye restless passions, peace;  
 And each impatient sigh  
 Be silent, at his sovereign will,  
 And every murmur die.
- 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,  
 Its praises shall be spread;  
 And we'll adore the justice too,  
 Which strikes our comforts dead.

cccxxi. Com. Met. UNKNOWN.

*The same.*

- 1 **I**F Providence, to try my heart,  
 Affliction should prepare;  
 To God submissive may I bend,  
 And keep me from despair.
2. Whate'er he orders must be just;  
 Then let me kiss the rod,  
 Nor, poorly sunk, at all distrust  
 The goodness of my God.
- 3 The mind to which I owe my own,  
 To guide this mind is wise;  
 And he, to whom my faults are known,  
 The fittest to chastise.
- 4 Then, till life's latest sands are run,  
 O teach me, power divine!  
 Still to reply, thy will be done,  
 Whate'er becomes of mine.

Proper



## cccxxii. Proper Metre. STEELE.

*Cheerful Resignation.*

- 1 **W**HY breathes my anxious heart the frequent  
 sigh?  
 Why from my weak eye drops the ready tear?  
 Is it regret, that wonted blessings fly?  
 Is it that dreaded trial wakes my fear?
- 2 O may I still with thankful heart enjoy  
 The various gifts indulgent Heaven bestows!  
 Nor let ungrateful diffidence destroy  
 The present good with fear of future woes.
- 3 Nor let me curious ask if dark or fair  
 My future hours, but in the hand divine  
 With full affiance leave my dearest care;  
 Be hope, and modest resignation mine.
- 4 Celestial guests! your smile can cheer the heart,  
 When melancholy spreads her deep'ning gloom:  
 O come, your animating power impart,  
 And bid your flowers amid the desert bloom.
- 5 My God, my guide, be thou for ever near,  
 Support my Steps, point out my devious way,  
 Preserve my heart from ev'ry anxious fear,  
 And send religion's all-enlivening ray.
- 6 Be earth's quick changing scenes or dark, or fair,  
 Still on my God, still may my soul recline;  
 Be heaven-born hope, kind antidote of care,  
 And humble, cheerful resignation mine.

## cccxxiii. Long Metre. STEELE.

*Our only Rest in God.*

- 1 **I**N vain the world's alluring smile  
 Would my unwary heart beguile:  
 Deluding world! its brightest day,  
 Dream of a moment, fleets away.
- 2 Earth's

- 2 Earth's highest pleasures, could they last,  
Would pall and languish on the taste;  
Such airy chaff was ne'er designed  
To feed the vast immortal mind.
- 3 To God its source my soul aspires,  
Equal alone to my desires:  
Be thou my portion, here I rest,  
In thee I am of all possest.
- 4 O may thy sacred word impart  
Its generous influence to my heart;  
With all its grace, its power divine,  
Subdue me to be wholly thine.
- 5 Then shall my soul, to heaven upborn,  
Tread upon sin with virtuous scorn;  
And when these transient scenes are o'er,  
And earth and sense can tempt no more:
- 6 O may I reach the happier plains,  
Where God in all his goodness reigns,  
And dwell for ever near thy throne,  
In joys to mortal yet unknown.

cccxxiv. Common Metre. ADDISON.

*The awful Prospect of Death relieved by the Hope  
of Mercy.*

- 1 **W**HEN rising from the bed of death,  
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,  
I see my Maker face to face,  
O how shall I appear?
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,  
And mercy may be sought,

My

- My heart with apprehension shrinks,  
And trembles at the thought ;
- 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed  
In majesty severe,  
And sit in judgment on my soul,  
O how shall I appear ?
- 4 No ! nothing could my fears appease,  
Nor stir one sense of joy,  
But the assurance of thy love,  
Which wills not to destroy.
- 5 Thou knowest all my course of life,  
The temper of my soul ;  
The hope that mercy these will judge  
Alone can me console.
- 6 This hope, my God, this blessed hope  
Shall cheer my parting breath,  
Dispel the terrors of the grave,  
And blunt the sting of death.

cccxxv. Common Metre. BROWNE.

*Mock Repentance.*

- 1 **W**retched deceit, to think of heaven,  
Or in a Saviour trust ;  
Wretched the hope to be forgiven,  
While we are slaves to lust.
- 2 Still to go on, and swell the debt,  
Can ne'er for debt atone ;  
And God is mock'd with weak regret,  
While sin still keeps her throne.

S

3 With



- 3 With many a cry, and many a tear,  
We may our sins lament;  
But if no better'd life appear,  
This is not to repent.
- 4 Still to confess, and still retain  
Affection for our sin;  
Still to resolve to break our chain,  
And still be held therein;
- 5 Where no temptation moves, to quit  
The beaten vulgar road;  
But still some dearer crimes commit,  
And still be led from God;
- 6 Argues the worst ill state of mind;  
It bids to hope adieu,  
To every means which God designed  
Lost goodness to renew.

cccxxvi. Common Metre.

*Peace not allied with Sin.*

- 1 **I**MPIOUS! to talk of peace with heaven,  
And heavenly joys to boast;  
While all our lives to vice are given,  
Our hearts to every lust.
- 2 No bold and daring confidence  
The best of men allow;  
Whence then, ye hardened sinners, whence  
Should your assurance flow?
- 3 Shall God, whose pure and perfect mind  
In angels views a stain;  
In you his chosen favourites find?  
Shall God himself profane?

4 Boast

- 4 Boast ye of Christ! read your disgrace  
 In this his word divine;  
 Depart from me, ye wicked race,  
 I know ye not as mine.
- 5 Whene'er immoral faith begins,  
 The work of mercy ends;  
 A saint, and cherishing his sins,  
 Mercy itself offends.
- 6 Such hopes corrupt the soul within,  
 Give vice its deepest dye,  
 Dreadfully aggravate our sin;  
 Sin can no higher fly.

cccxxvii. Common Metre. BROWNE.

*The true Way to please God.*

- 1 **W** Herewith shall I approach the Lord,  
 And bow before his throne?  
 What shall sweet peace of mind afford?  
 What for my faults atone?
- 2 Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,  
 And spicy fumes ascend?  
 Will these my earnest wish succeed,  
 And make my God my friend?
- 3 With trembling hands, and bleeding heart,  
 Shall I mine offspring slay?  
 Will this atone for ill desert,  
 And purge my guilt away?
- 4 Alas! 'twere idle mockery all,  
 Such victims bleed in vain;  
 No fatlings from the field or stall  
 Such favour can obtain.

- 5 Well dost thou know what must delight,  
And what acceptance win:  
Repentance true, and heart upright,  
And life estranged from sin.
- 6 To God with humble reverence bow,  
And to his glory live;  
To men their sacred rights allow,  
And proofs of kindness give.
- 7 Hands that are clean, and hearts sincere  
God never will despise;  
And cheerful duty he'll prefer  
To costly sacrifice.

CCCXXVIII. Long Metre.

*The Pleasures of a good Conscience.*

- 1 **L**ORD, how divinely blest are they,  
Whose hearts report no hardened crime!  
Who thee in all thy grace survey!  
Peace is their own, and hope sublime.
- 2 \*The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,  
Made up of innocence and love;  
And when mild eve her mantle spreads,  
Their hours of night serenely move.
- 3 The world and all its boasted joys  
Sit light and easy at their hearts;  
What not their happiness destroys,  
Not much of happiness imparts.
- 4 Yet thus secured against its power,  
The world itself becomes their friend;  
No carking cares their peace devour,  
No guilty means defeat the end.

\* This stanza chiefly from Watts.



- 5 At friendship with themselves and God,  
 They neither wish nor fear to die ;  
 For life and death are but the road,  
 That leads to nobler bliss on high.

CCCXXIX. Long Metre. DR. COTTON.

*The best Support from a good Conscience.*

- 1 **W**HILE some in folly's pleasures roll,  
 And court the joys which hurt the soul;  
 Be mine, that silent calm repast,  
 A peaceful conscience to the last.
- 2 That tree, which bears immortal fruit,  
 Without a canker at the root ;  
 That friend, who never fails the just,  
 When other friends betray their trust.
- 3 With this companion in the shade,  
 My soul no more shall be dismayed ;  
 But fearless meet the midnight gloom,  
 And the pale monarch of the tomb.
- 4 Affliction come, I'll not repine ;  
 The noblest comforts still are mine ;  
 Comforts which over death prevail,  
 And journey with me thro' the vale.
- 5 Amid the various scene of ills,  
 Each stroke some kind design fulfils ;  
 And shall I murmur at my God,  
 When love itself directs the rod ?
- 6 His hand will smoothe my rugged way,  
 And lead me to the realms of day ;  
 To milder skies and brighter plains,  
 Where everlasting blessing reigns.

cccxxx. Common Metre.

*Early Religion.*

- 1 **H**APPY the youth, whose early years  
To God and good are given;  
The downward path who wisely fears,  
Whose eye is fixed on heaven.
- 2 'Tis dangerous to set out in sin,  
We know not where it ends;  
Corruption, when it steals within,  
Rarely to better tends.
- 3 In youth the ways of God to tread  
Is lovely in his eyes;  
But the cold heart, to feeling dead,  
Is a poor sacrifice.
- 4 This life was given for nobler views,  
And he adorns his kind,  
Who steadily thro' life pursues  
Th' improvement of his mind.

cccxxxi. Short Metre. SCOTT.

*Invitation of Wisdom.*

- 1 **H**EAR wisdom's earnest cry :  
Wisdom, the voice of God,  
To young and old, the low and high,  
Utters his will abroad.
- 2 Within the human breast  
Her strong monitions plead :  
She thunders her divine protest  
Against th' unrighteous deed.
- 3 Within

- 3 Within the holy place  
She stretches out her hand;  
O sinners listen to my grace;  
Ye simple understand.
- 4 The race of man I love,  
In mercy I chastise,  
Severely faithful I reprove;  
Hear, mortals, and be wise.
- 5 My house, a royal dome,  
With open gate invites;  
Thro' devious paths no longer roam,  
With me are true delights.
- 6 Come, ye of purer taste,  
Come, drink of wisdom's wine;  
No sorrow poisons my repast,  
The banquet is divine.
- 7 Sweet peace and cheerfulness  
Know me their constant friend;  
But all the ways of sinfulness  
To dreadful ruin tend.

cccxxxii. Common Metre. BROWNE.

*Rejoice, O young Man, &c. Eccl.*

- 1 **T**HY laughing joys, young man, pursue,  
In all thy youth rejoice;  
'Tis life's gay spring, restraint adieu!  
Nor heed dull wisdom's voice.
- 2 Repel each intermeddling fear;  
Shall fear thy course restrain?  
At danger laugh, remote or near,  
And deem each terror vain.

S 4

3 But



- 3 But know, thy Judge with watchful eye  
 Marks every daring sin;  
 Thy open crimes all naked lie,  
 And all that lurks within.
- 4 Whate'er thou hast in darkness done,  
 To shun a public shame,  
 He will expose before the sun,  
 And to the world proclaim.
- 5 O how wilt thou abide his frown,  
 Thy awful sentence bear?  
 Let not the thought away be thrown,  
 But stop thy mad career.
- 6 Renounce each dear and tempting vice,  
 Thy loose associates fly;  
 Be serious, sober, chaste, and wise,  
 And virtue's pleasures try.
- 7 That when thy righteous Judge shall come,  
 In all his glories drest;  
 Thou may'st serenely wait thy doom,  
 The voice which hails thee blest.

cccxxxiii. Common Metre. UNKNOWN.

*Youth admonished.*

- 1 **B**ETHINK, ye heedless youths, in time;  
 Wisely your hour enjoy;  
 Nor, idly sportive, waste your prime  
 In ways that peace destroy.
- 2 Let virtue's footsteps guide your way,  
 And where she leads pursue;  
 Nor ever from her precepts stray,  
 But keep them still in view.

- 3 Of her possest, in her you'll find  
Delights of truer taste;  
Content of heart, with peace of mind,  
And joys that ever last.

cccxxxiv. Long Metre. DODDRIDGE.

*The one Thing needful.*

- 1 **W**HY will ye waste on trifling cares  
The life, which heavenly mercy  
spares;  
While in your various range of thought  
The one thing needful is forgot?
- 2 Why will ye chase the fleeting wind,  
And famish an immortal mind;  
While angels with regret look down  
To see you spurn a heavenly crown?
- 3 The voice of God calls from above,  
Your Saviour pleads his dying love,  
Conscience inflicts her bosom pain;  
And shall they join their pleas in vain?
- 4 Not so your dying eyes shall view  
Those objects, which ye now pursue;  
Nor so eternity appear,  
When the decisive hour is near.
- 5 Almighty God, thy aid impart  
To fix conviction on the heart;  
That we our truest good may see,  
And our affections raise to thee.

Long

ccccxxv. Long Metre.

*Religion approved in every View.*

- 1 **H**OW foolish to oppose to God  
Our passions, or in other road  
The happiness of mind pursue,  
Than what with favour God may view.
- 2 'Tis impious to suspect his will,  
Or deem it capable of ill;  
'Tis desperate madness to resist  
The power, which ordereth what it list.
- 3 But though nor impious nor unwise  
The man, who Providence defies:  
The heart, which love of God has fled,  
To every good affection's dead.
- 4 Though many faults do me reprove;  
Religion, thee I dearly love.  
Come, fairest seraph, breathe thy fire,  
And all thy blessed peace inspire.
- 5 If aught this soul of mine can raise,  
Thine is the power, be thine the praise:  
Teach me a more exalted mind,  
From every low desire refined.
- 6 Though frail, not obstinate in crime;  
Strengthened in good by hope sublime;  
If blest, forgetful not of God,  
Nor sunk, when chastened by his rod.
- 7 Mild, humble, docile, just and kind,  
To every fellow-good inclined.  
Come, holy seraph, breathe thy fire,  
And all thy virtuous soul inspire.

Proper



## cccxxxvi. Proper Metre. MASTERS.

*The same.*

- 1 'TIS religion that can give  
Truest pleasures while we live;  
'Tis religion must supply  
Solid comforts when we die.
- 2 After death its joys will be  
Lasting as eternity.  
Let me then make God my friend,  
And on all his ways attend.

## cccxxxvii. Short Metre.

*The Necessity and the Blessedness of Revelation.*

- 1 WHO of himself can find  
The error of his ways?  
Left to himself, with daring mind,  
From God and heaven he strays.
- 2 The savage and the sage  
Alike this truth proclaim;  
And every nation, every age,  
Partakes the general shame.
- 3 Nor could our fallen race  
Recovery e'er have known,  
If God his better truth and grace  
In mercy had not shown.
- 4 O welcome to my heart  
This cure of human ill!  
O God, thy presence still impart  
To work in me thy will.

5 A man,

- 5 A man, may I abhor  
 Beneath the man to move:  
 A Christian, may I higher soar,  
 And answer all thy love.

CCCXXXVIII. Long Metre. BARBAULD.

*The Christian Warfare.*

- 1 **A** WAKE my soul, lift up thine eyes;  
 See where thy foes against thee rise,  
 In long array, a numerous host;  
 Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.
- 2 Here giant danger threat'ning stands,  
 Mustering his pale terrific bands;  
 There pleasure's silken banners spread,  
 And willing souls are captive led.
- 3 See where rebellious passions rage,  
 And fierce desires and lusts engage;  
 The meanest foe of all the train  
 Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
- 4 Thou treadest upon enchanted ground,  
 Perils and snares beset thee round;  
 Beware of all, guard every part,  
 But most, the traitor in thy heart.
- 5 Come then, my soul, now learn to wield  
 The weight of thine immortal shield;  
 Put on the armour from above  
 Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.
- 6 The terror and the charm repel,  
 And powers of earth, and powers of hell:  
 The man of Calvary triumphed here,  
 Nor should his faithful followers fear.

Long

## cccxxxix. Long Metre. TATE.

*Wisdom of Affliction.*

- 1 **W**isdom repines not, though it meet  
The bitter mixed with every sweet;  
It is not mine or your hard fate,  
But the fixed lot of human state.
- 2 And since this portion is assign'd  
By the great Father of mankind;  
Though yet not fully understood,  
We should presume the method good.
- 3 Thus does our God his love express,  
To lead us thro' this wilderness;  
Lest sluggards we should take our stand,  
And stop short of the promised land.

## cccxl. Long Metre.

*Trial the Friend of Man.*

- 1 **I**N our prosperity we cry,  
Our mountain is thro' life secured:  
Vain thought! it is thy mercy, Lord,  
That it has one rude shock endured.
- 2 If thy protection were withdrawn,  
Storms would assault on every side;  
And, by thy will no longer awed,  
Would shake the basis of our pride.
- 3 Affliction is the friend of man,  
Kindly reminds us that thou art,  
Recalls our wandering thoughts to thee,  
It humbles, softens, mends the heart.

Long



## CCCXLI. Long Metre. STEELE.

*The Happiness of Divine Trust.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord attends my humble call;  
What terrors can my heart appal?  
While God my guardian friend is near,  
I know no ill, I own no fear.
- 2 This only boon my heart desires,  
To this my ardent wish aspires;  
Be this thro' life my virtuous care,  
Be this thro' life my constant prayer.
- 3 With thee and thine to spend my days,  
My life, devoted to thy praise,  
In thy own house thy glory trace,  
And learn the wonders of thy grace.
- 4 When troubles rise, my Saviour God  
Will shield me from oppression's rod:  
Firm as a rock my hope shall stand,  
Sustain'd by his almighty hand.

## CCCXLII. Common Metre. WATTS.

*Equity.*

- 1 **C**OME, let us search our ways, and try;  
Have they been just and right?  
Is the great rule of equity  
Our practice and delight?
- 2 What we would wish our neighbour do,  
Have we still done the same?  
Withheld from none the debt we owe,  
Which all from all do claim?

- 3 In all we sell, in all we buy,  
Have we ne'er known a stain?  
Can we in all, mankind defy  
Our justice to arraign?
- 4 Have we ne'er envied others' good?  
Ne'er envied others' praise?  
In no man's path malignant stood,  
Nor used detraction's ways?
- 5 Have we not spurn'd the humble guest,  
Nor turned from fellow woe?  
The scorn which wrings the sufferer's breast.  
Have we abhorr'd to show?
- 6 Then may we raise our modest prayer  
To God the just and kind;  
And hope in every human care  
The grace of heaven to find.
- 7 Religion's path we never trod,  
Who equity condemn;  
Nor ever are we just to God,  
Who are unjust to men.

CCCXLIII. Common Metre. WATTS.

*Virtuous Prudence.*

- 1 **O** 'TIS a lovely thing to see  
A man of prudent heart,  
Whose thoughts, and lips, and life agree  
To act a useful part.
- 2 When envy, strife, and war begin  
In little angry souls;  
Mark how the sons of peace come in,  
And quench the kindling coals.
- 3 Their

- 3 Their minds are humble, mild and meek,  
 No furious passions rise;  
 Nor malice moves their lips to speak,  
 Nor pride exalts their eyes.
- 4 Their lives are prudence mixed with love;  
 Good works employ their day;  
 They join the serpent with the dove,  
 But cast the sting away.
- 5 Such was the Saviour of mankind,  
 Such pleasures he pursued;  
 His manners gentle and refined,  
 His soul divinely good.

CCCXLIV. Long Metre. DODDRIDGE.

*Charitable Judgment.*

- 1 **A**LL seeing God, 'tis thine to know  
 The springs whence wrong opinions flow,  
 To judge, from principles within,  
 When frailty errs, and when we sin.
- 2 Who among men, high Lord of all,  
 Thy servant to his bar shall call?  
 For modes of faith judge him thy foe,  
 And doom him to the realms of woe?
- 3 Who with another's eye can read?  
 Or worship by another's creed?  
 Revering thy commands alone,  
 We humbly form and use our own.
- 4 If wrong, forgive; accept, if right;  
 While faithful we obey our light,  
 And without pride, are zealous still  
 To follow, as to learn thy will.

5 When



- 5 When shall our happy eyes behold  
 Thy people fashioned in thy mould?  
 And charity our lineage prove,  
 Derived from thee, O God of love?

CCCLV. Common Metre. WATTS.

*The Excellence of Love.*

- 1 SWEET love! thy praises claim my strain,  
 All-bleffing and all-blest!  
 Thou fairest of fair virtue's train,  
 And guardian of the rest!
- 2 Let pharisees of high esteem  
 Their faith and zeal declare;  
 All their religion is a dream,  
 If love be wanting there.
- 3 Inspired by love no task we know,  
 Our duties pleasant prove:  
 The wicked know and tremble too,  
 The wicked cannot love.
- 4 Love suffers long with patient eye,  
 Nor is provoked in haste;  
 She lets the present injury die,  
 As she forgets the past.
- 5 She nor desires nor seeks to know  
 The scandal of the time;  
 Nor looks with pride on those below,  
 Nor envies those who climb.
- 6 Her own advantage she declines  
 A fellow-heart to prove;  
 Our Saviour's fair example shines  
 In all the forms of love.

T

7 'Tis

- 7 'Tis love that human sin forgives,  
 And bids our hopes aspire;  
 And this the grace that still survives,  
 When faith and hope expire.

CCCXLVI. Com. Met. BARBAULD.

*The Character and Reward of Christian Charity.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD where breathing love divine,  
 Our dying Master stands!  
 His weeping followers gathering round,  
 Receive his last commands.
- 2 From that mild Teacher's parting lips  
 What tender accents fell!  
 The gentle lessons which he gave  
 Became their Author well.
- 3 "Blest is the man, whose softening heart  
 "Feels all another's pain;  
 "To whom the supplicating eye  
 "Was never raised in vain:
- 4 "Whose breast expands with generous warmth  
 "A stranger's woes to feel;  
 "And bleeds in pity o'er the wound  
 "He wants the power to heal.
- 5 "He spreads his kind supporting arms  
 "To every child of grief;  
 "His sacred bounty largely flows,  
 "And brings unasked relief.
- 6 "To gentlest offices of love  
 "His feet are never slow;  
 "He views thro' mercy's melting eye  
 "A brother in a foe.

7 "Peace

- 7 "Peace from the bosom of his God,  
 "My peace to him I give;  
 "And when he kneels before the throne,  
 "His trembling soul shall live.
- 8 "To him protection shall be shown:  
 "And mercy from above  
 "Descend on those, who thus fulfil  
 "The perfect law of love."

CCCXLVII. Long Met. BROWNE.

*A Prayer for Love in all its Movements.*

- 1 **O** GOD, my Saviour, and my King,  
 Of all I have or hope the spring!  
 Send down thy spirit from above,  
 And warm my heart with holy love.
- 2 May I from every act abstain,  
 That hurts or gives another pain;  
 And every secret wish suppress  
 That would abridge his happiness.
- 3 Still may I feel my heart inclined  
 To act the friend to all mankind;  
 Still wish them safety, health and ease,  
 Wealth, fame, eternal life and peace.
- 4 With pity may my breast o'erflow,  
 When I behold a wretch in woe;  
 And bear a sympathizing part,  
 Whene'er I meet a wounded heart.
- 5 And let a fellow's prosperous state  
 A fellow joy in me create;  
 His virtuous triumph may I join;  
 His peace and happiness be mine.



- 6 With hearty and with forward zeal  
 May I promote my brother's weal;  
 Be pleased to please, whate'er th' event;  
 And griefs, or lessen, or prevent.
- 7 And should my neighbour spiteful prove,  
 Still may I vanquish spite with love;  
 And mercy as I hope to know,  
 That mercy to my fellow show.
- 8 In all my life may love thus shine,  
 An image fair, tho' faint, of thine:  
 Let me thy humble follower prove,  
 Father of men, great God of love.

CCCXLVIII. Short Metre. SCOTT.

*Mercy.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD a wretch in woe,  
 A fellow mortal mourns:  
 My eyes with tears of pity flow,  
 My heart his sighs returns.
- 2 I hear the thirsty cry,  
 The famished beg for bread:  
 O let my spring its stream supply,  
 My hand its bounty shed.
- 3 Lo, the poor debtor sues,  
 Pale at the penal threat,  
 A starving family he shews;  
 Then cancelled be the debt.
- 4 And shall not wrath relent,  
 Touched by this humble strain,  
 "My brother, deeply I repent,  
 "Nor will offend again?"

5 How

- 5 How else, on sprightly wing,  
Can hope bear high my prayer  
Up to thy throne, my God, my King,  
To plead for pardon there?
- 6 The pitiful and kind  
Thy pity will repay;  
And who forgive on earth, shall find  
Forgiveness in thy day.
- 7 But justice lifts her scale,  
And shakes her rod on high;  
Nor prayers, nor sighs, nor tears avail  
The sons of cruelty.

CCCXLIX. Long Metre. SCOTT.

*Meekness.*

- 1 **M**ARK, when tempestuous winds arise,  
The wild confusion and uproar,  
All ocean mixing with the skies,  
And havock spread along the shore.
- 2 Not less confusion rends the mind  
By its own fierce ideas tost;  
Calm reason is to rage resigned,  
And in the whirl of passion lost.
- 3 O self-tormenting child of pride,  
Anger, bred up in hate and strife!  
Ten thousand ills, by thee supplied,  
Mingle the cup of bitter life.
- 4 Happy the meek, whose gentle breast,  
Clear as the summer's evening ray,  
Calm as the regions of the blest,  
Enjoys on earth celestial day.

T 3

5 Their

- 5 Their heart no broken friendships sting,  
 No jars their peaceful tent invade;  
 They rest beneath affection's wing,  
 Hostile to none, of none afraid;
- 6 Spirit of grace, all meek and mild,  
 Descend on us, our souls possess;  
 Repel each passion rude and wild,  
 And bless us, as we know to bless.

cccl. Proper Metre. COTTON.

*Contentment.*

- 1 **I**F solid happiness we prize,  
 Within our breasts this jewel lies,  
 Foolish are they who roam:  
 The world has little to bestow;  
 From our own selves our joys must flow,  
 And peace begins at home.
- 2 We'll therefore relish, with content,  
 Whate'er kind Providence has sent,  
 Nor aim beyond our power;  
 And if our store of wealth be small,  
 With thankful hearts improve it all,  
 Nor waste the present hour.
- 3 We'll be resigned, when ills betide,  
 Patient, when favours are denied,  
 And pleased with what is given;  
 This is the wise, the virtuous part,  
 This is that incense of the heart,  
 Whose fragrance reaches heaven.
- 4 Thus crowned with peace, thro' life we'll go,  
 Its chequered paths of joy and woe  
 With cautious steps we'll tread;

Quit



Quit its vain scenes without a tear,  
Without a trouble or a fear,

And mingle with the dead :

- 5 While conscience, like a faithful friend,  
Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,  
And cheer our dying breath ;  
Shall, when all other comforts cease,  
Like a kind angel whisper peace,  
And smoothe the bed of death.

CCCLI. Common Metre. WATTS.

*The World a poor Exchange.*

- 1 **H**OW eagerly do Men pursue  
Each idle childish toy ;  
And venture everlasting death  
To win a moment's joy,
- 2 Neglected leave their nobler mind,  
Or all its whiteness stain ;  
And angels' happiness resign,  
The bliss of brutes to gain.
- 3 The pleasures that allure the sense  
Are dangerous to us all,  
Sweet at the first, how soon succeeds  
The bitterness of gall.
- 4 God is mine all-sufficient good,  
My portion and my choice ;  
In him my vast desires are filled,  
And all my powers rejoice.
- 5 In vain the world accosts my ear,  
And tempts my heart anew ;

I cannot buy your bliss so deary,  
Nor part with heaven for you.

cccliii. Short Metre. Scott, 1122

*The Changes of Life from God.*

- 1 **A**S various as the moon  
Is man's estate below;  
To his bright day of gladness soon  
Succeeds a night of woe.
- 2 The night of woe relings  
Its darkness and its grief;  
Again the morn of comfort shines,  
And brings our souls relief.
- 3 Yet not to fickle chance  
Is man's condition given;  
His bright and darker hours advance  
By the fixed laws of heaven.
- 4 God measures unto all  
Their lot of good and ill;  
Nor this too great, nor that too small,  
All is a Father's will.
- 5 Let each conform his mind  
To every changing state;  
Rejoicing now, and now resigned,  
And the great issue wait.

Common

## CCCLIII. Common Metre.

IMITATED FROM WATTS.

*Our frail Bodies upheld by God.*

- 1 **L**ET others on their strength rely,  
Nor death nor anger fear:  
No truth more clearly meets our eye,  
Than this, that death is near.
- 2 As the young flowers their leaves expand,  
We flourish bright and gay;  
A chilling blast blows o'er the land,  
And all is swept away.
- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,  
And dies if one be gone;  
Yet though a breath disorder brings,  
Still the machine moves on.
- 4 But not our wisdom or command,  
That bids disorder flee;  
'Tis thine, O God, thy guardian hand,  
And thine the glory be.
- 5 And what thou'rt pleased to preserve  
O let us not abuse,  
But sacredly thy will subserve,  
And answer all thy views.

## CCCLIV. Common Metre. UNKNOWN.

*The Lesson of human Frailty.*

- 1 **S**WIFT as the feathered arrow flies,  
And cuts the yielding air;

Or



Or as a kindling meteor dies,  
Ere it can well appear.

2 So pass our fleeting years away,  
And time runs on its race :  
In vain we ask a moment's stay,  
Time lessens not its pace.

3 But, Lord, what mighty things depend  
On our precarious breath !  
And soon this fleeting life will end  
In future life or death.

4 O make us truly wise to learn  
How very frail we are ;  
That we may mind our grand concern,  
And for our change prepare.

5 May think of death, and learn to die  
To all inferior things ;  
Whilst our glad souls aspiring fly  
To life's eternal springs.

6 Then may we bid our years roll on,  
And time make haste away :  
The sooner will our souls be gone  
To endless life and day.

ccclv. Long Metre. WATTS.

*With Life, the Season of Preparation is gone.*

1 **L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,  
The time t' ensure the great reward ;  
And while the lamp of life does burn,  
The sinner to his God may turn.

2 Life is the hour, which God has given  
To fit ourselves for him and heaven ;

The

The day of grace, and mortals may  
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die;  
But all the dead inactive lie;  
They reap no good from all that's done  
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

4 There are no acts of pardon passed,  
In the dark grave to which we haste;  
A short oblivion, long despair  
Reign in ill-omened silence there.

5 Then what thy thoughts design to do,  
With all thy heart and hand pursue;  
For no device nor work remains,  
Nor hope, in gloomy death's domains.

CCCLVI. Long Metre. DODDRIDGE.

*Reflections on Death.*

1 **B**Ehold the path, which mortals tread,  
Down to the regions of the dead!  
Nor will our fleeting moments stay,  
Nor can we measure back our way.

2 Gone are my kindred and my friends,  
Nor other fate on me attends;  
Feeble as theirs my mortal frame,  
The same my way, my home the same.

3 From vital air, from vital light,  
From all on earth that yields delight,  
From scenes of duty, means of grace,  
I must to God's tribunal pass.

4 O for

- 4 O for this audit to prepare,  
Be it my first, my dearest care;  
And still that path by me be trod,  
Which can alone conduct to God.

ccclvii. Common Metre. WATTS.

*The same.*

- 1 **T**HEE we adore, eternal God,  
And humbly own to thee,  
How feeble is our mortal frame,  
What dying creatures we.
- 2 Our wasting life grows shorter still,  
As months and days increase;  
And every beating pulse we tell,  
Still leaves the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away  
The breath, which first it gave;  
Where'er we are, whate'er we do,  
We're travelling to the grave.
- 4 Good God! on what a slender thread,  
Hang everlasting things!  
Th' eternal state of all mankind  
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 5 Let me not then my life mispend  
In folly's dangerous road;  
But of each day and hour transmit  
A fair report to God.

Long



## CCCLVIII. Long Metre.

*God justified in the Appointments of this Life, and  
of another.*

- 1 **T**Hough peevish virtue may complain,  
And almost dare its God arraign,  
Who has not fitted nature's plan  
To bless thro' life the virtuous man.
- 2 Better instructed, we shall find  
That God in all is wise and kind :  
Suffering refines, exalts the soul ;  
Suffering is virtue's richest school.
- 3 Here all without distinction prove  
Some common blessings of his love ;  
The world hereafter God reserves  
For treating each as each deserves.
- 4 Then life's vast issues shall be known,  
And man shall reap as man has sown.  
This hope the virtuous mind enjoys,  
This fear the sinner's peace destroys.

## CCCLIX. Common Metre. DODDRIDGE.

*Hope triumphant over Fear.*

- 1 **A**WAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,  
And raise your voices high ;  
Awake, and praise your Maker's love,  
Which shows salvation nigh.
- 2 Swift on the wings of time it flies ;  
Each moment brings it near ;  
Then welcome each declining day ;  
Welcome each closing year.

3 Not

- 3 Not many years their round shall run,  
 Not many mornings rise,  
 Ere all its glories stand revealed  
 To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature speed your course,  
 Ye mortal powers decay ;  
 Fast as ye bring the night of death,  
 Ye bring eternal day.

ccclx. Common Metre. DODDRIDGE.

*The Christian Race.*

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
 And press with vigour on ;  
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
 And an immortal crown.
- 2 'Tis God's all animating voice  
 Which calls thee from on high ;  
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
 To thine aspiring eye.
- 3 A cloud of witnesses around  
 Hold thee in full survey :  
 Forget the steps already trod,  
 And onward urge thy way.

ccclxi. Common Metre.

*The Resolution worthy of Man.*

- 1 **T**HOUGH all of this material frame,  
 Where'er I look around,  
 Wisdom and power aloud proclaim,  
 And wonders me surround.

2 Yet

- 2 Yet God a nobler work designed,  
Man with his powers divine;  
Gave him a soul of heavenly kind,  
Lodged in a goodly shrine.
- 3 Shall I then stoop to this low earth?  
On earth my thoughts bestow?  
I claim the glory of my birth,  
To be like God below.
- 4 No passion's rude and brutal sway  
Shall stain my nobler mind;  
On will I move in virtue's way,  
And be what God designed.

CCCLXII. Long Metre. MERRICK.

*Prayer for Holiness, as alone acceptable to God.*

- 1 **B**LEST in the hope of thee, my God,  
I speak the grace on him bestowed,  
Who guiltless hands to thee can raise,  
And offer unpolluted praise.
- 2 Thy ways to ours conform; in thee  
The holy shall the holy see;  
The pure the pure; the perfect mind  
In thee perfection's self shall find.
- 3 O let me keep this truth in view,  
O let me thus thy love pursue;  
Nor error's cloud, nor arts of sin  
My soul from fair uprightness win.
- 4 No will I wish to know but thine;  
No path but that of sin decline:  
For all beside is innocent,  
And all for good by thee is sent.

Proper



## CCCLXIII. Proper Metre. STEELE.

*Divine Direction supplicated.*

- 1 **O** GOD of mercy, thou that hearest prayer!  
 Let these poor breathings reach thy gracious  
 ear;  
 Extend thy grace, which only can impart  
 Conviction, life, and vigour to my heart.
- 2 Remove each cloud of error from my eyes,  
 And empty trifles teach me to despise;  
 Let nobler cares my time, my thoughts employ;  
 Such as may yield a true and constant joy.
- 3 Be thy almighty arm my strength, my guide;  
 Nor ever from thy precepts let me slide:  
 Let thy kind influence make my future days  
 A life of pleasure, and a life of praise.

## CCCLXIV. Common Metre. BROWNE.

*New Year's Day.*

- 1 **R**EMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds  
 Of the revolving year;  
 How swift the weeks complete their rounds!  
 How short the months appear!
- 2 Much of my dubious life is done,  
 Nor will return again;  
 And swift my passing moments run,  
 The few that yet remain.
- 3 So fast eternity comes on,  
 And that important day,  
 When all that man thro' life has done  
 God's judgment shall survey.

4 Awake

- 4 Awake my soul ; with utmost care  
 Thy true condition learn ;  
 What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair ;  
 Be this thy first concern.
- 5 Devoutly give thyself to God,  
 And on his love depend ;  
 With zeal pursue the heavenly road,  
 Nor doubt a happy end.

CCCLXV. Long Metre. DODDRIDGE.

*At an Ordination.*

- 1 GREAT Lord of spirits, we adore  
 The grace, which guards thy courts  
 below ;  
 And 'midst ten thousand sons of light  
 Stoops to regard what mortals do.
- 2 Amidst the wastes of time and death  
 Successive pastors thou dost raise,  
 Thy truth to tell, thy kingdom spread,  
 And form a people for thy praise.
- 3 At length, dismissed from feeble clay,  
 Thy servants join th' angelic band ;  
 With them o'er other charge preside,  
 With them before thy presence stand.
- 4 O blest employ ! O glorious hope !  
 Sweet lenitive of grief and care !  
 When shall we reach those radiant courts,  
 And all their joys and honours share ?
- 5 Yet while these labours we pursue,  
 Though distant from the heavenly throne,  
 U Give

Give us a zeal and love like their's,  
And half their heaven shall here be known.

CCCLXVI. Long Metre. WATTS.

*Morning Hymn.*

- 1 **G**OD of the morning, at whose voice  
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,  
Bursts from the goal, and doth rejoice  
To run his journey thro' the skies.
- 2 From the fair chambers of the east  
In glorious pride begins his race,  
And without weariness or rest  
Measures the vast ethereal space.
- 3 O like the sun, may I fulfil  
Th' appointed duties of the day,  
With cheerful mind and active will  
Onward pursue my virtuous way.
- 4 But I shall rove, and lose the race,  
If God my sun shall disappear,  
And leave me in the world's wild maze  
To follow every wandering star.
- 5 My God, be thou my strength and guide,  
And lead me onward to my rest:  
No other hopes or cares beside  
Deserve a welcome in my breast.

CCCLXVII. Common Metre. UNKNOWN.

*The same.*

- 1 **N**ight's dismal gloom once more is fled,  
And day returns to me;

Once



- Once more I quit my peaceful bed,  
And rising beauties see.
- 2 My bed—It might have been my grave,  
My bed of sickness, pain;  
But God, whose pleasure is to save,  
Renews my health again.
- 3 As night's dark shades, and brooding forms,  
And prowling beasts of prey,  
Forbear to spread their rude alarms,  
Aw'd at th' approach of day.
- 4 So be dispersed each brooding care,  
That springs from passions foul,  
From envy, avarice, dark despair,  
Nor vex my wakened soul.
- 5 And may I ever know the joy  
Which peace with thee inspires;  
That peace which earth cannot destroy,  
Which not in death expires.

CCCLXVIII. Common Metre.

*The same.*

- 1 **T**HE night is past; again my eye  
Salutes the rising day;  
To thee, O sun, I not apply,  
To God my thanks I pay.
- 2 Night unto night his praise renews,  
And day to day replies;  
In all my soul delighted views  
The God, who all supplies.
- 3 Author of life and good! O how  
Shall I thy love return;

U 2

“ Give

" Give me thy heart, the good pursue,  
 " And every evil spurn.

- 4 " So live, as to subserve the end  
 " For which thy life I gave :  
 " Thus to thy God thy heart commend,  
 " And live beyond the grave."

CCCLXIX. Long Metre. FLATMAN.

*The same.*

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul ! Awake, mine eyes !  
 Awake, my drowsy faculties !  
 Awake, and see the new-born light  
 Spring from the darksome womb of night !
- 2 Look up, and see th' unwearied sun  
 Already has his race begun,  
 And cheered by his enlivening ray,  
 All nature joyful hails the day.
- 3 Be mine a more informed joy ;  
 The God of day my song employ :  
 O great Creator ! heavenly King,  
 Thy praises let me ever sing.
- 4 Thy power has made, thy goodness kept  
 This fenceless body while I slept ;  
 Yet one day more hast given me  
 From all the powers of darkness free.
- 5 O keep my heart from sin secure,  
 My life unblameable and pure ;  
 That when my last of days shall come,  
 With hope I may await my doom.

Long

CCCLXX. Long Metre. UNKNOWN.

*Evening Hymn.*

- 1 **N**OW fable night concludes the day;  
With me, my guardian God, abide;  
And let not sin, in black array,  
Thy all propitious presence hide.
- 2 More than the sun thou art my day;  
More than the spring thou dost revive;  
More than my friends thou makest me gay;  
By thee more than my food I live.
- 3 Thy eye no slumber ever knows:  
Shield me beneath thy powerful arm,  
From open and from secret foes,  
From all that means to work my harm.
- 4 When to my bed of rest I move,  
Peaceful may all my moments be;  
And all intruding thoughts remove,  
That lead from virtue and from thee.
- 5 Sleep is death's image; may I know  
From sleeping, what it is to die;  
And to my grave as willing go,  
As on this bed of down to lie.
- 6 A little longer, longer hold!  
A while this mortal burden bear!  
When a few moments more are told,  
All this vain scene shall disappear.



CCCLXXI. Common Metre. UNKNOWN.

*Hymn for Morning, or Evening.*

- 1 **O**N thee, each morning, O my God,  
Each night my thoughts attend,  
In whom are founded all my hopes,  
And all my wishes end.
- 2 My soul in pleasing wonder lost  
His boundless love surveys;  
And fired with grateful zeal, prepares  
Her sacrifice of praise.
- 3 He leads me thro' the maze of sleep,  
He brings me safe to light;  
And with the same paternal care  
Conducts my steps till night.
- 4 When evening slumbers press my eyes,  
With his protection blest,  
In peace and safety I commit  
My wearied limbs to rest.
- 5 My spirit, in his hands secure,  
Fears no approaching ill;  
For whether waking or asleep,  
The Lord is with me still.
- 6 At morn, and noon, and night, my God,  
Thy favour I'll pursue;  
And thee alone will praise, to whom  
Eternal praise is due.

Short

ccclxxii. Short Metre. DODDRIDGE.

*The Right of private Judgment.*

- 1 **I**MPOSTURE shrinks from light,  
And dreads a curious eye:  
Thy doctrines, Lord, the test invite,  
They bid us search and try.
- 2 Lord, to thy word we bear  
A meek, inquiring mind;  
With modest eye we search, and there  
The richest truths we find.
- 3 With understanding blest,  
Created to be free,  
Our faith on man we dare not rest,  
Subject to none but thee.
- 4 O Lord, our spirit lead,  
With soundest knowledge fill;  
From noxious error guard our creed,  
From stubbornness our will.
- 5 The truth received, impress  
The truth which thou hast sown;  
No brother's faith may we oppress,  
Nor lightly quit our own.

ccclxxiii. Long Metre. SCOTT.

*Persecution.*

- 1 **A**BSURD and vain attempt! to bind  
With iron chains the free-born mind;  
To force conviction, and reclaim  
The wandering by destructive flame.

- 2 Bold arrogance ! to snatch from heaven  
 Dominion not to mortals given ;  
 O'er conscience to usurp the throne,  
 Accountable to God alone.
- 3 Jesus, thy gentle law of love  
 Doth no such cruelties approve :  
 Mild as thyself, thy doctrine yields  
 No arms, but what persuasion yields.
- 4 By proofs divine, and reason strong  
 It draws the willing mind along ;  
 And conquests to thy church acquires  
 By eloquence which heaven inspires.

CCCLXXIV. Common Metre. UNKNOWN.

*The virtuous Love of Country.*

- 1 **P**ARENT of all ! Omnipotent !  
 In heaven and earth below !  
 Thro' all creation's vast extent  
 Whose streams of goodness flow.
- 2 Teach me to know from whence I rose,  
 And unto what designed ;  
 Nor private aims may I propose,  
 Since linked with human kind.
- 3 But chief to hear my country's voice  
 May my best thoughts incline ;  
 'Tis reason's law, 'tis virtue's choice,  
 'Tis nature's call, and thine.
- 4 Me from fair freedom's sacred cause  
 May nothing e'er divide ;  
 Nor grandeur, gold, nor vain applause,  
 Nor friendship false, misguide.

5 To



- 5 To duty, honour, virtue true,  
 In all my country's weal;  
 Let me my public walk pursue:  
 So, God, thy favour deal,

CCCLXXV. Proper Metre. DR. KIPPIS.

*National Thanksgiving.*

- 1 **S**AY, should we search the globe around,  
 Where can such happiness be found,  
 As dwells in Britain's favoured isle?  
 Here plenty reigns; here freedom sheds  
 Her choicest blessings on our heads,  
 And bids our bleakest mountains smile.
- 2 Here commerce spreads the wealthy store,  
 That pours from every foreign shore;  
 Science and art their charms display;  
 Religion teaches us to raise  
 Our voices to our Maker's praise,  
 As truth and conscience point the way.
- 3 These are thy gifts, almighty King,  
 From thee our matchless blessings spring;  
 Th' extended trade, the fruitful skies,  
 The raptures liberty bestows,  
 Th' eternal joys the gospel shows,  
 All from thy boundless goodness rise.
- 4 From thee, the zeal and spirit came,  
 That did our patriot chiefs inflame;  
 Their zeal, their courage all are thine:  
 Our daring troops, with glory crowned,  
 Tell to the wondering nations round,  
 The hand that leads us is divine.

5 With

- 5 With grateful hearts, with cheerful tongues;  
 To God we raise united songs;  
 His power and mercy we proclaim:  
 At length, ye faithless tyrants, own  
 Jehovah here hath fixed his throne,  
 And tremble at his righteous name.
- 6 Long as the moon her course shall run,  
 Or man behold the circling sun,  
 O still may God in Britain reign;  
 Still crown her counsels with success,  
 With peace and joy her borders bless,  
 And all her sacred rights maintain.

CCCLXXVI. Long Metre. MERRICK.

*Thanksgiving for National Prosperity and Blessing.*

- 1 **O**N thee, great Ruler of the skies,  
 On thee our constant hope relies:  
 When hostile powers against us join,  
 What aid so present, Lord, as thine?
- 2 On heaven's high Lord our trust we build;  
 The God of armies is our shield:  
 Behold fair Britain's blest retreat,  
 Where peace, and law, and freedom meet.
- 3 No terrors here licentious play,  
 But mild along their level way  
 Blessings their even course maintain,  
 And crown with joy her happy plain.
- 4 God ever watchful, ever nigh,  
 Bids storms around her harmless fly;  
 His guardian care each foe withstands,  
 And backward turns the hostile bands.

5 While

- 5 While, roused by discord's fell alarms,  
The headlong nations rush to arms;  
Here God asserts his milder sway,  
The vengeful sword finds here no prey.
- 6 Such, Britain, is thy favour'd land,  
Such mercies do our praise demand:  
O God, how much we owe to thee!  
How base a thankless heart must be!

ccclxxvii. Proper Metre. STEELE.

*National Thanksgiving for Peace.*

- 1 **G**reat God, inspire each heart and tongue  
Thy wonderful goodness to proclaim;  
And bid the animating song  
Glow with devotion's lively flame.  
To thee let favoured Britain raise  
Her sweetest notes of thankful praise.
- 2 But where shall we begin to trace  
The wonders of thy hand divine?  
In every season, every place,  
How numerous, and how bright they shine.  
To God ye favoured Britons raise  
Your sweetest notes of thankful praise.
- 3 Abroad, protection and success  
Proclaimed that Britain's God was there;  
At home, he bade fair plenty bless,  
The fruitful fields confessed his care.  
To God ye favoured Britons raise  
Your sweetest notes of thankful praise.
- 4 But yet beneath the hostile sword  
Has many a worthy patriot bled,

And



And many a mourning heart deplored  
 A friend, a son, a brother dead.  
 The sword is sheathed — Ye Britons raise  
 To God your sweetest notes of praise.

5 The horrors of the sanguine field,  
 Which saddened victory's fairest plume,  
 To mild domestic scenes shall yield,  
 And peace her gentle reign resume.  
 To God ye favoured Britons raise  
 Your sweetest notes of thankful praise.

6 Blest peace, from her propitious smiles  
 What numerous, various blessings flow !  
 Great God, to thee our happy isles  
 These blessings singularly owe.  
 To thee let favoured Britain raise  
 Her sweetest notes of thankful praise.

7 Crown, gracious God, thy gift of peace  
 With gifts more noble, more divine !  
 May virtue, piety increase,  
 And thus each British heart be thine !  
 Devotion then to thee shall raise  
 Sublimier notes of thankful praise.

CCCLXXVIII. Long Metre. STEELE.

*National Supplication in War.*

1 **L**ORD, how shall wretched sinners dare  
 Look up to thy divine abode ?  
 Or offer their unhallowed prayer  
 Before a just, a holy God ?

2 Majesty guards thy awful seat,  
 And purest glories veil thy face :  
 Yet mercy calls us to thy feet,  
 Thy throne is still a throne of grace.

3 With

- 3 With all the boasted pomp of war  
In vain we dare the hostile field;  
In vain, unless the Lord be there;  
Thy arm alone is Britain's shield.
- 4 Let past experience of thy care  
Support our hope, our trust invite;  
Again accept our humble prayer,  
Again be mercy thy delight.
- 5 Our arms succeed, our councils guide,  
Thy providence our cause maintain;  
Till war's destructive rage subside,  
And peace resume her gentle reign.
- 6 O when shall time the period bring  
When raging war shall waste no more;  
When peace shall stretch her balmy wing  
From Albion's coast to India's shore?
- 7 When shall the gospel's healing ray,  
Kind source of amity divine,  
Spread o'er the world celestial day?  
When shall the nations, Lord, be thine?

CCCLXXIX. Common Metre. WATTS.

*The Fifth of November.*

- 1 **G**OD, who o'er all creation rules  
With an unerring mind,  
The deadly ruin turned aside,  
Which Britain's foes designed.
- 2 Their impious views insulted God;  
And with an awful frown  
He flung confusion on their plots,  
And shook their Babel down.

3 Their

- 3 Their secret fires in darkness lay,  
 Britain the sacrifice ;  
 But darkness meditates in vain  
 To 'scape his searching eyes.
- 4 The sons of slavery, and of Rome,  
 In vain new mischiefs try ;  
 Averted by a righteous God,  
 Their mischiefs with them die.
- 5 Almighty grace defends our land  
 From their malignant power :  
 Let Britain, with united songs,  
 Almighty grace adore.

CCCLXXX. Long Metre. STEELE.

*The same.*

- 1 **W**HILE Britain, favoured of the skies,  
 Recalls the wonders God hath wrought ;  
 The nation's gratitude should rise,  
 And warm to rapture every thought.
- 2 When Hell and Rome combined their power,  
 And doomed these isles their certain prey ;  
 Thy will forbade the fatal hour,  
 Their impious plots in ruin lay.
- 3 Again our unrelenting foes  
 Resumed the same abhorred design ;  
 Again to save us God arose,  
 And Britain owned the hand divine.
- 4 Why, gracious God, is Britain saved ?  
 Why blest with liberty and light ?  
 Nor by fell tyranny enslaved,  
 Nor sunk in superstition's night ?

5 Not



- 5 Not for ourselves alone, we own;  
 Ungrateful, much ungrateful race!  
 But thee the Father to make known,  
 In all the blessings of thy grace.
- 6 O still a Father's care extend;  
 Reform this wretched guilty land.  
 Thee may we seek our wisest friend,  
 And virtuous love our hearts expand.

CCCLXXXI. Common Metre. WATTS.

*The LORD's Day.*

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord has made,  
 He calls the hours his own:  
 Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,  
 And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To day he rose, and left the dead,  
 And Satan's empire fell:  
 To day the saints his triumph spread,  
 And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosannah to th' anointed King,  
 To David's holy Son!  
 Next to our God thy love we sing,  
 Thy love our hearts has won.
- 4 Yes! blest be he who comes to men  
 With messages of grace;  
 Who comes in God his Father's name  
 To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains  
 The church on earth can raise!  
 The highest heavens, in which he reigns,  
 Shall yield him nobler praise.

Common

CCCLXXXII. Common Metre. WATTS.

*Be ye followers of them, who through Faith and Patience  
are now inheriting the Promises.*

- 1 **G**IVE me the wings of faith to rise  
Within the veil, and see  
The saints above, how great their joys,  
How bright their glories be!
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,  
And wet their couch with tears;  
And wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them, whence their victory came?  
They, with united breath,  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
Who triumphed in his death.
- 4 They marked the path their Leader trod,  
His zeal inspired their breast;  
And following the beloved of God  
Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise  
For his own pattern given;  
While the long cloud of witnesses  
Shew the same path to heaven.

CCCLXXXIII. Short Metre. WATTS.

*The Birth of CHRIST.—For Christmas Day.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the grace appear,  
The blessing promised long;  
Angels announce the Saviour near,  
In this applauding song.

2 " Glory

- 2 "Glory to God on high,  
 "And heavenly peace on earth,  
 "Good will to men, to angels joy,  
 "At your Redeemer's birth."
- 3 In worship so divine  
 Shall man his part refrain?  
 Forbid it love! the song we join  
 In sympathetic strain.
- 4 "Glory to God on high,  
 "And heavenly peace on earth,  
 "Good will to men, to angels joy,  
 "At our Redeemer's birth."

CCCLXXXIV. Proper Metre. UNKNOWN.

*Providence of God in the Seasons of the Year.*

- 1 **L**ET thanks to thee, all sovereign power, arise,  
 Who fixed the mountains, and who spread the  
 , skies;  
 From the glad climes, whence morn in beauty drest,  
 Forth goes rejoicing to the farthest west.
- 2 On thee alone our whole dependance lies,  
 And thy rich mercy every want supplies:  
 O thou great Author of th' extended whole!  
 Revolving seasons praise thee as they roll.
- 3 By thee spring, summer, autumn, winter rise,  
 Thou giv'st the frowning, thou the smiling skies;  
 By thy command the softening shower distils,  
 'Till genial warmth the teeming furrow fills.
- 4 Then favouring sun-shine o'er the clime extends,  
 And blest by thee the verdant blade ascends;  
 Next spring's gay products clothe the flowery hills,  
 And joy the wood, and joy the valley fills.



- 5 Anon thy bounty swells the golden ear,  
And bids the harvest crown the fruitful year :  
Thus all thy works a glorious worship raise,  
The fair design is the Creator's praise.

CCCLXXXV. Proper Metre. ROSCOMMON.

*Praise to God from all Nature.*

- 1 **O** AZURE vaults ! O crystal sky ;  
The world's transparent canopy,  
Break into transport, and let mortals know  
How proudly you look down on things below.
- 2 O light ! thou fairest, first of things,  
From whom all joy, all beauty springs ;  
Praise the almighty Ruler of the globe,  
Who useth thee as his imperial robe.
- 3 Great Eye of all ! whose glorious ray  
Rules the great empire of the day ;  
O praise his name, without whose purer light  
Thou hadst been hid in an abyss of night.
- 4 Ye moon and planets ! who dispense  
By God's command your influence ;  
Resign to him, as to your Maker due,  
That homage which man's folly pays to you.
- 5 Mountains, who to your Maker's view  
Are less than mole-hills seem to you ;  
Praise him, who did all forms from chaos draw,  
Him, whose command is universal law.
- 6 Ye mists and vapours, hail and snow,  
And you who thro' the concave blow,  
Swift to perform the mandates of his word,  
Whirlwinds and tempests ! praise th' almighty Lord.
- 7 Praise him, ye monsters of the deep,  
That in the sea's vast bosom sleep !  
At whose command the foaming billows roar,  
Yet know their limits, tremble, and adore.

8 Praise

- 8 Praise him, old monuments of time,  
 O praise him, ye in youthful prime :  
 Praise him, who shine in beauty's excellence,  
 And praise him, thou sweet age of innocence.
- 9 Let the wide world his praises sing,  
 From whom its various blessings spring :  
 Let echoing anthems make his praises known  
 On earth his footstool, as in heaven his throne.

CCCLXXXVI. Proper Metre. WATTS.

*The last Judgment.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord of glory sends his summons forth,  
 Calls the south nations; and awakes the north,  
 From east to west the sovereign orders spread,  
 Thro' distant worlds to regions of the dead.  
 The trumpet sounds; hell trembles; heaven rejoices;  
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.
- 2 Heaven, earth and hell draw near; before me come;  
 While I assign to each their proper doom :  
 But gather first my saints, the brave and good,  
 Whom every trial has approved to God.  
 Ye good of every age, join all your voices,  
 And raise your modest heads, while heaven rejoices.
- 3 Ye blessed come; while angels spread your thrones,  
 And near me seat my favourites, and my sons :  
 Ye blessed come; possess the joys prepared  
 Ere time began; 'tis your divine reward.  
 Ye pure of heart, wake every cheerful passion;  
 Welcome your hour, the hour of your salvation.

P A U S E.

- 4 I turn to you, ye self-condemned band !  
 Justice demands your sentence at my hand ;  
 No longer mercy can suspend the doom :  
 Depart to regions of the deepest gloom.  
 Judgment proceeds; hell trembles; consternation  
 Broods thro' their ranks, and awful expectation.

- 5 Not for the want of goats and bullocks slain  
Do I condemn you, offerings poor and vain;  
And vain your tricks and arts, your cringing bows,  
Your solemn chatterings, and fantastic vows.  
God is the judge of hearts; no fair disguises  
Can screen the guilty, when his anger rises.
- 6 Silent I waited with long-suffering love;  
But could ye hope that I should ne'er reprove?  
Your hour is come: to God, ye good, ascend;  
Ye guilty to the hell you chose, descend.  
Judgment concludes; hell trembles; heaven rejoices;  
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

CCCLXXXVII. Common Metre. POPE.

*Universal Prayer, for an humble, upright, charitable,  
devout and contented Mind.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of all! in every age,  
In every clime adored,  
By saint, by savage, and by sage,  
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!
- 2 Thou great first cause, least understood!  
Who all my sense confined  
To know but this, that Thou art good,  
And that myself am blind;
- 3 Yet gave me, in this dark estate,  
To see the good from ill;  
And, binding nature fast in fate,  
Left free the human will.
- 4 What conscience dictates to be done,  
Or warns me not to do,  
This, teach me more than hell to shun,  
That more than heaven pursue.
- 5 What



- 5 What blessings thy free bounty gives,  
Let me not cast away;  
For God is pleased when man receives;  
T' improve is to obey.
- 6 Yet not to earth's contracted span  
Thy goodness let me bound,  
Or think thee Lord alone of man,  
When thousand worlds are round.
- 7 Let not this weak unknowing hand  
Presume thy bolts to throw,  
And deal damnation round the land  
On each I judge thy foe.
- 8 If I am right, thy grace impart  
Still in the right to stay;  
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart  
To find that better way.
- 9 Save me alike from foolish pride,  
Or impious discontent,  
At aught thy wisdom has denied,  
Or aught thy goodness lent.
- 10 Teach me to feel another's woe,  
To hide the fault I see;  
That mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.
- 11 Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,  
Since quickened by thy breath;  
O lead me, wheresoe'er I go,  
Thro' this day's life or death.
- 12 This day, be bread and peace my lot;  
All else beneath the sun,

Thou knowest if best bestowed or not,  
And let thy will be done.

- 13 To thee, whose temple is all space,  
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!  
One chorus let all Being raise!  
All nature's incense rise!

# I N D E X.

*Note. The FIGURES in the INDEX refer to the RUNNING NUMBER of the DEVOTIONAL POEMS, without any Distinction of PSALMS from HYMNS.*

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